THE

CATHOLIC HYMNAL

CONTAINING HYMNS FOR CONGREGATIONAL, SCHOOL AND HOME USE

THE TUNES BY

REV. ALFRED YOUNG,

Priest of the Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle.

NEW YORK:

THE CATHOLIC BOOK EXCHANGE,

120 West 60th Street.

1909

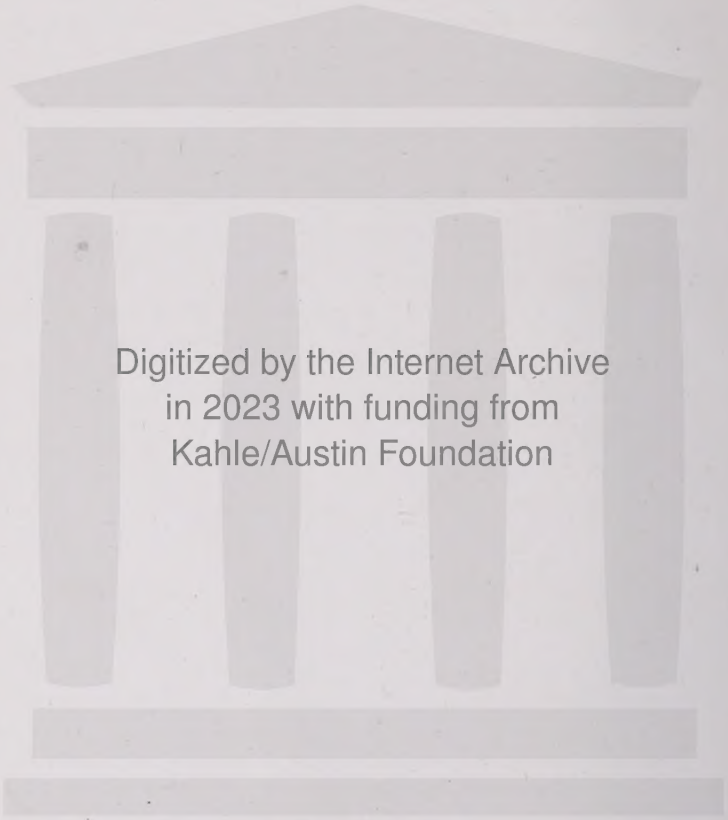


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WHY SHOULD THE PEOPLE SING?

THE reason will be found in the reply which must be made to the question: Why does the Church direct and oblige the faithful to be assembled congregationally for divine worship?

The answer is, in general, that they should pray *together*. But what special kind of prayer can they and should they pray *together*, which would be a common prayer in which all ought to join? Unquestionably the Prayer of Praise. No matter whether it be Holy Mass, Vespers, or a devotional meeting, the first and chief purpose of a religious assembly is the expression, both by voice and ceremonial, of Divine Praise. Whatever kind of prayer the people may make in church, as individuals, on their own account, and as called forth by their own peculiar necessities or singular spiritual relation with God, one thing is sure: the purpose of their being assembled together, and the one which takes precedence of all other purposes and privileges, is that they unite in praising God with a common ceremonial and a common utterance. The praise of all the people offered to God by a representative body of the worshipping Church, gathered together in the name and by the authority of Christ, is the divine idea of public worship intended to be realized by the Catholic Church; and therefore, if the people do not unite as one body in their ceremonial acts and in their words of worship, that idea is frustrated in a greater or less degree.

This is just as true for a Low, or said, Mass, at which the people are assembled on days of obligation, as for a High, or sung, Mass, or for the service of Vespers, either said or sung. The Church accommodates herself to circumstances, and is, therefore, contented, when better cannot be done, with having an altar-boy give all the responses at Low Mass, and with the singing of a few persons in choir at a High Mass or Vespers; but if the divine idea of public religious service could be perfectly realized on all these occasions, no one could deny that such a perfect pattern of Catholic divine worship would demand that the whole congregation assembled together should unite in saying the Responses to the priest at Low Mass, the Gloria in Excelsis, the Credo, the Sanctus, and Agnus Dei with him, and in singing the same at High Mass; and at Vespers that they should take an alternate, or antiphonal, part in the chanting.

Therefore it should be the earnest desire of every intelligent Catholic to see this perfection of worship aimed at, and all should heartily join in every prudent effort made to accomplish it in such a degree as time and circumstances may permit. The writer of this is suggesting no new or unthought-of reform. Many years ago a writer in the *Dublin Review* thus alluded to the subject, then under discussion: "Shall we ever see the day when, on entering a Catholic Church during service-time, we shall be struck, not with the dampening spectacle of a congregation partly composed of unbelievers in the act of enjoying the pleasure of a Sunday concert, while the remainder, with closed books in their lap or by their side, wait patiently or impatiently till the prolonged and a hundred times repeated "Amen" of the Gloria or the Creed deigns to come to an end; but with the refreshing sight of an unmixed body of true worshippers, learned and ignorant, high and low, rich and poor, unostentatiously led by a select choir, *engaged in heartily singing the praises* of Him in whose house of worship they are assembled? To so consoling and *truly Catholic* a state of things should all our reforms tend; for it will only be when it is established that we shall be able to taste the sweetness as well as delight in the beauty, and feel the grandeur, of that Congregational Singing which so many desire."

For further development of the subject the reader is referred to the pages of the *Catholic World* magazine for July and December, 1887, and March, April, May, and September, 1888.

"Why do we want Congregational Singing?"

Because we wish to see our churches crowded by the same persons of all classes, not only at the Holy Mass, but also at Vespers and at other special devotional exercises. Something must be offered which will arouse a general interest in all classes alike. ***Congregational Singing*** will do this. It has a special power of attraction which at once makes any religious meeting ***a popular service.***

WE WANT CONGREGATIONAL SINGING, because it is eminently the most truly Catholic as well as being, artistically, the most sublime, soul-inspiring form of church singing possible. Nothing could be grander or more impressive than a whole congregation responding to the priest and alternating with the choir the verses of the Kyrie Eleison, the Gloria in Excelsis, the Credo, the Sanctus and the Agnus Dei. Nothing more appropriate than that they should sing the Responses and alternate verses of the Psalms and Hymns at Vespers and devoutly join in the Tantum Ergo at Benediction.

WHY DO WE WANT THE CONGREGATION TO SING ENGLISH HYMNS? Read the preface of this Hymnal. We have and need many special devotional exercises. There is nothing ordered for the choir to sing at these services, and when they try to supply the need, experience proves they make sorry work of it, singing all sorts of musical *morceaux*, which, if not out of tune, are generally out of season, and wholly unintelligible to the congregation, instructing and edifying nobody.

Do you want Congregational Singing?

This is the way to obtain it.

THE FIRST THING TO DO is to buy enough Hymnals to supply the whole congregation, not less than half as many books as there are sittings in the church, or one Hymnal to every two persons. It is still better to have as many books as there are people.

Do not wait for the people to buy them. It is not their tradition; it is a "new departure."

Let them be bought and charged to church expenses, and stamped with the name of the church, with the warning:

"Property of this Church—Not to be taken away."

If some person who has the right sort of appreciation of the spiritual good to be accomplished offers to keep the church supplied with books, let him pay for them. It will be a good work.

One hears plenty of objections to this ***first thing to do.***

"None, or next to none, of our people sing."

I answer, Then it is high time to begin, or they will die without once having the chance to experience the spiritual joy and elevation of spirit that comes by singing the praises of God.

"But they cannot read a note of music."

That may be true now, but very many can be easily taught to read well enough to be aided by the notes, and ***they*** will guide others who can read the words.

There are fewer people than is generally supposed who cannot sing. Let everybody have a book, let them be heartily encouraged to try, and it will be found that very few will fail entirely. Not one will fail to bring out a few notes in some popular, telling chorus.

Listening to the sublime, soul-lifting volume of sound going up to heaven from the great congregation, the most timid will be moved by a holy envy to join their voices with the rest. ***And they will do better every time.***

THE SECOND THING TO DO is to secure the services of a leader, a man who has a strong voice, who loves the work, and who will take an especial pride in making the singing a signal success. He need not be a learned musician. He has only to sing the ***tune***, the leading air, which all the people have to sing. The more personal magnetism he possesses ***as a leader,*** the better. He will know how by his example, his glance, his gesture, to make people sing who never sang before, and who never believed they could sing a note.

Let him stand on a platform as high as the pews, and face the congregation during the singing, and let the people be gradually encouraged to stand also. They will surely sing better and with more enthusiasm.

Large churches in cities can readily secure the services of such a leader. An advertisement, followed by an offer of reasonable compensation, will speedily obtain one.

"But," says the objector, ***"there is no such a person in our small town."***

To which I answer that, however small your town may be, some one can be found who ***will learn to act as leader if he is wanted, and a reasonable salary is offered for his services.***

THE THIRD THING TO DO is to let the organist understand distinctly that congregational singing is to be "a special feature" in the church, and he must do all he can to co-operate with pastor, leader, and people to make it a success.

If a competent leader can be found, do not accept the offer of the organist to get along without one. No organist can play and lead a congregation at the same time.

THE FOURTH THING TO DO.—Stop all singing in the choir when the people sing, until the people sing well enough to have it all their own way.

Meanwhile, let the choir-singers mingle in the congregation and help those about them. Shut the choir gallery to all but the organist.

THE FIFTH THING TO DO.—Call the people together one or two evenings in the week, and let the leader or organist teach the hymns to them. The leader should sing one line at a time, the people singing it after him, and repeating one line after another until the whole tune is learned. If you have not tried this plan, their rapid progress will surprise you.

Separate rehearsals might be given to the children in the Parochial and Sunday Schools; but care must be taken by the leader not to let them do all the singing in church.

A Choral Union or a Singing Society, which the better singers might be invited to join, would help to make the whole project popular, it being understood that its members must all attend the meetings of the people, but not sitting in a body in the church.

AN IMPORTANT SUGGESTION.—There is nothing like enlisting the hearty sympathy of intelligent persons to further the success of a work like this. Extend an invitation to a certain number of the most influential members of the congregation to attend a private meeting. Lay out the whole plan before them. Solicit their personal effort. Our people are not the ones to shirk any good work that they are asked to support.

In many places, personal friends of the congregation who are not Catholics would be glad to come to the devotional services and help the singing, if they were invited, and have cause to bless God all their lives for having accepted that invitation.

"Sing joyfully to God, all the earth : come in before His presence with exceeding great joy. Go ye into His gates with praise, into His courts with hymns, and give glory unto Him" (Ps. xcix.).

NOTICES FROM THE PRESS.

"Father Young is an experienced musician, and, from the length of time he has been in charge of the music in one of the most devout churches of New York, has had ample time to become a perfect master of Congregational singing. His music is nearly always simple and easy, and it possesses that peculiar character which tends to fix the *tune* in the memory. All the tunes are set in harmony for four voices. We strongly urge the clergy interested in popular music and hymn-singing to procure without delay this valuable addition to our repertory of congregational music."—*The Dublin Review.*

"The Catholic Hymnal issued by Rev. Alfred Young should become known and popular in all our churches where correct congregational singing is aimed at. In convents and schools, also, the work will be most useful. An authorized Hymnal, issued by a Commission appointed by the Bishops, is much needed. Father Young's collection might, we think, be included in any such a Hymnal."—*Liverpool* (England) *Catholic Times.*

"*Devotional fitness* is a marked characteristic of the tunes we find in 'The Catholic Hymnal,' and we are sure that both the invention of the melodies and the composition of the harmonies will be found worthy the attention of musical scholars and amateurs who are devoted to the study and enjoyment of this particular department of musical literature. The introduction of such a work cannot fail of giving a decided impetus to the desirable project of congregational singing. The selection of subjects appropriate to the different seasons and to special doctrines is ample, and evidently made with a view to cultivating the taste for hymns of a character marked by refined as well as by devout sentiment, and the orthodox expression of Christian faith and exalted spiritual truths."—*Catholic Review.*

"Father Young's Hymnal is a most interesting volume."—*New York Sun.*

"Introduce congregational singing into our churches and the result will be marvellous. In Father Young's Hymnal every hymn is good—the metre is good, the English is good, the thoughts are good. It is a pleasure to be able to say that his work *meets the wants of the times.*"—*N. W. Chronicle.*

The Catholic Hymnal.

POPULAR EDITION.

Issued with a view to encourage Congregational Singing.

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HYMNS FOR CONGREGATIONAL AND HOME USE,

AND

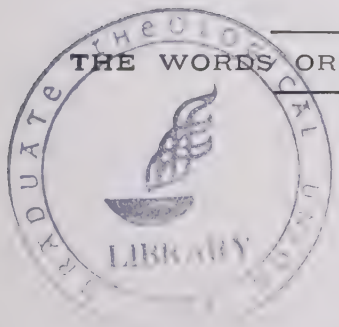
THE VESPER PSALMS, THE OFFICE OF COMPLINE, THE LITANIES, HYMNS AT BENEDICTION, ETC.

THE TUNES BY

REV. ALFRED YOUNG,

Priest of the Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle.

THE WORDS ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.



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PREFACE.

CONGREGATIONAL singing is known to be one of the most powerful means of awakening the religious emotions of the people, while at the same time doctrinal truths, contained in the hymns, are deeply impressed upon the minds of those who thus proclaim in public their faith and the devout sentiments of their hearts. If people can be got to sing in praise of any project or principle, it is easy to arouse their enthusiasm in its favor. If they sing about anything, it is because they love it. All agree that if Congregational singing were done with spirit it would be a most powerful auxiliary to the priest. It would aid him very much in the work of instruction and exhortation, which, for the want of some such help, he is obliged to supply by extraordinary preaching, numerous instructions, and spiritual conferences.

All, too, have felt the want of such singing at special Lenten services, during retreats and missions, at low masses, and at the meetings of sodalities established in parishes, and in our colleges and convent-schools. The best effort hitherto made has been to have a few hymns suitable for children's use sung by children, to which the older people pay little or no attention.

The present Hymnal, carefully compiled with the aforementioned purposes in view, is offered to the reverend clergy and to superiors of our educational institutions with the confident assurance that it will realize much that has been deemed desirable in a hymn-book for general use.

Having had for several years good opportunities of testing the abilities and tastes of our people in this matter, I have reason to believe that the large majority of the hymns contained in the present collection will be found, on reasonable trial, to be such as the people will learn without difficulty, and will sing with pleasure when assembled in church, and also at home. They will afford to church choral societies serviceable material for practice, and will offer something new for use in our parish schools and Sunday schools, and in our college and convent

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choirs. In churches, where there are regularly organized surpliced choirs, these hymns will serve for processionals and recessionals, to be sung by the chorus and congregation before and after Mass and Vespers.

THE WORDS.—Hymns have been selected from the works of the best hymn-writers. Some are the compositions of professed non-Catholics, yet contain well-worded expressions of Catholic doctrine, and are full of true religious feeling. Those which are original and also notable additions to selected hymns are copyrighted.

THE TUNES.—All the tunes, being original, are copyrighted, except the melody of the "O filii et filiæ" (Hymn 64) and the Gregorian chants in the second part of the book.

In writing a hymn tune for congregational singing it is most important that the melody be so composed that it shall suit the spirit of the words, and at the same time possess that peculiar character which tends to fix the *tune* in the memory. In composing the melodies for this work special care has been taken to give this desirable prominence to the principal melody (the treble part) which is the part most of the congregation sing. It is not advisable for any one to attempt to sing any of the other voice-parts except he be a sure reader and practised singer.

All the tunes being set in harmony for four voices, the organist has at hand a good score for his accompaniment, and a large and well-trained chorus sustaining all the parts would give great dignity and force to the general singing of the people.

To secure hearty singing by a congregation there should be a strong-voiced leader, who stands facing the people. For very large congregations a good cornet-player has been found to be a most effective leader of the tune. There should be a good supply of books—not less than one to every two persons. The better the people are supplied with books the quicker and more satisfactory will be the results. Outside of church services the people should be encouraged to work at these hymns at home. The children in the schools should be taught to sing a selection of them appropriate to the passing season or festival; thus laying the foundation for good congregational singing by them in after years.

THE METRES.—The usual method of distinguishing the metres of the hymns has been followed, so that if a change in the tune be desired, other tunes from among those of the same metre may be chosen.

THE GREGORIAN CHANT.—It may be thought by some that the old Gregorian chant notation, printed in the Second Part, will be of very little use to the people of our day. But it was adhered to because these melodies cannot be as well expressed in modern notation, and as a fact the study of Gregorian chant is at the present time reviving all over the Christian world. If chant is to be learned, and its inimitable melodies sung, its notation must be learned.

An English version is given throughout for all the Latin Psalms and Hymns, but, of course, not for singing to the Gregorian melodies, to whose peculiar rhythm our modern languages are wholly unsuited.

It would be too much to hope that a Hymnal of this kind will suit alike all tastes and opinions. If zealous pastors find it useful in furthering the work of Congregational singing in their churches, its highest aim will be realized.

In the same spirit and intent with which the labor of preparing it was undertaken it is now devoutly offered to the honor and glory of God, of his most holy Virgin Mother, and of his glorious Saints.

ALFRED YOUNG,

Priest of the Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle.

FEAST OF THE COMMEMORATION OF ST. PAUL,
NEW YORK, A.D. 1884.

TABLE OF SUBJECTS.

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SECOND PART.

(LATIN AND ENGLISH.)

THE VESPER PSALMS AND CHANTS.

THE OFFICE OF COMPLINE.

THE LITANY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

THE LITANY OF THE SAINTS.

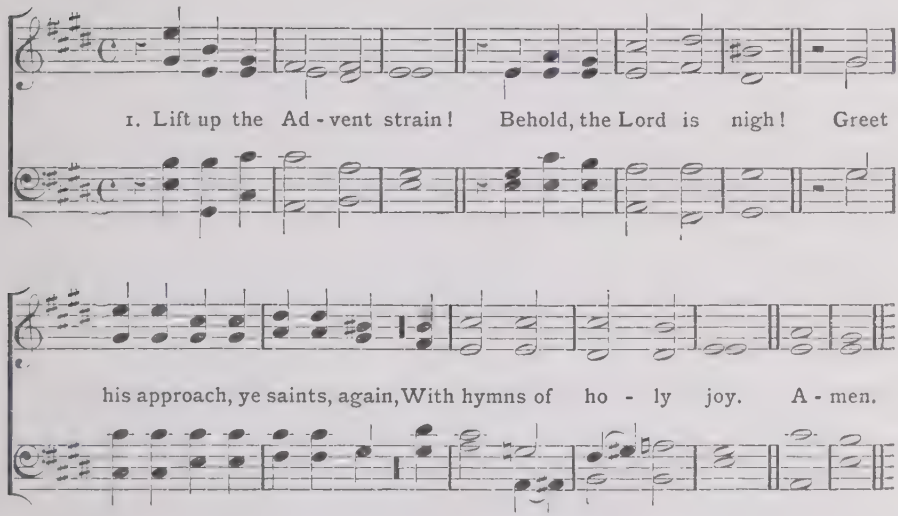
HYMNS AT BENEDICTION OF THE B. SACRAMENT, TE DEUM, etc.

Hymns for the Seasons.

Advent.

Lift up the Advent strain.

Hymn I. S. M.



2 The everlasting Son
Incarnate deigns to be;
Our God the form of slave puts on,
A race of slaves to free.

3 Daughter of Sion, rise
To meet thy lowly King!
Nor let the faithless heart despise
The peace He comes to bring.
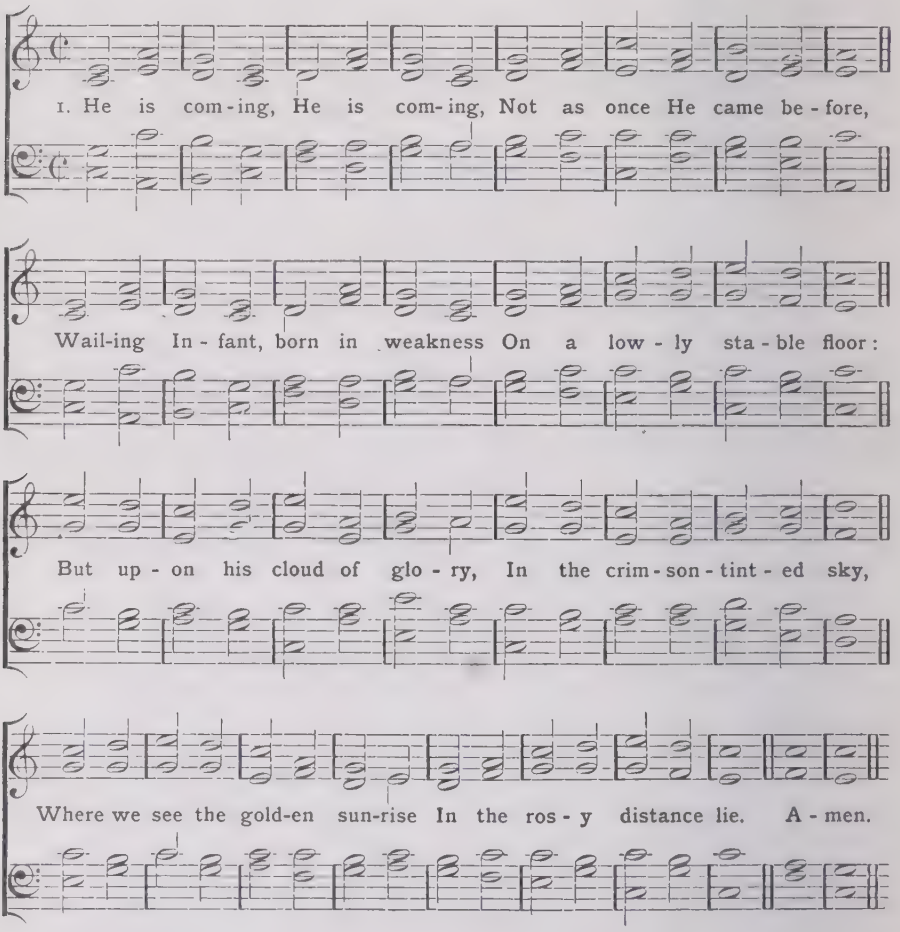
4 As Judge, in clouds of light,
He shall come down again,
And all his scattered saints unite
With Him in heaven to reign.

5 Before that dreadful day
May all our sins be gone,
The old man all be put away,
The new man all put on.

6 Jesu, all praise to Thee,
Our joy and endless rest;
We pray Thee here our guide to be,
Our crown amid the blest. Amen,

He is coming, He is coming.

Hymn 2. 87s. Double.
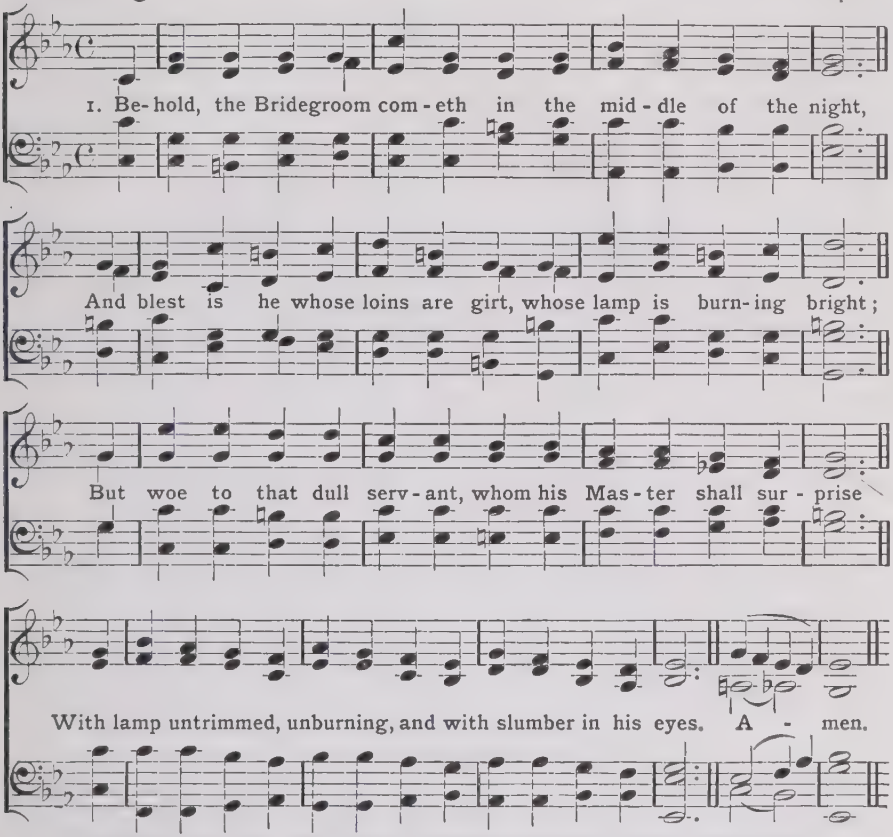


2 He is coming, He is coming,
Not in pain, and shame, and woe,
With the thorn-crown on his forehead,
And the blood-drops trickling slow;
But with diadem upon Him,
And the sceptre in his hand,
And the dead all ranged before Him,
Raised from death, hell, sea, and land.

3 He is coming, He is coming,
Not as once He wandered through
All the hostile land of Judah,
With his followers poor and few:
But with all the holy angels
Waiting round his judgment-seat,
And the chosen twelve Apostles
Sitting crownèd at his feet.

4 He is coming, He is coming;
Let his lowly first estate,
And his tender love, so teach us
That in faith and hope we wait,
Till in glory eastward burning,
Our redemption draweth near;
And we see the sign in heaven
Of our Judge and Saviour dear. Amen.

Behold, the Bridegroom cometh.

Hymn 3. 14s.



2 Do thou, my soul, keep watch, beware lest thou in sleep sink down,
Lest thou be given o'er to death, and lose the golden crown;
But see that thou be sober, with a watchful eye, and thus
Cry—Holy, Holy, Holy God, have mercy upon us.

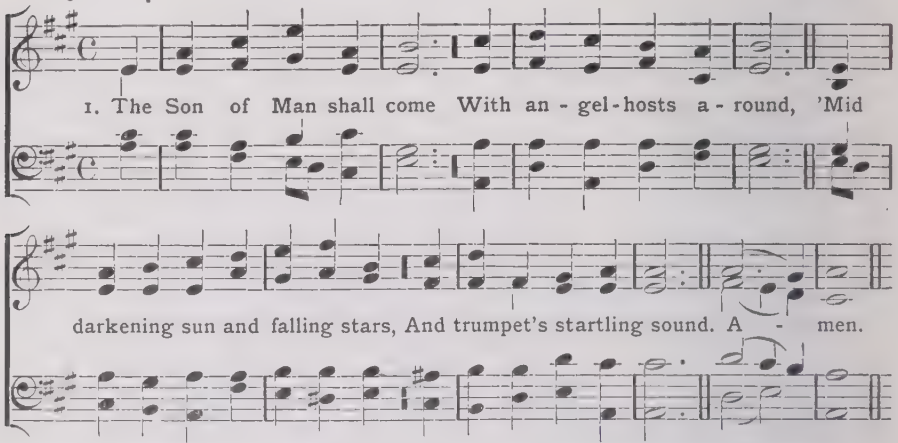
3 That day, the day of fear, shall come; my soul, slack not thy toil,
But light thy lamp, and feed it well, and make it bright with oil;
Thou knowest not how soon may sound the cry at eventide,
Behold, the Bridegroom comes. Arise! He comes to meet the Bride.

4 Beware, my soul! take thou good heed, lest thou in slumber lie,
And, like the five, remain without, and knock, and vainly cry;
But watch, and bear thy lamp undimmed, and Christ shall gird thee on
His own bright wedding-robe of light—the glory of the Son.

4 To Thee, O Saviour, now we bring the tribute of our praise,
Too small for Thee, O Bridegroom blest, but all that we can raise:
All praise to Thee, great Three in One, the God Whom we adore,
As was, and is, and shall be done, when time shall be no more. Amen.

The Son of Man shall come.

Hymn 4. S. M.



2 Awake, ye slumbering souls,
It is no time for rest;
He comes, as comes the lightning flash,
Shining from east to west.

3 Thy servants, Lord, prepare
For that tremendous day;
Fill every heart with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.

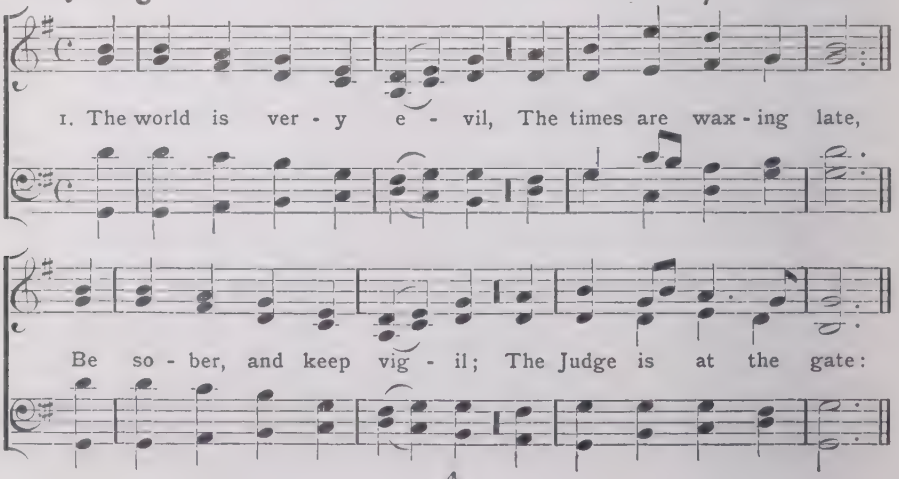
4 Help us to wait the hour,
In toil and holy fear,
When manifested with thy saints
Thou shalt again appear.
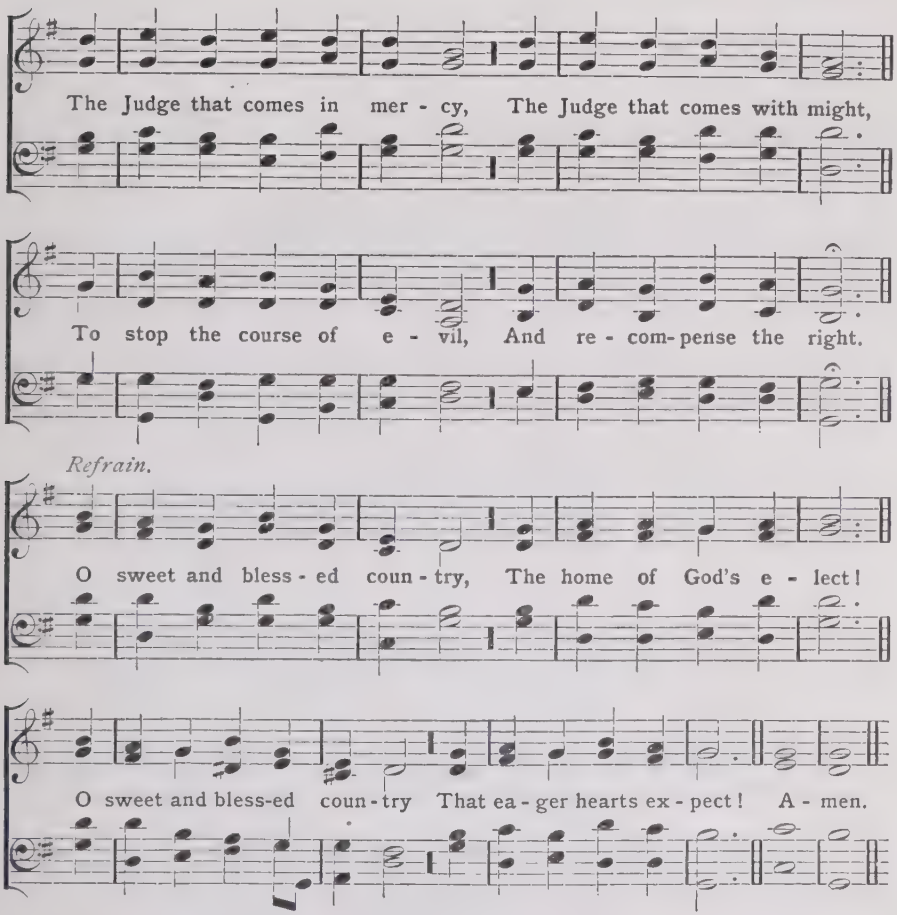
5 Then, when the wailing earth
Thy sign in heaven shall see,
Thou shalt send forth thy angel-band
To gather us to Thee.

6 All praise to Thee, of old
By signs and wonders known,
All praise to Thee, to be revealed
Upon the judgment throne. Amen.

The world is very evil.

Hymn 5. 76s. Double.





2 Arise, arise, ye Christians,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;—
To light that has no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.
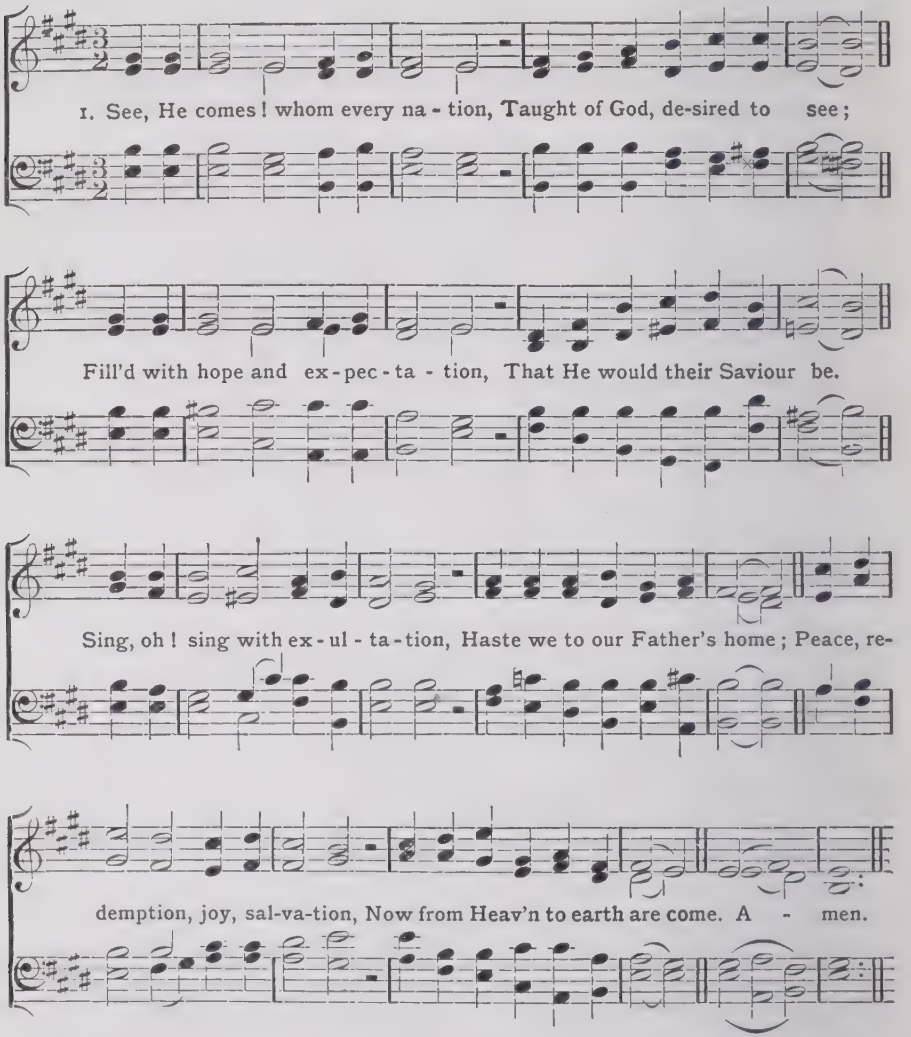
3 O home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that hide no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn;
'Midst power that knows no limit,
Where wisdom has no bound,
The Beatific Vision
Shall gladden all around.

4 O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
True cure of the distrest!
O strive to win that glory;
O toil to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

5 Where He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see Him,
Shall have Him for their own.
Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

See, He comes.

Hymn 6. **87s. Double.**
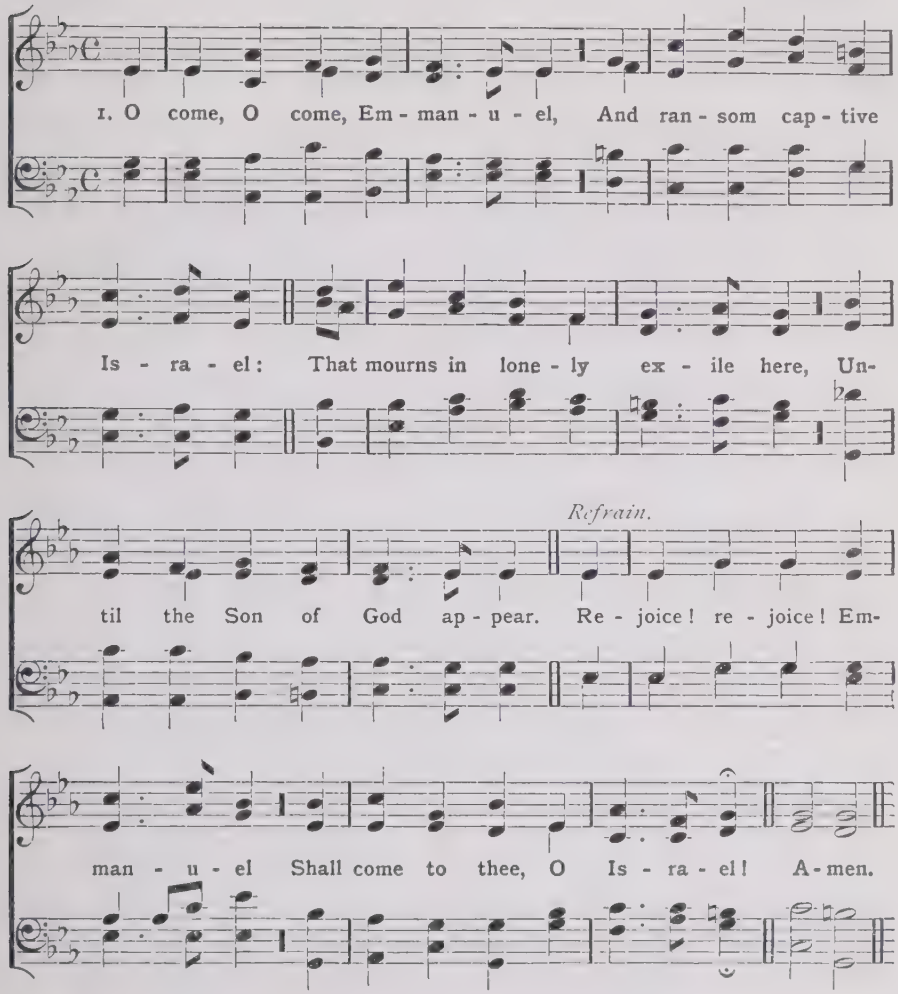


2 See, He comes! whom kings and sages,
Prophets, patriarchs of old,
Distant climes, and countless ages,
Waited eager to behold.
Sing, oh! sing with exultation,
Haste we to our Father's home;
Peace, redemption, joy, salvation,
Now from Heaven to earth are come.

3 See the Lamb of God appearing,
God of God, from Heaven above!
See the Heavenly Bridegroom cheering
His dear Bride with words of love!
Glory to th' Eternal Father,
Glory to th' Incarnate Son,
Glory to the Holy Spirit,
Glory to the Three in One! Amen.

O come, O come, Emmanuel.

Hymn 7. 8s. Six lines.



2 O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.

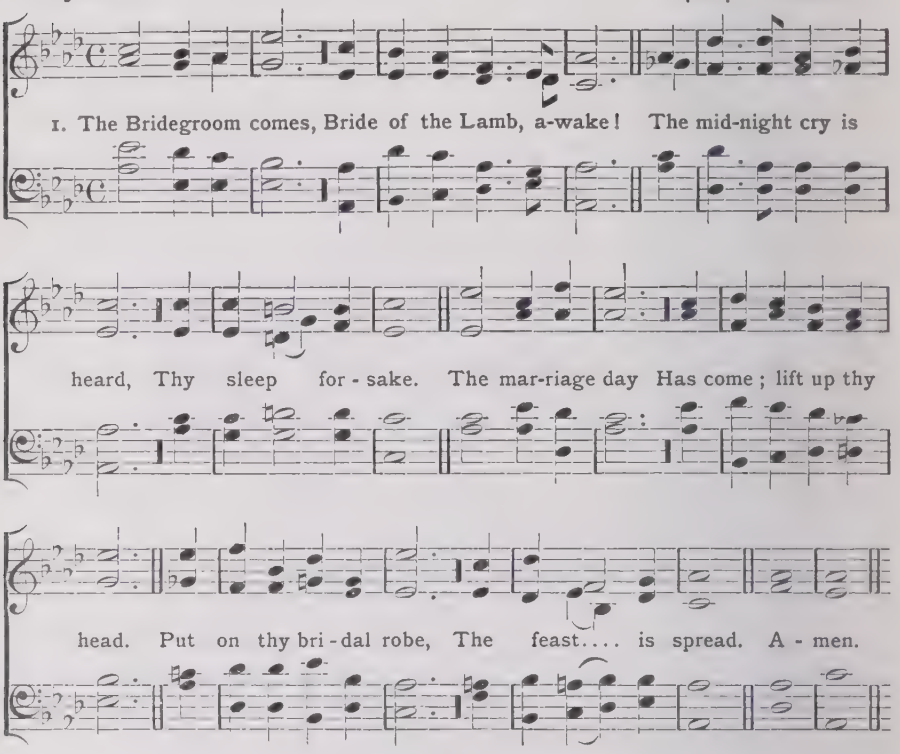
3 O come, Thou Day-spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by thine Advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.

4 O come, Thou Key of David, come
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.

5 O come, O come, Thou Lord of Might,
Who to thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In clouds, and majesty, and awe.
Amen.

The Bridegroom comes.

Hymn 8. 4664. Double.



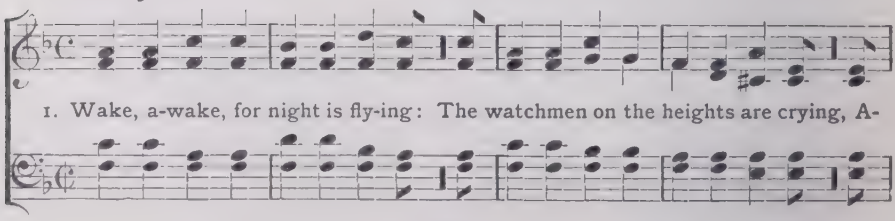
2 Shake off earth's dirt,
And wash thy weary feet;
Arise, make haste, go forth!
The Bridegroom greet.

Sing the new song!
Thy triumph has begun;
Thy tears are wiped away,
Thy night is done. Amen.

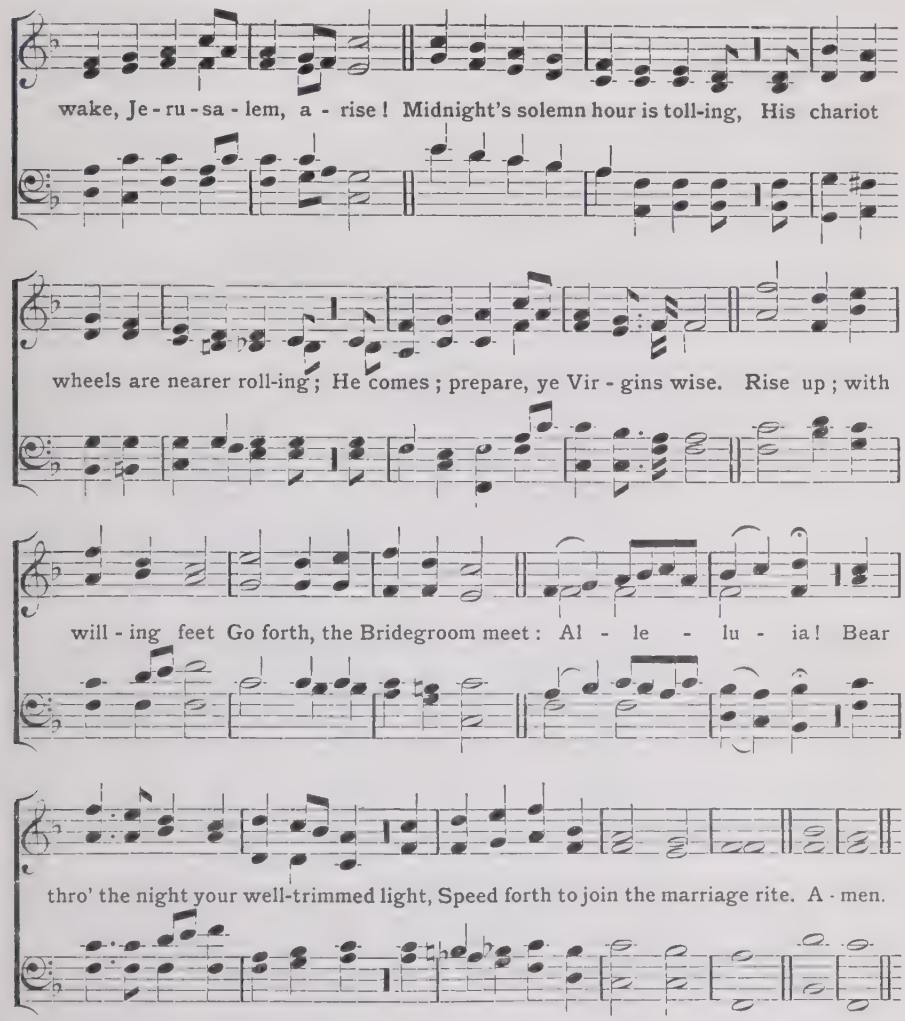
Christmas Eve.

Wake, awake, for night is flying.

Hymn 9.



Christmas Eve.
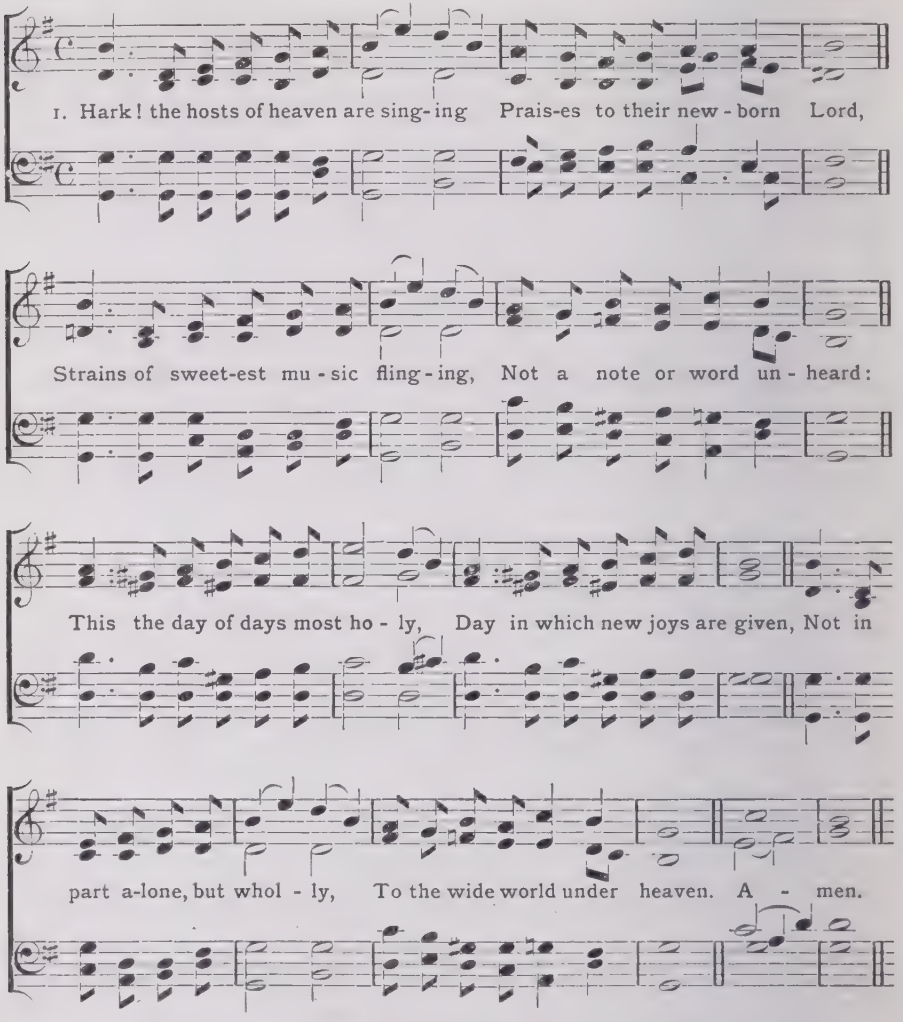


2 Sion hears the watchmen singing,
Her heart with deep delight is springing,
At once she wakes, she hastes away:
Forth her Bridegroom hastens glorious,
In grace arrayed, by truth victorious;
Her grief is joy, her night is day:
All hail, Incarnate Lord,
Our Crown, and our Reward!
Alleluia!
We haste along, in pomp of song
And gladsome join the marriage throng.

3 Hear Thy praise, O Lord, ascending
From tongues of men and angels, blending
With harp and lute and psaltery.
By thy pearly gates in wonder
We stand, and swell the voice of thunder
In bursts of choral melody:
No vision ever brought,
No ear hath ever caught,
Such bliss and joy:
We raise the song, we swell the throng,
To praise Thee ages all along. Amen.

Hark! the hosts of Heaven.

Hymn 10. 87s. Double.



2 On this night, all nights excelling,
God's high praises sounded forth,
While the angels' songs were telling
Of the Lord's mysterious birth:
Thro' the darkness, strangely splendid,
Flashed the light on shepherds' eyes;
As their lowly flocks they tended,
Came new tidings from the skies.
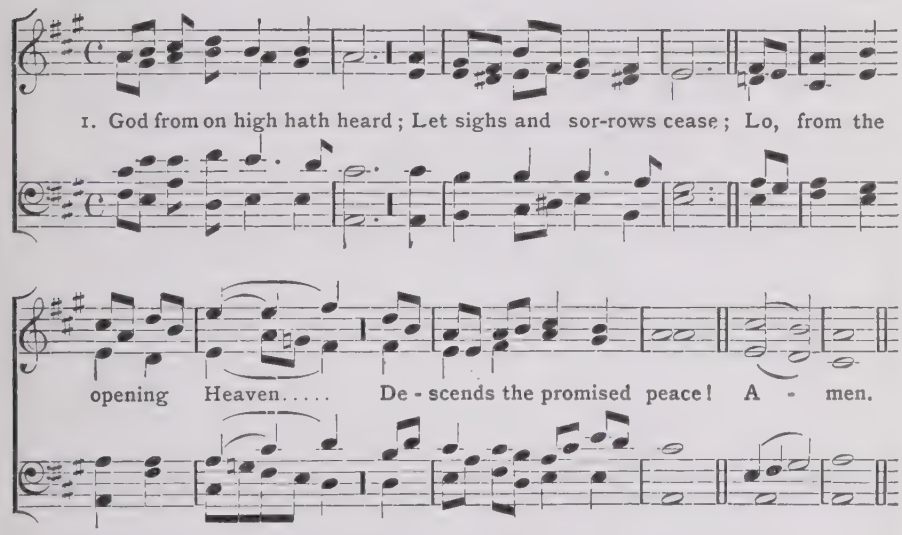
3 This the burden of the story,
Angels told upon that morn,
"God of God, the King of glory
Now of purest Maid is born."
All the hosts of heaven are chanting
Songs with power to stir and thrill,
And the universe is panting
Joy's deep longings to fulfill.

4 On this day then, through Creation
Let the glorious hymn ring out;
Let men hail the great salvation,
"God with us," with song and shout.
See the powers of hell are broken,
Fierce, and tyrannous and wild,
And on earth glad words are spoken,
Heralding the new-born Child.

5 Christ who framed the earth and heaven,—
Such the Word's creative power,—
Who alone the law hath given
That upholds them hour by hour:
Grant to us of his great pity
Pardon for our guilt and sin;
Grant us in the heavenly city
Peace and rest and life to win. Amen.

God from on high hath heard.

Hymn II. 6s.



2 Hark, through the silent night
Angelic voices swell:
The hosts of heaven proclaim
God, born on earth to dwell.

3 Now with the shepherd band
Speed on with eager feet:
Come seek the hallowed cave
The holy Babe to greet.

4 But O, what sight appears
Within the lowly door!
Behold a manger rude,
A Child and Mother poor.

5 Art Thou the Christ, the Son,
Of Light the very Light,
Who holdest in thine Hand
Earth and the starry height?

6 Yea, faith can pierce the cloud
Which veils thy glory now;
And hail Thee God and Lord,
To Whom all creatures bow.
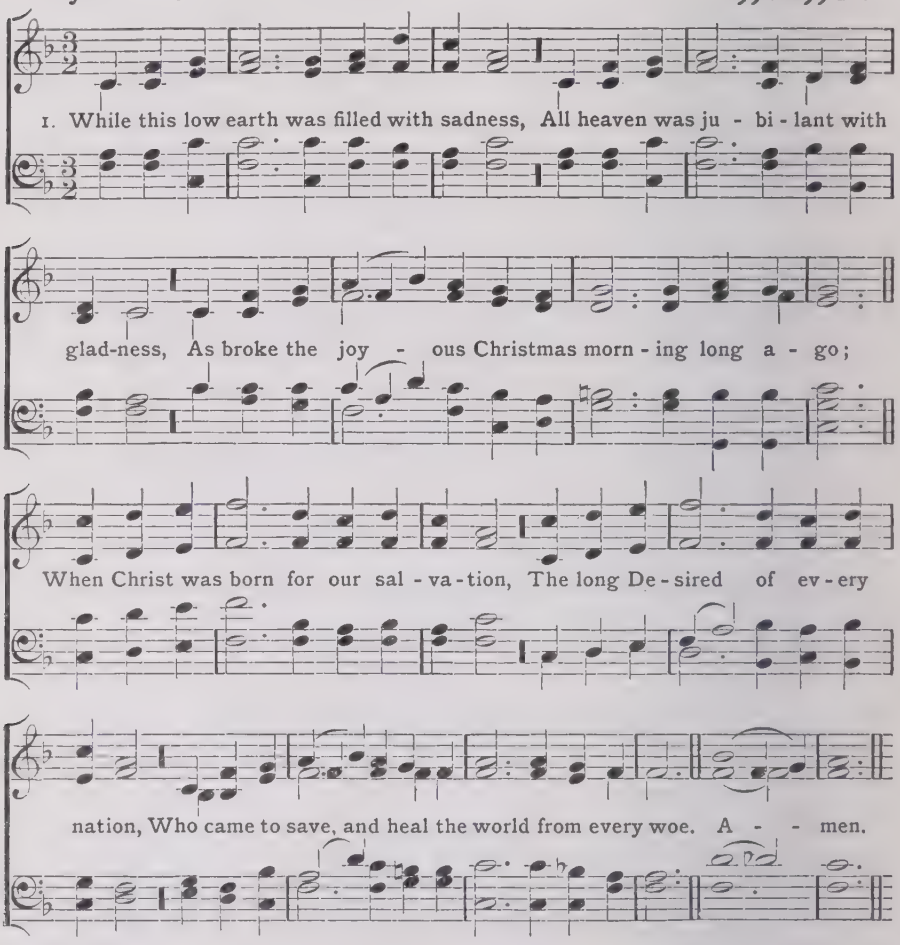
7 Faith sees the sapphire throne,
Where angels evermore
Adoring tremble still,
And trembling still adore.

8 Jesu, thy silence speaks,
And bids us not refuse
To bear what flesh would shun,
To spurn what flesh would choose.

9 Once born within us, Lord,
By that pure love of thine,
Keep Thou each contrite heart
Thy cradle and thy shrine. Amen.

While this low earth.

Hymn 12. 99 12 99 12.



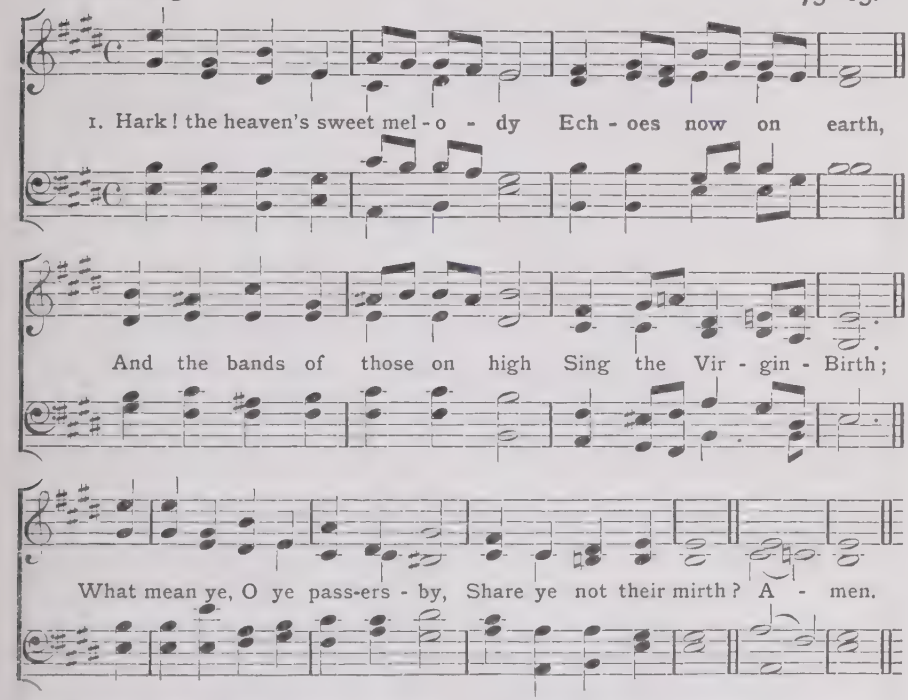
2 Behold He comes, our Saviour holy,
Our God an Infant, meek and lowly,
Of all creation He the only Lord and King.
Do ye not hear the angels singing
All joy from heaven to earth now bringing?
O faithful Christians, lift your voices too, and sing!

3 On bended knee let all adore Him;
Our heart's best love now lay before Him,
As in His Virgin mother's arms He sweetly lies.
With angels let all join in chorus,
With thousands that have sung before us,
And now are singing songs of rapture in the skies.

4 With alleluias, Lord, we greet Thee;
With laurel wreaths of victory meet Thee,
And give Thee "Welcome!" at this happy Christmas-tide.
With Thee comes every joy and blessing,
To all Thy Sacred Name professing,
Who in thy Holy Church in faith and love abide. Amen.

Hark, the heaven's sweet melody.

Hymn 13. 75s. 85.



2 Shepherds watch their flocks by night;
Angel notes they hear;
Songs of glory in the height,
Peace and love brought near:
To us they sing, thro' Love's dear might;
Praise to Christ they bear.

3 Those high gifts to none belong
But the good and true,
Falling not on sinful throng,
But the faithful few:
When we against the foe are strong,
Then is peace in view.
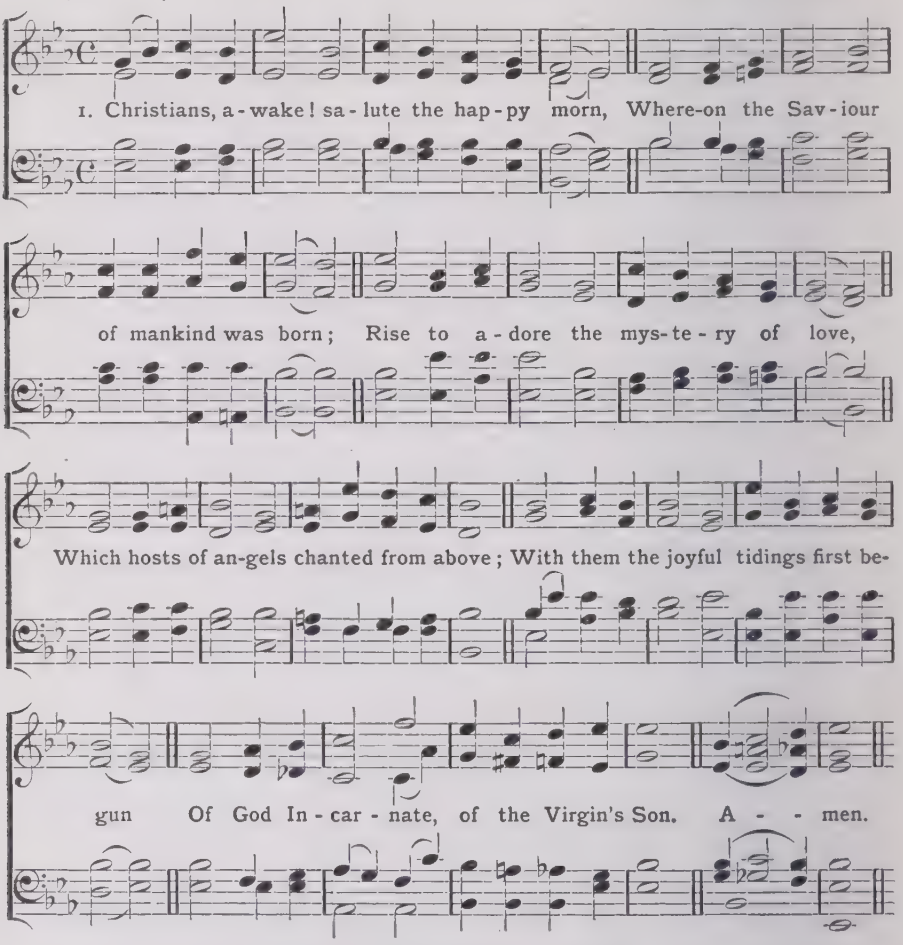
4 Earthly things with heaven are blent,
Twofold is the praise;
Yet each word divinely sent
Hidden depths displays;
On Christ, the Word made Flesh, intent,
Men, your anthems raise.

5 Of his Birth the bright stars tell,
Pouring floods of light;
Shepherds seek out Bethlehem's cell,
All those stars in sight;
They find the King of Heaven where
Ox and ass of right. [dwell

6 There, within the manger laid,
They their Lord descry:
We that Child of Mother-maid
Sing with praises high;
With homage, Lord, thus duly paid
We to Thee draw nigh. Amen.

Christians, awake!

Hymn 14. 10s. Six lines.



2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice, "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth:
This day hath God fulfilled his promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir,
In hymns of joy unknown before, conspire:
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with alleluias rang:
Let God's high praise resound in heaven above:
Throughout the earth to men be peace and love.

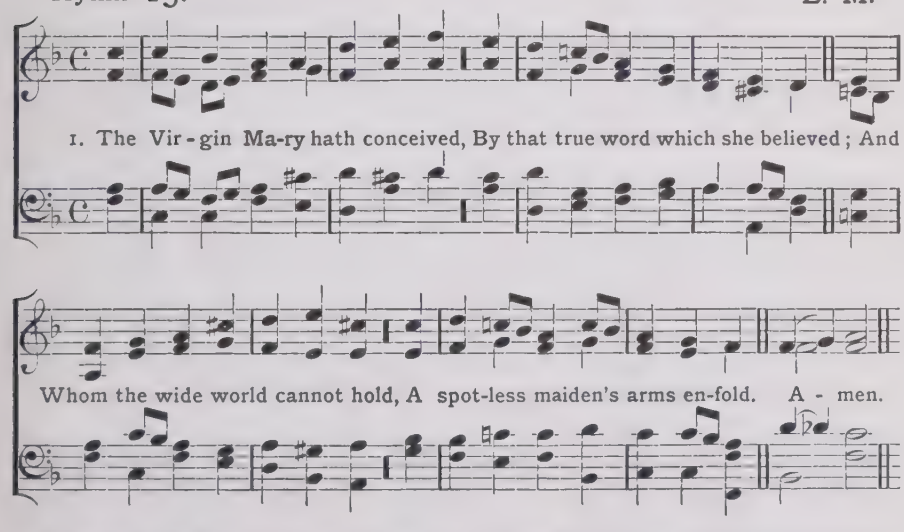
4 To Bethlehem straight the enlightened shepherds ran,
To see the wonders God had wrought for man:
Then to their flocks, still praising God, return,
And their glad hearts with holy rapture burn:
To all the joyful tidings they proclaim,
These first apostles of the Saviour's Name.

5 Oh! may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
Trace we the Babe, Who hath retrieved our loss,
From the poor manger to the bitter cross;
Tread in his steps, assisted by his grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

6 Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,
To join, redeemed, a glad triumphant throng.
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all his glory shall display;
Saved by his love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King. Amen.

The Virgin Mary hath conceived.

Hymn 15. L. M.



2 Now buds the flower of Jesse's root;
Now Aaran's rod puts out its fruit;
She sees her offspring rise to view,
The Mother, yet the Virgin too.

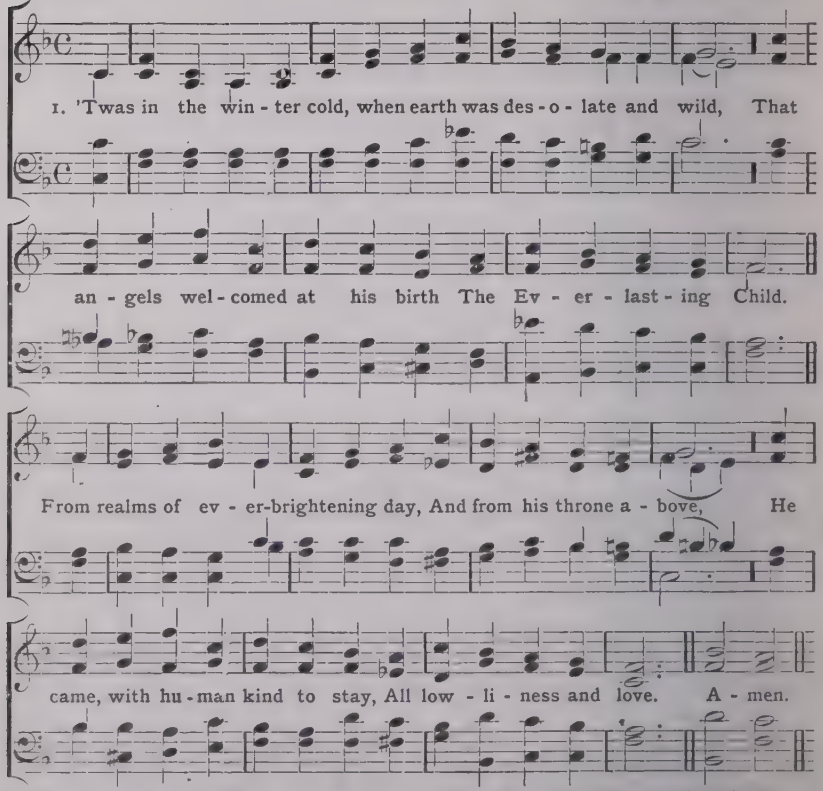
3 He, by whose hand the light was made,
Deigns in a manger to be laid;
He with his Father made the skies,
Now as an infant swaddled lies.

4 Now light is come, salvation shewn,
And night repelled, and death o'erthrown;
Approach, ye nations! own this morn,
That God of Mary hath been born.

5 All honor, laud, and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee!
All glory, as is ever meet
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

'Twas in the winter cold.

Hymn 16. C. M. Double.



2 Then in the manger the poor beast
Was present with his Lord;
Then swains and pilgrims from the East
Saw, wondered and adored.
And I this morn would come with them
This blessed sight to see,
And to the Babe of Bethlehem
Bend low the reverent knee.

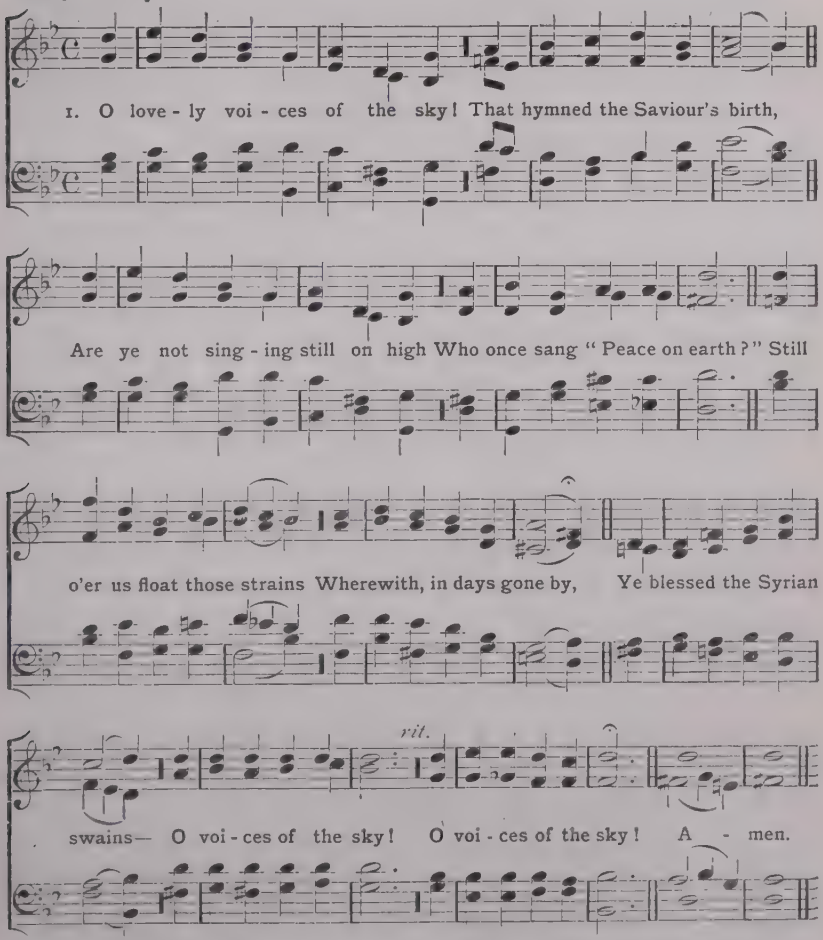
3 But I have not, it makes me sigh,
One offering in my power;
'Tis winter all with me, and I
Have neither fruit nor flower.
O God, O Brother, let me give
My worthless self to Thee;
And that the years which I may live
May pure and spotless be:

4 Grant me Thyself, O Saviour kind,
The Spirit undefiled,
That I may be in heart and mind
As gentle as a child;
That I may tread life's arduous ways
As Thou Thyself hast trod,
And in the might of prayer and praise
Keep ever close to God.

5 Light of the everlasting morn,
Deep through my spirit shine;
There let thy presence newly born
Make all my being thine:
There try me as the silver, try
And cleanse my soul with care,
Till Thou art able to descry
Thy fautless image there. Amen.

O lovely voices of the sky.

Hymn 17. 86s. 6s.
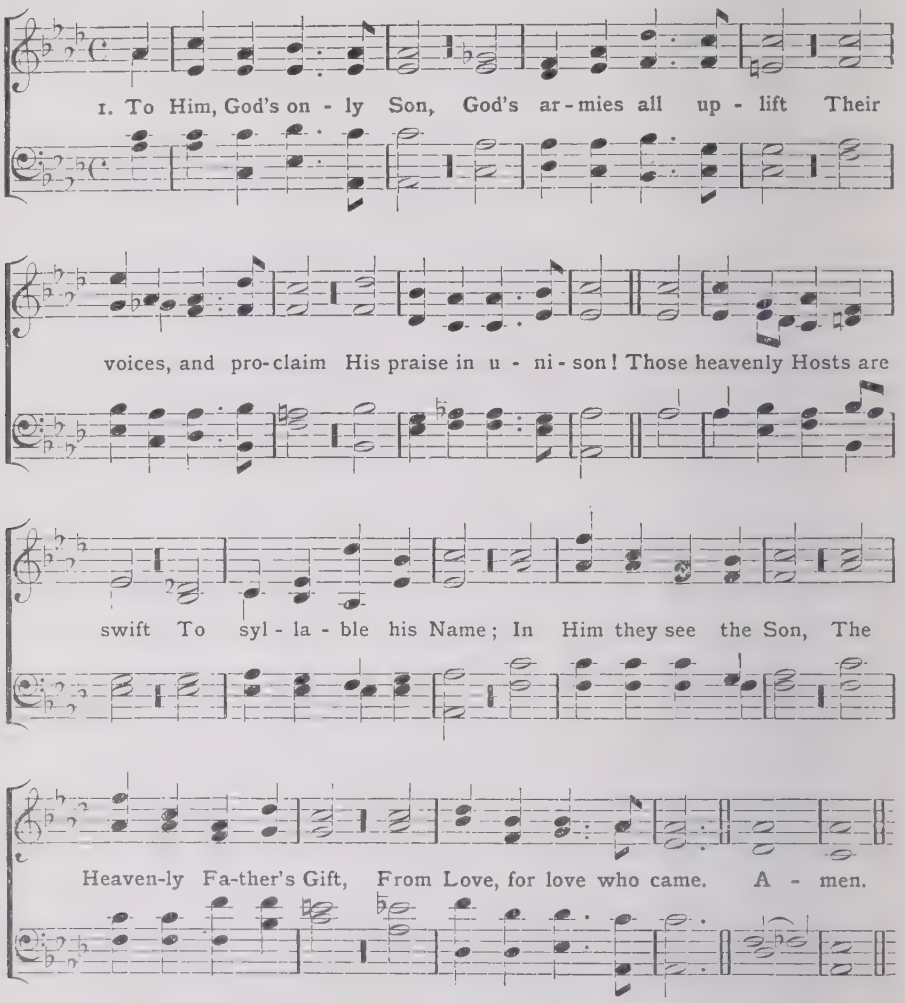


2 O clear and shining light! whose beams
A heavenly radiance shed
Around the palms and o'er the streams,
And on the shepherds' head,
Be near through life and death,
As in that holiest night
Of hope, and joy, and faith—
O clear and shining light!

3 O star which led to Him, whose love
Brought down man's ransom free!
Thou still art 'midst the hosts above;
We still may gaze on thee.
Thy light doth never set;
Thy rays earth may not dim,
Send them to guide us yet,
O star which led to Him!

To Him, God's only Son.

Hymn 18. 6s. Nine lines.



2 This is the hallowed day,
And who shall tell its worth?
This day doth Hell destroy,
And death for ever slay!
This gives the world new-birth,
Gladness without alloy!
This night, far, far away,
There rang through utmost earth,
The angels' song of joy!

3 It was at deep midnight,
And shepherds watched the fold:
Sudden there flashed around
The glorious heavenly light!
Along the lonely wold
They heard a weird-like sound;
It spake the Godhead's might;
The Virgin-born it told,
Before all ages found!

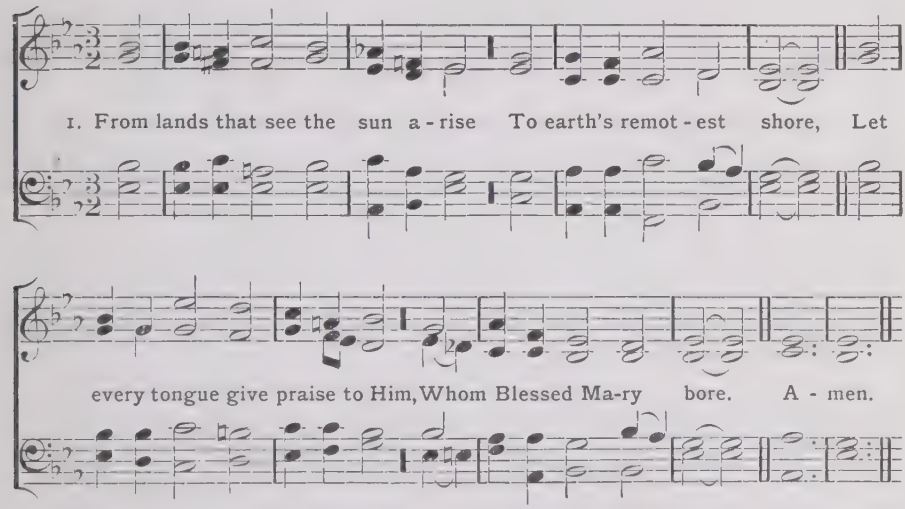
4 Glory to God on high,
And on the earth be rest,
And peace from heaven to men!
This was the thrilling cry;
The Father's high behest
The angels echoed then!
Of One born wondrously
Of Virgin, ever-blest,
The Son, they sang again.

5 While thus with joyous song,
Which tens of thousands gave,
The heaven's high vaults resound,
Can man be silent long,
New ransomed from the grave,
So long in fetters bound?
No! let him swell the throng
Of triumph, now no slave,
For he hath freedom found!

6 Passed is the tyrant's hour—
His banner stained and torn;
Crushed lies our deadliest foe!
No more dark tempests lour:
The Prince of Peace this morn
The path of peace doth show!
Thou, Whose sustaining power
Creation hath upborne,
Grant us no sin to know!
Amen.

From lands that see the sun arise.

Hymn 19. **C. M.**



2 He comes, the world's Blest Maker, He,
In servile guise arrayed,
In Flesh our sin-bound flesh to free,
To save the souls He made.

3 A spotless Maiden bears the Babe
Foretold by Gabriel's word;
She carries on her virgin breast
Her Saviour and her Lord.

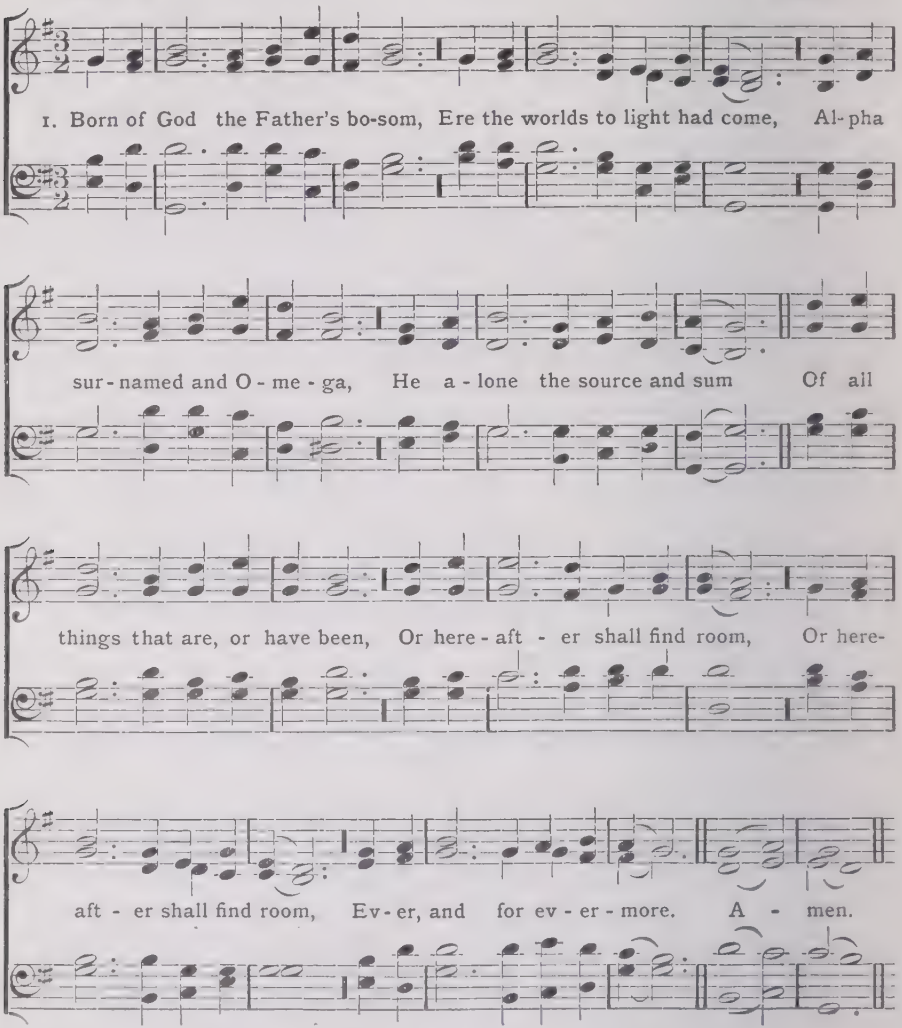
4 A manger scantly strewn with hay
Becomes the Eternal's bed;
And He, Who feeds each smallest bird,
Himself with milk is fed.

5 The hosts of heaven his birthday keep,
The angels round Him sing;
And shepherds hasten to adore
Their Shepherd and their King.

6 Praise to the Father; praise to Thee,
The Virgin's Holy Son;
Praise to the Holy Paraclete,
While endless ages run. Amen.

Born of God the Father's bosom.

Hymn 20. 87s.8777.



2 This is He Whom Heaven-taught sages
Hymned of yore with one accord;
Pledged to man in faithful pages
Of the prophet's sure strong word.
As foreshewn, his Star is gleaming;
Now let all things praise the Lord,
Now let all things praise the Lord,
Ever, and for evermore.

3 O that pure and blessèd dawning,
When th' unspotted Mother bright,
By the Holy Ghost made fruitful,
Our salvation brought to light,
And the Child, the world's Redeemer,
Shew'd his sacred face in sight,
Shew'd his sacred face in sight,
Ever, and for evermore.

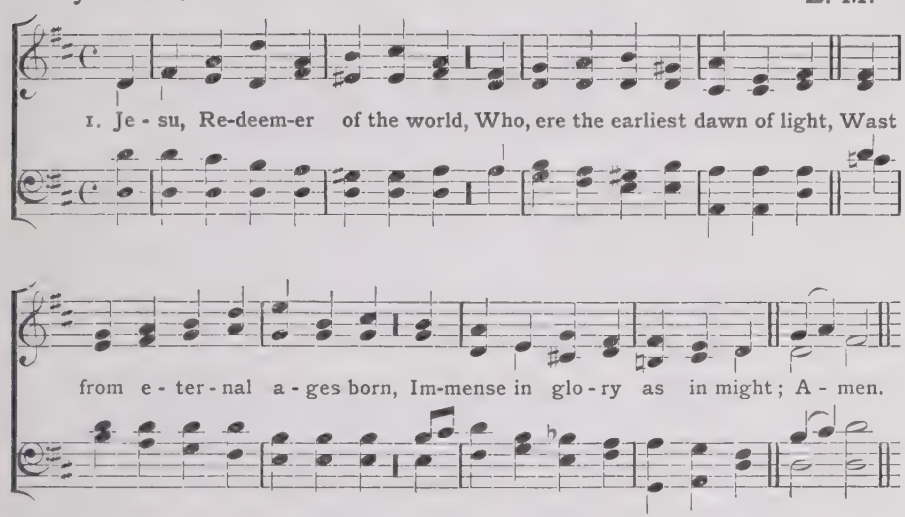
4 Let Heaven's height sing Psalms ador-
Psalms let all the angels sing; [ing,
Powers and Virtues wheresoever
Praise with Psalms our God and King:
None of all our tongues be silent,
Mightily all voices sing,
Mightily all voices sing,
Ever, and for evermore.

5 Thee let aged men and youthful,
Boys in choral brotherhood,
Mothers, virgins, simple maidens,
One adoring multitude,
Hymn aloud in tones harmonious,
Of devoutest, purest mood,
Of devoutest, purest mood,
Ever, and for evermore.

5 Christ, to Thee, with God the Father,
And the Holy Spirit, be
Praise unwearied, high thanksgiving,
Song, and perfect melody.
Honor, virtue, might victorious,
And to reign eternally,
And to reign eternally,
Ever, and for evermore. Amen.

Jesu, Redeemer of the world.

Hymn 21. L. M.



2 Unfailing Hope of all mankind,
In Whom the Father's Face we see;
O hear the prayers thy people pour,
This day throughout the world to
Thee.

3 Remember, Thou, Who all hast made,
How in the Holy Virgin's womb
Thou for thy fallen creatures' sake
Didst our humanity assume.

4 From year to year this festal day
Its witness bears, that all alone,
From thine own Father's bosom forth,
To save the world Thou camest down.

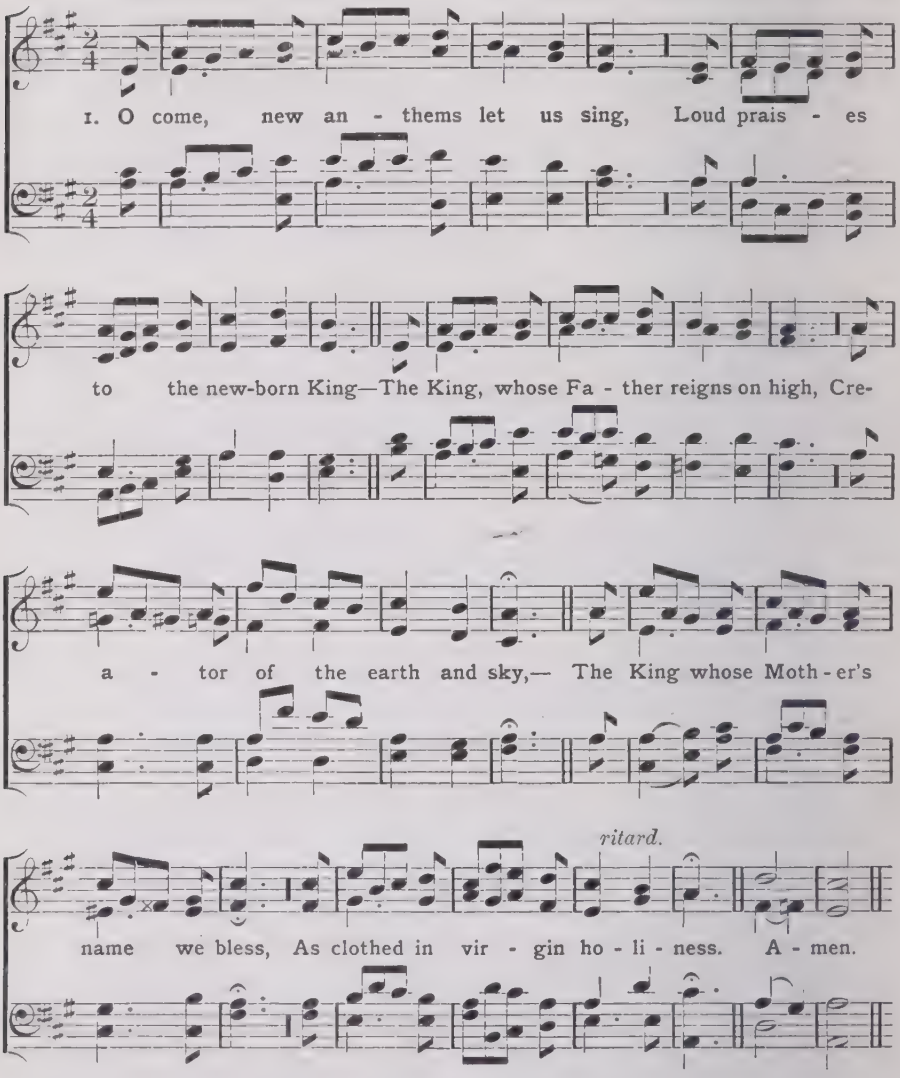
5 O Day, to which the seas and sky,
And earth and heaven, glad welcome
sing;
O day, which healed our misery,
And brought to earth salvation's King.

6 We too, O Lord, who have been cleansed
In thine own fount of Blood Divine,
Will join our tribute of sweet song,
On this blest Natal Day of thine.

7 O Jesu, born of Virgin pure,
Immortal glory be to Thee.
Whom with the Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost eternally. Amen.

O come, new anthems let us sing.

Hymn 22. 8s. Six lines.



2 No touch impure,—no taint of earth
Mars there the high and heavenly Birth;
There she, the Mother meek and mild,
Tho' maiden pure, brings forth her Child:
There to her loving heart is pressed
The Word made Flesh, the Ever-Blest.

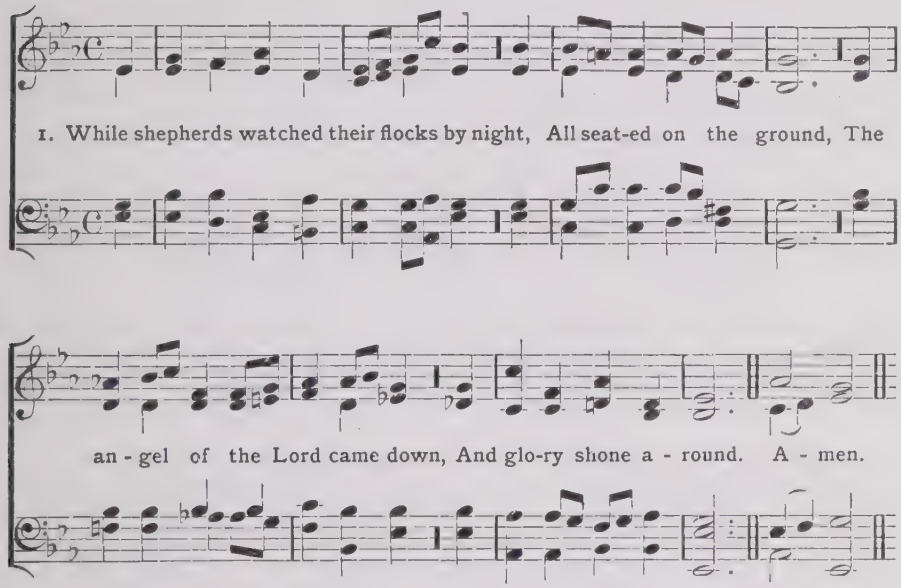
3 O wondrous Birth, O heavenly Word
Of God begotten, Lord of Lord!
O awful Babe, O glorious Child,
Man's nature bearing undefiled,
In Whom, thus veiled from mortal eye,
We own Incarnate Deity!

4 So of thy coming sages old,
Taught by thy Spirit, Lord, foretold;
So at thy birth men sing thy praise,
And songs of peace the angels raise,
And all creation lifts its chant,
And all the saints are jubilant.

5 Hail then, O Lord! incline thine ear,
And these our prayers and praises hear,
Thou Who art known in Persons Three,
Thrice blest, thrice holy Trinity,
The God Whom heaven and earth adore,
One, and One only, evermore. Amen.

While shepherds watched their flocks.

Hymn 23. C. M.



2 "Fear not," he said, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line
The Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:
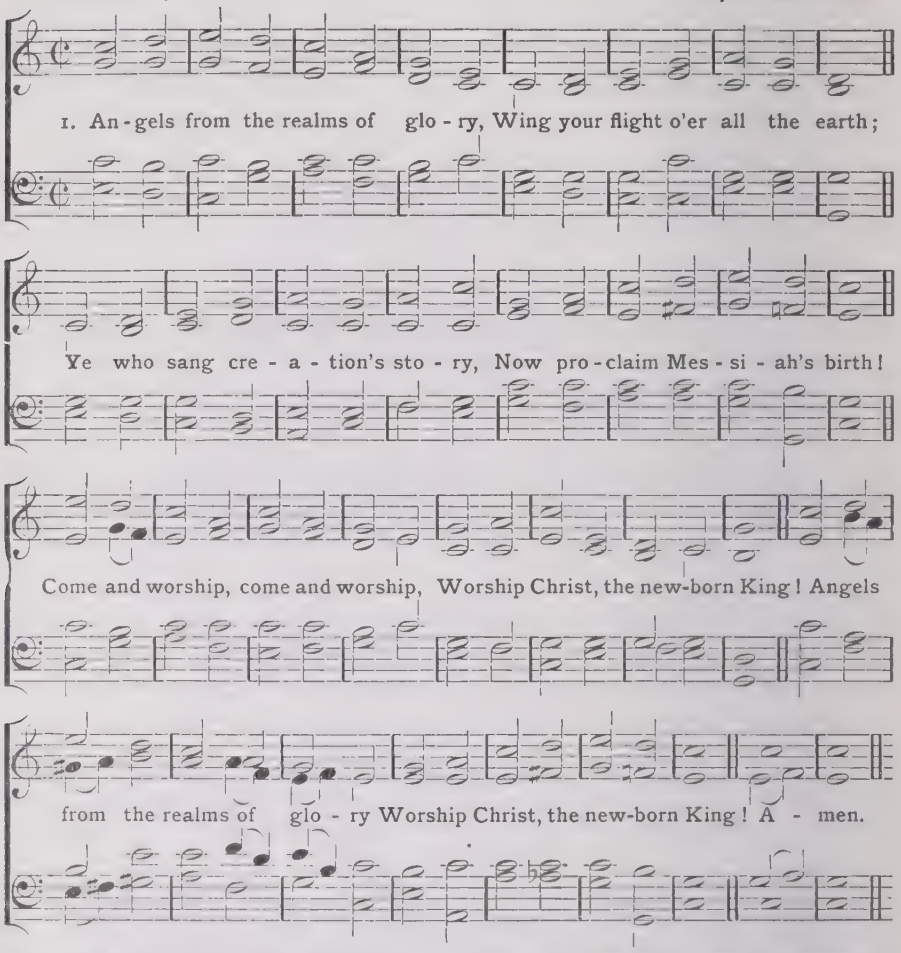
4 "The Heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And in the earth be peace,
And joy henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!" Amen.

Angels from the realms of glory.

Hymn 24. 87s. Double.



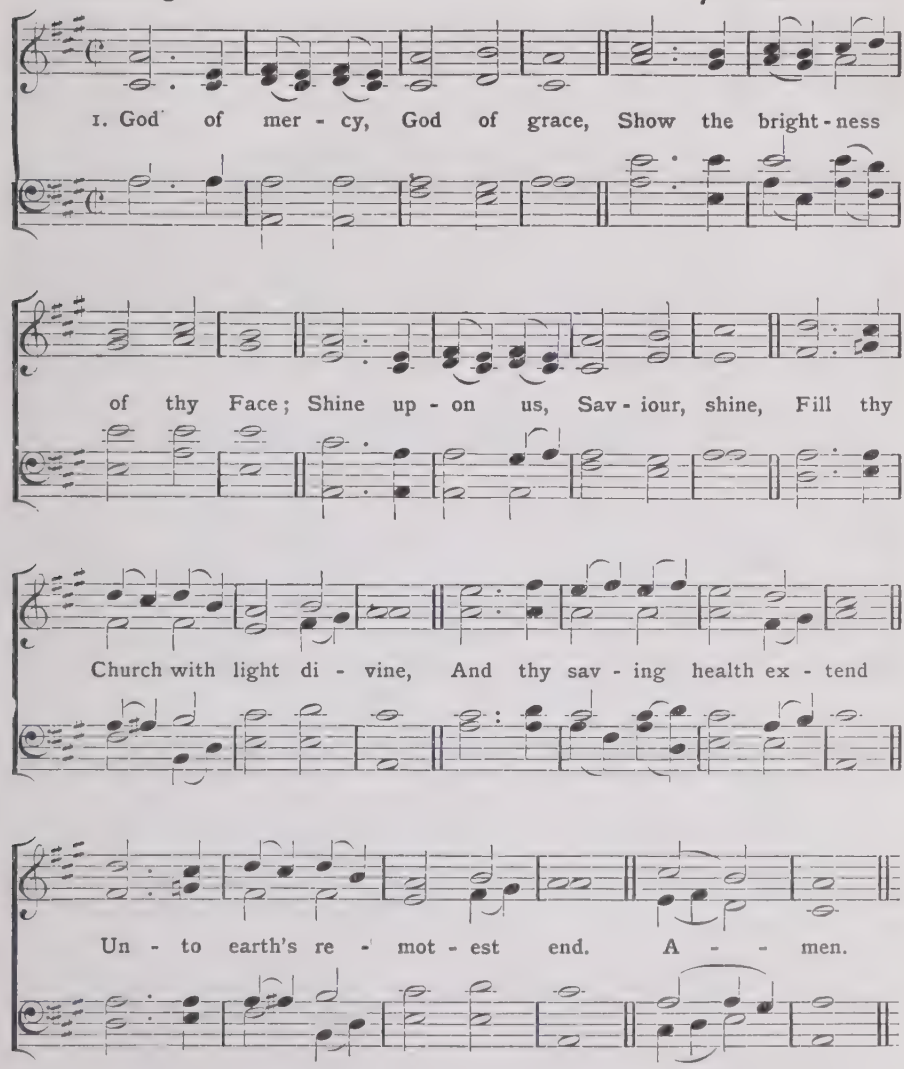
2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the heavenly Light.
Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King!
Shepherds in the field abiding,
Worship Christ, the new-born King!

3 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear.
Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King!
Saints, before the altar bending,
Worship Christ, the new-born King!

4 Saints and angels join in praising
Thee, the Father, Spirit, Son:
Evermore their voices raising
To th' Eternal Three in One.
Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King!
Saints and angels join in praising,
Praising Christ, the new-born King!
Amen.

God of mercy, God of grace.

Hymn 25. 7s. Six lines.

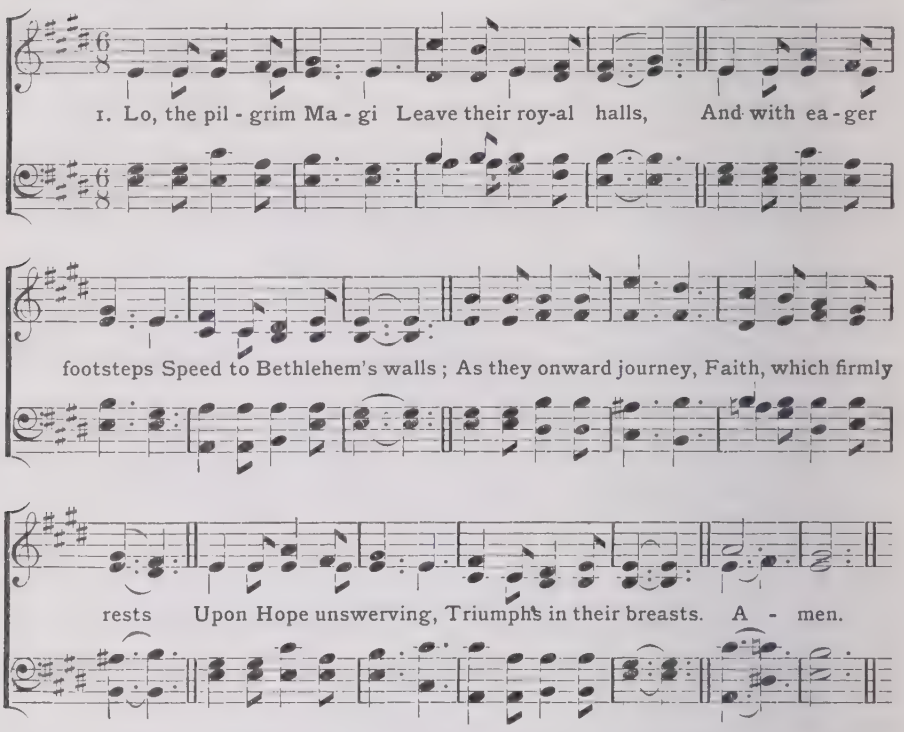


2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord:
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to the Saviour King;
At thy feet their tribute pay,
And thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord:
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man his blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love. Amen.

Lo! the pilgrim Magi.

Hymn 26. 65s. Double.



2 Oh, what joy ecstatic
Thrilled each heart from far,
When, to guide their footsteps,
Gleamed that Beacon-Star;
O'er that home so holy,
Pouring down its ray,
Where the cradled Infant
With his Mother lay.

3 Costly pomp and pageant
Earthly kings array;
He, a mightier Monarch,
Hath a nobler sway;
Straw may be his pallet,
Mean his garb may be,
Yet with power transcendent,
He all hearts can free.

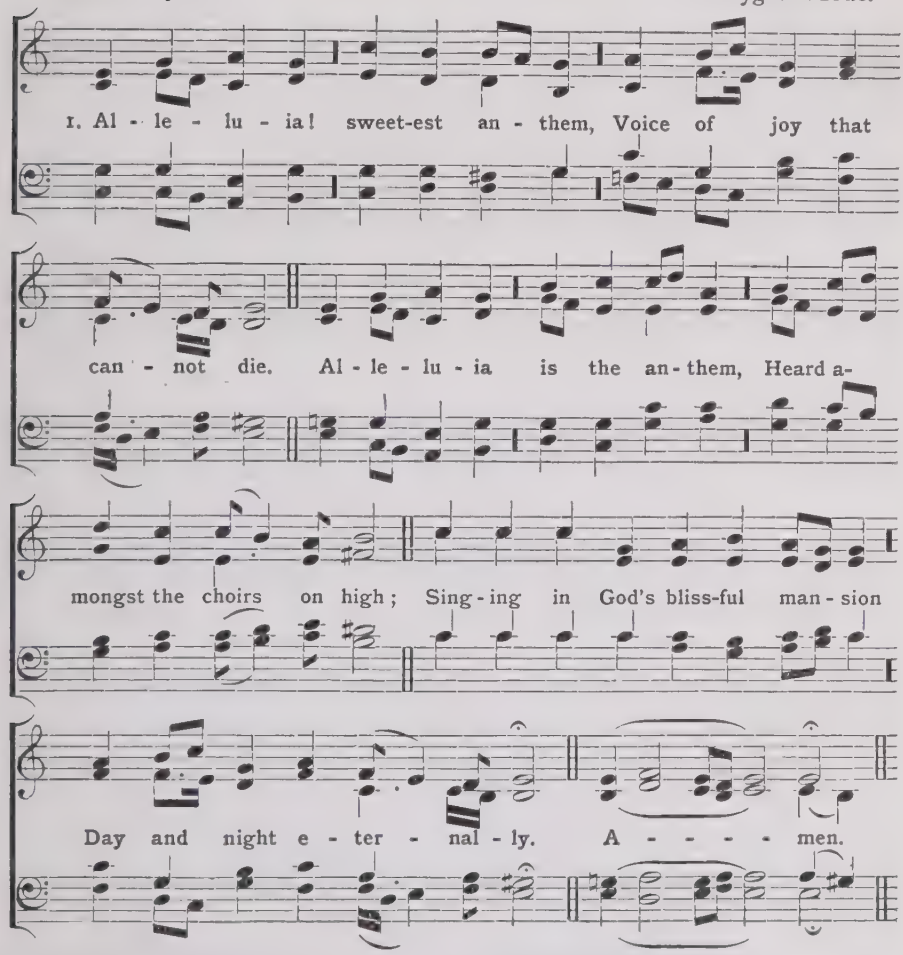
4 At his crib they worship,
Prostrate on the floor;
And their God, there present,
In that Babe adore:
Let us to that Infant,
As their offspring true,
Hearts with faith o'erflowing
Give, our tribute due;—

5 Holiest Love presenting,
As gold to our King;
To the Man pure bodies,
Myrrh-like, chastely bring;
Unto Him, as incense,
Vow and prayer address;
So, with meetest off'rings
Him our God confess.

6 Glory to the Father,
Fount of Light alone;
Who unto the Gentiles
Made his glory known.
Equal praise and glory,
Blessèd Son, to Thee,
And to Thee, Sweet Spirit,
Evermore shall be. Amen.

Alleluia! sweetest anthem.

Hymn 27. In the Phrygian Mode.



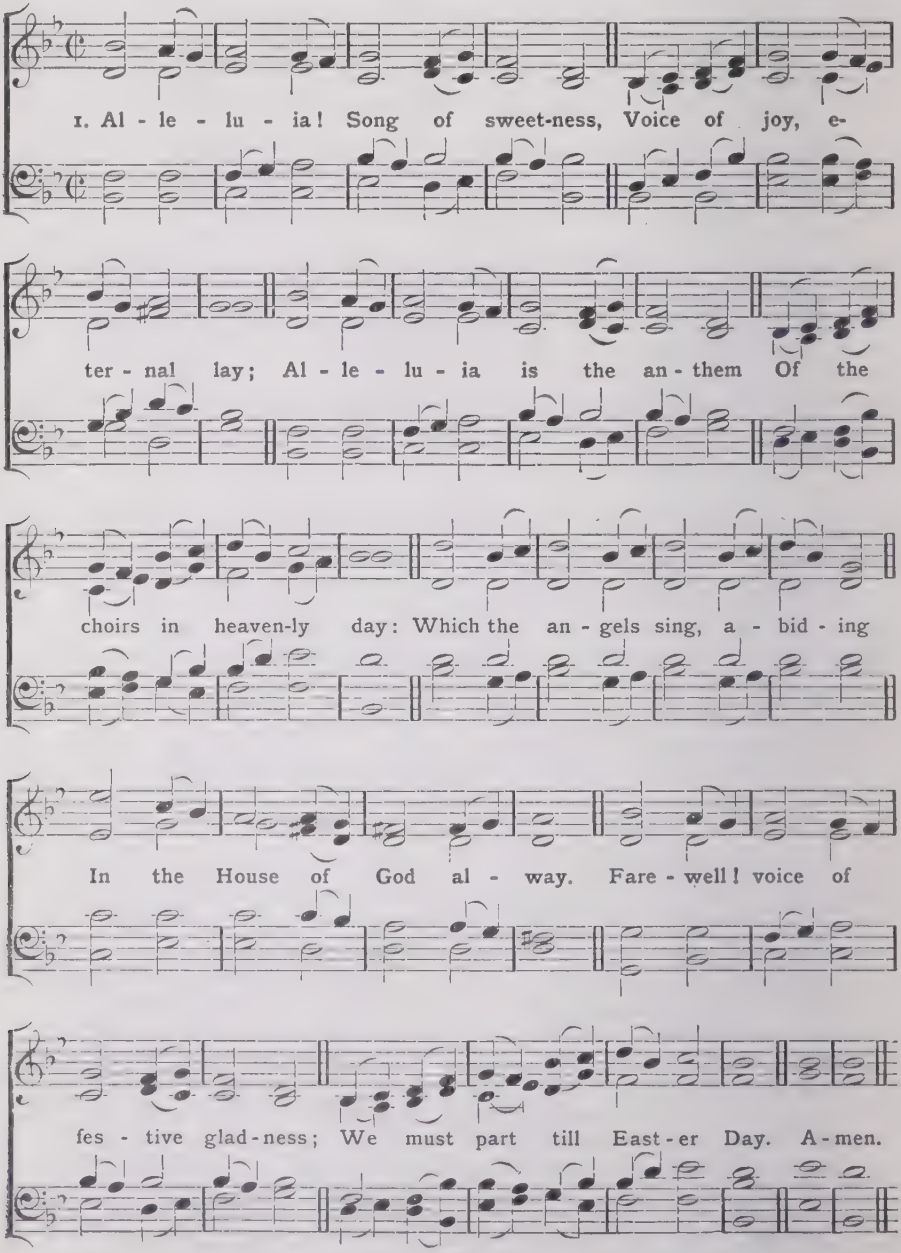
2 Alleluia! Joyful Mother,
True Jerusalem and free,
Alleluia now triumphant
All thy children sing in Thee;
But by Babylon's sad waters
Mourning exiles still are we.

3 Alleluia cannot always
Be our song while here below;
Alleluia our transgressions
Make us for a while forego;
For the Lenten-time is coming,
When our tears for sin must flow.

4 Wherefore in our hymns we pray Thee,
Blessed, Holy Trinity!
Grant us all to keep thine Easter
In our Home beyond the sky,
There to Thee our Alleluia
Singing everlastingly. Amen.

Alleluia! song of sweetness.

Hymn 28. 87s. Double.



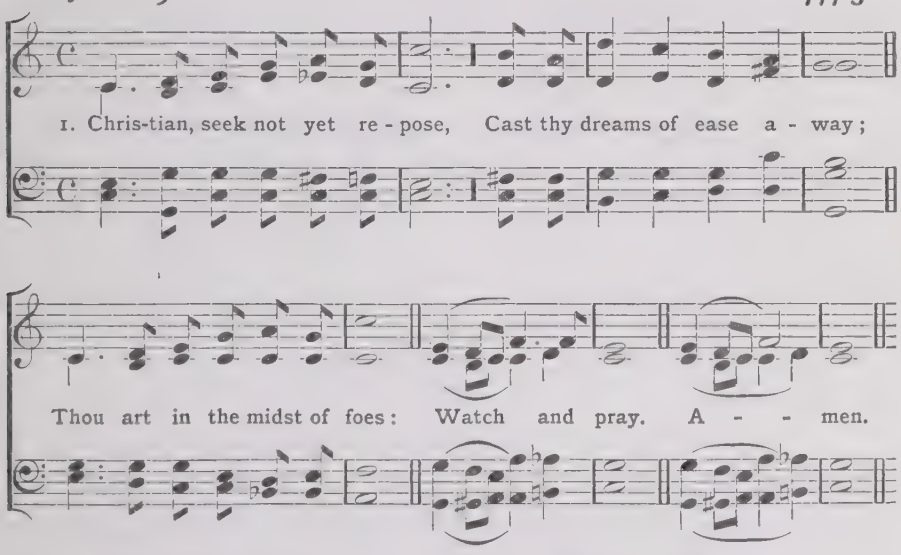
2 Alleluia, thou resoundest,
Salem, Mother of the blest;
Alleluias without ending
Fit yon gladsome place of rest;
Exiles we by Babel's waters
Sit in bondage sore distressed,
When the Paschal joy beginneth
Thou again shalt be our guest.

3 Alleluia we deserve not
Here to chant for evermore;
Alleluias our transgressions
Make us for a while give o'er;
For the holy time is coming,
Bidding us our sins deplore;
Penance done, thy voice, returning,
Sounds more welcome than before.

4 Trinity of endless glory,
Hear thy people as they cry;
Grant us all to keep thine Easter
In our Home beyond the sky;
There to Thee our Alleluia
Singing everlastingly;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Singing everlastingly. Amen.

Christian, seek not yet repose.

Hymn 29. 777 3.



2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thine unguarded hours;
Watch and pray.

3 Gird thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one:
Watch and pray.

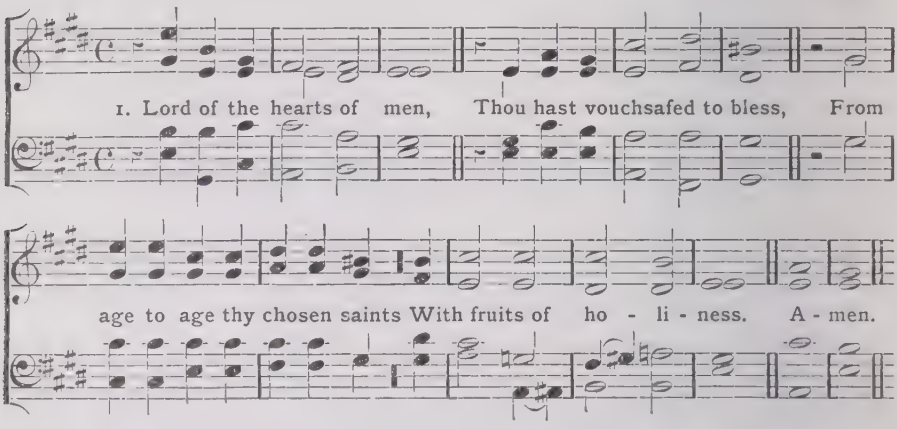
4 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with warning voice exclaim,—
Watch and pray.

5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord;
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart his word,—
Watch and pray.

6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down;
Watch and pray. Amen.

Lord of the hearts of men.

Hymn 30. S. M.



2 Here Faith and Hope and Love
Reign in sweet bond allied;
There, when this little day is o'er,
Shall Love alone abide.

3 O Love, O Truth, O Light!
Light never to decay!
O rest from thousand labors past!
O endless Sabbath-day!

4 Here, bearing the good seed,
'Mid cares and tears we come;
There, with rejoicing hearts, we bear
Our harvest-burdens home.

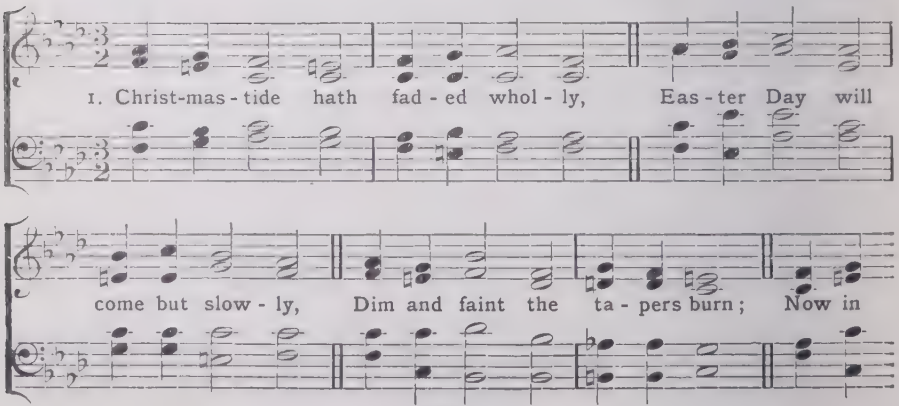
5 O give us, mighty Lord,
The fruits Thyself dost love;
Soon shalt Thou from thy judgment-seat
Crown thine own gifts above.
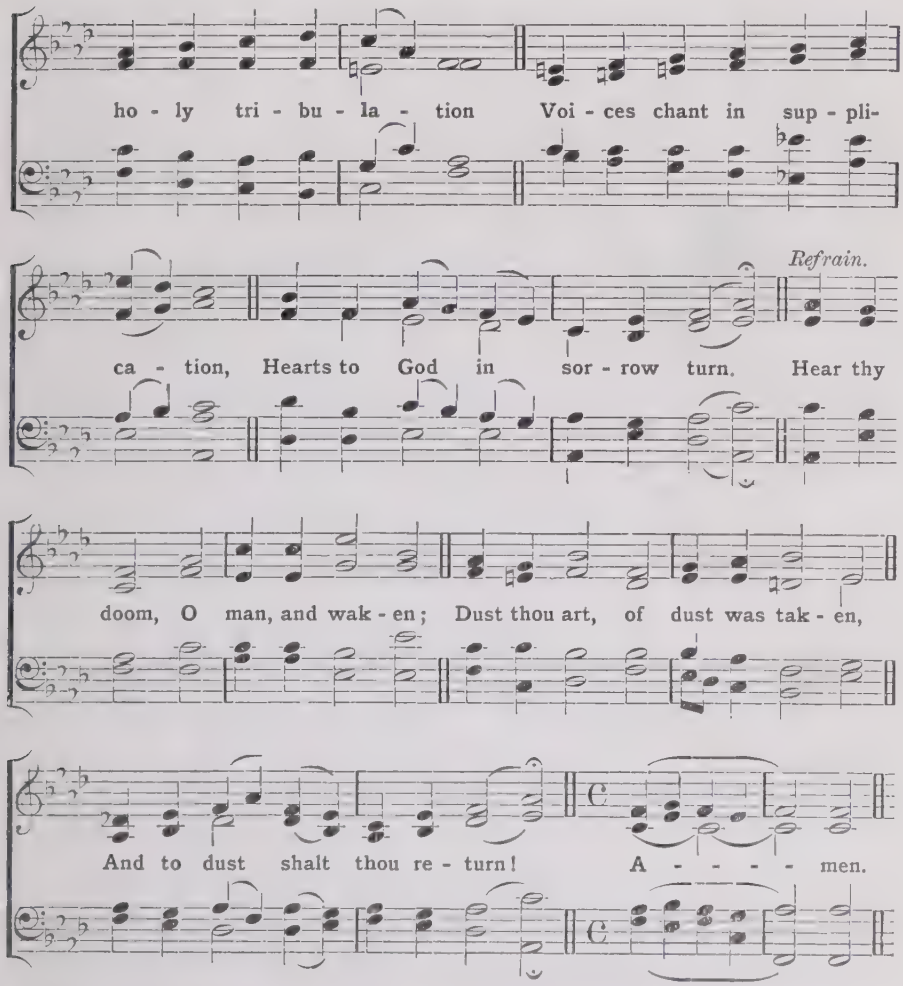
6 From all the heavenly host,
And all on earth below,
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Let endless praises flow. Amen.

Lent.

Christmas-tide hath faded wholly.

Hymn 31. 887. Nine lines.





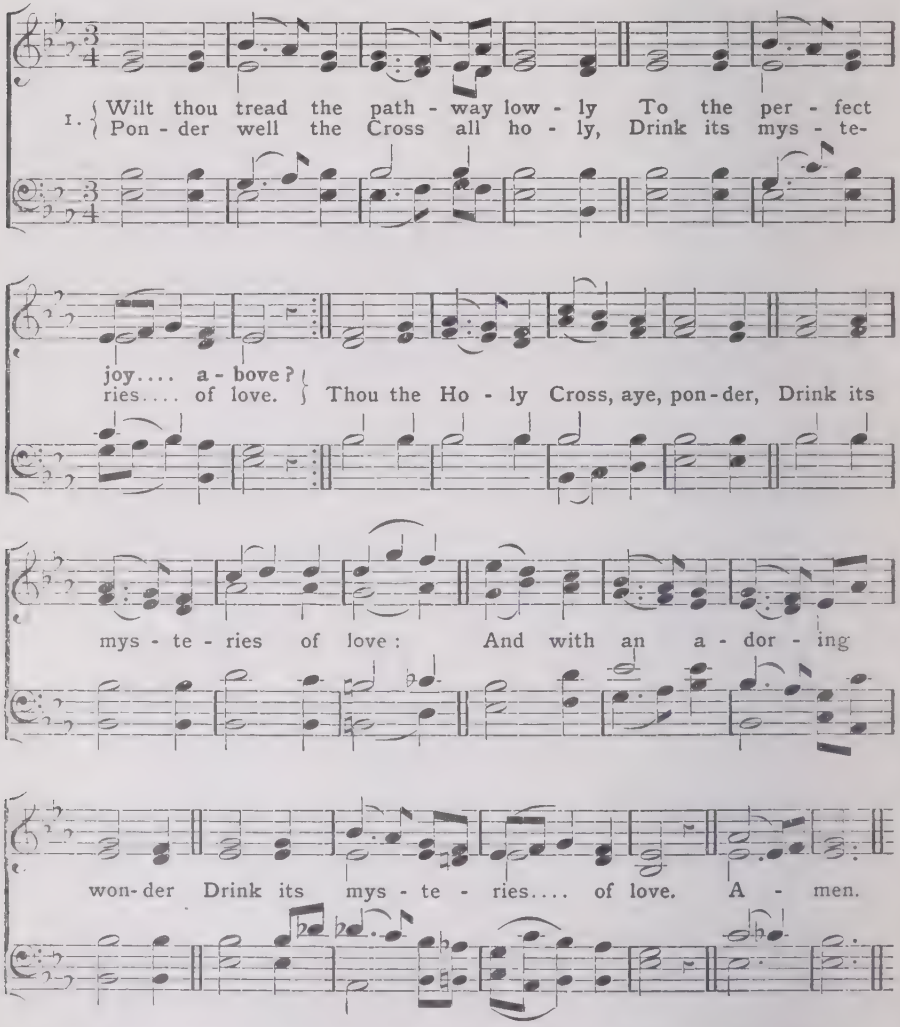
2 Of the hour that comes to sever
Thee, O man, and earth for ever,
We will speak, and thou shalt learn:
Working final separation,
Changing kindred and relation,
For the ashes and the urn.

3 Grace repelled and life expended,
Harvest past and summer ended,
Whither shall the sinner turn?
Righteous meed and final sentence,
Vain resolve and late repentance,
Sadly, sadly shall discern.

4 Wherefore, man, while yet thou mayest,
If thou fastest, if thou prayest,
Earthly care and pleasure spurn:
Dreams that cannot last despising,
And with Christ from death uprising,
Thou of heavenly joy shalt learn. Amen.

Wilt thou tread the pathway lowly.

Hymn 32. **87s. Double.**



2 When thou toilest, when thou sleepest,
Sad or gladsome if thou art,
When thou smilest, when thou weepest,
Keep the Cross within thy heart.
In thy coming, in thy going,
Keep the Cross within thy heart.
Whether pain or solace knowing,
Keep the Cross within thy heart.
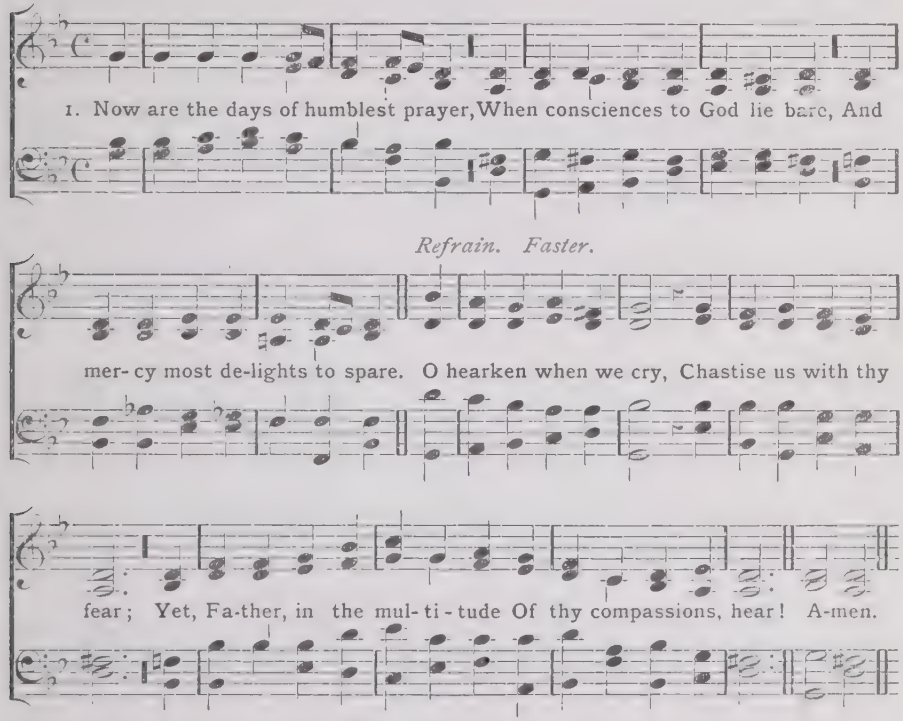
3 'Tis the Cross in every anguish,
Makes the broken spirit whole,
When 'midst cruel foes thou languish,
Seek this refuge for thy soul.
In the Cross, with burdens aching,
Seek this refuge for thy soul.
Heaviest waves above thee breaking,
Seek this refuge for thy soul.

4 To its arms affixed, yet clinging,
Hangs the True and Living Vine,
From that blood-stained stem out spring-
Flows the new and heavenly wine. [ing,
For the healing of the nations
Flows the new and heavenly wine.
Bringing joy in tribulations,
Flows this new and heavenly wine.

5 Jesu! Victim! all adoring,
Here we fall before thy Cross;
Through thy death our life restoring,
It has saved the world from loss.
Tell abroad the wondrous story,
It has saved the world from loss,
In the holy sign we glory,
Chant the triumph of the Cross!
Amen.

Now are the days of humblest prayer.

Hymn 33. 888 6686.



2 Now is the season, wisely long,
Of sadder thought, and graver song,
When ailing souls grow well and strong.

3 The feast of penance! O! so bright,
With true conversion's heavenly light,
Like sunrise after stormy night!

4 O happy time of blessed tears,
Of surer hopes, of chastening fears,
Undoing all our evil years.

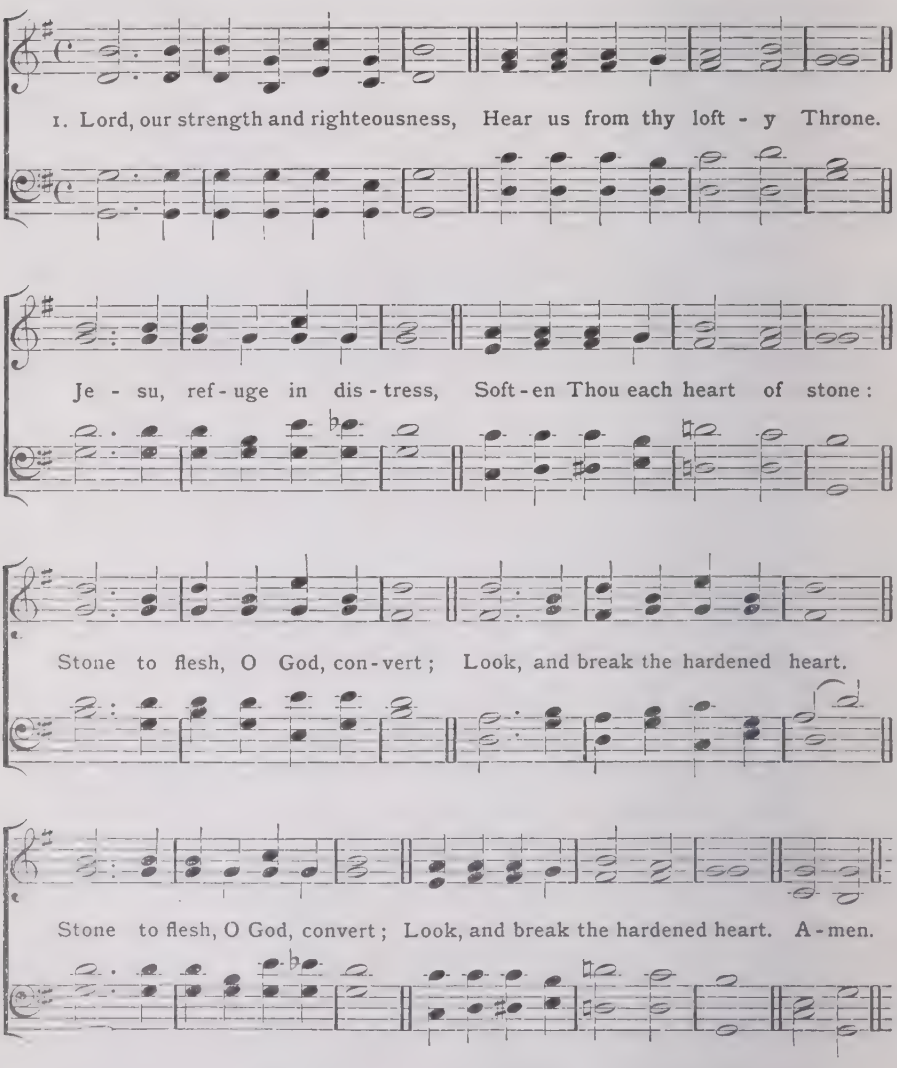
5 We, who have loved the world, must learn
Upon that world our backs to turn,
And with the love of God to burn.

6 Full long in sin's dark ways we went,
Yet now our steps are heavenward bent,
And grace is plentiful in Lent.

7 This load of sins within my breast,
With contrite tears shall be confessed,
Grant pardon then, Redeemer blest!
Amen.

Lord, our strength and righteousness.

Hymn 34. 7s. Six lines.



2 All our inmost sins reveal
By thy Spirit; all reprove;
Make us see and sadly feel
Sins against thy light and love:
Sins that crucified our God,
Trampling on his precious Blood.

3 Jesu, seek thy wandering sheep;
Make us restless to return:
Bid us look on Thee and weep,
Bitterly as Peter mourn:
By thy Bloody Sweat, we pray,
Wash our every sin away.

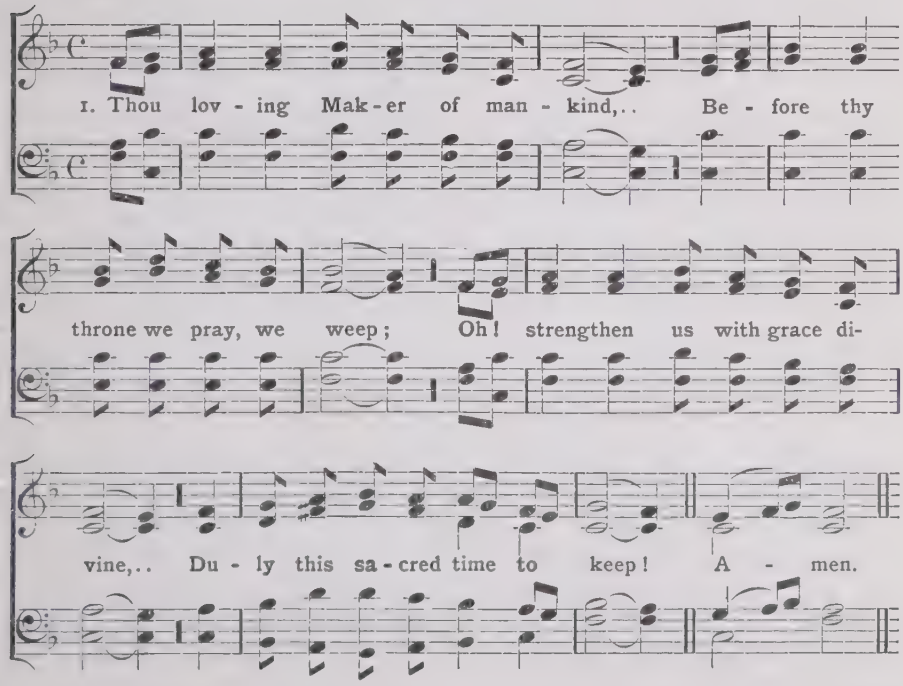
4 Let us in thy sight appear
As the publican distressed;
Come, not daring to draw near,
Smite on the unworthy breast;
Groan the sinner's only plea,—
God be merciful to me.

5 Oh, that we in Mary's place
To thy presence might draw nigh;
Fearing to look on thy face,
Kneeling there with downcast eye,
Might the solemn task repeat,
Weep, and wash, and kiss thy feet.

6 Let thy Spirit shed abroad
In our hearts, O Love divine,
Love, the perfect love of God;
Make and keep us only Thine:
And from sin for ever free
Give us, Jesus, rest in Thee. Amen.

Thou loving Maker of mankind.

Hymn 35. L. M.



2 Great Judge of hearts, thou dost discern
Our ills, and all our weakness know;
Again to Thee with tears we turn,
Again to us thy mercy show.

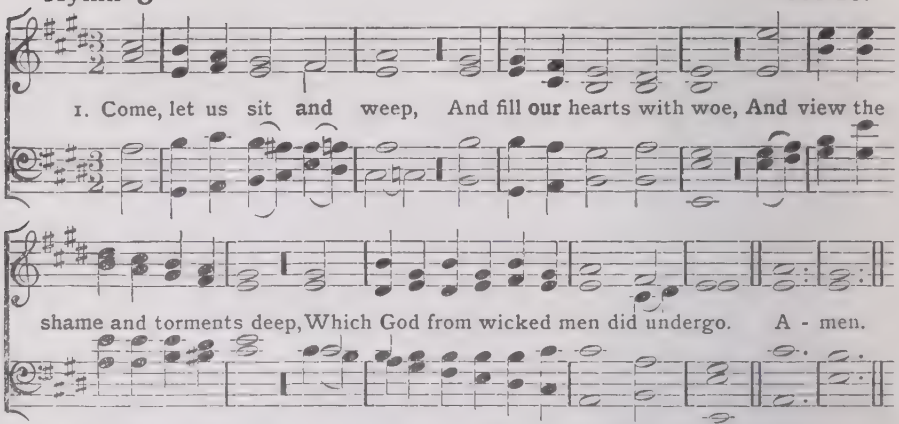
3 Much have we sinned; but we confess
Our guilt, and all our faults deplore:
Oh! for the praise of thy great Name,
Our fainting souls to health restore.

4 And grant us, while by fasts we strive
This mortal body to control,
To fast from all the food of sin,
And so to purify the soul.

5 Hear us, O Trinity thrice blest!
Sole Unity, to Thee we cry;
Vouchsafe us from these fasts below
To reap immortal fruit on high.
Amen.

Come, let us sit and weep.

Hymn 36. 668 10.



2 See how the multitude,
With swords and staves, draw nigh;
See how they smite, with buffets rude,
The Head divine of awful Majesty:

3 How, bound with cruel cord,
Christ to the scourge is given;
And ruffians lift their hands, unawed,
Against the King of kings and Lord of Heaven.

4 O scene for tears! but now
His murderers contrive
A torment new; about his Brow drive.
The plaited crown of jagged thorns they

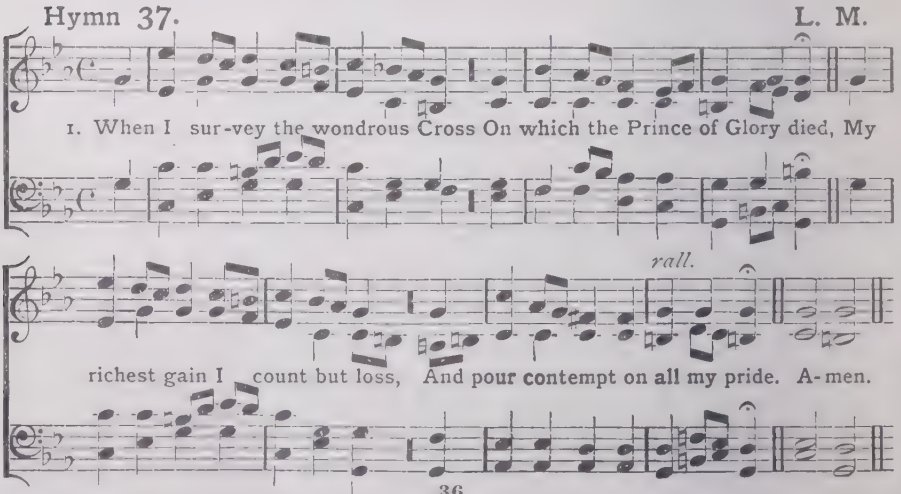
5 Then roughly dragged to death,
Upon the Cross He's slain;
And there gives back with parting breath
Into his Father's Hands his Soul again.

6 O Lord, we sit and weep
At this: our sin it was deep:
That wrought in Thee those torments
Of thy most bitter Death we are the cause.

7 To Him who so much loved
To gain for sinners grace,
Be praise and glory evermore,
From angels and the ransomed human race.
Amen.

When I survey the wondrous Cross.

Hymn 37. L. M.



2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the Cross of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his Blood!

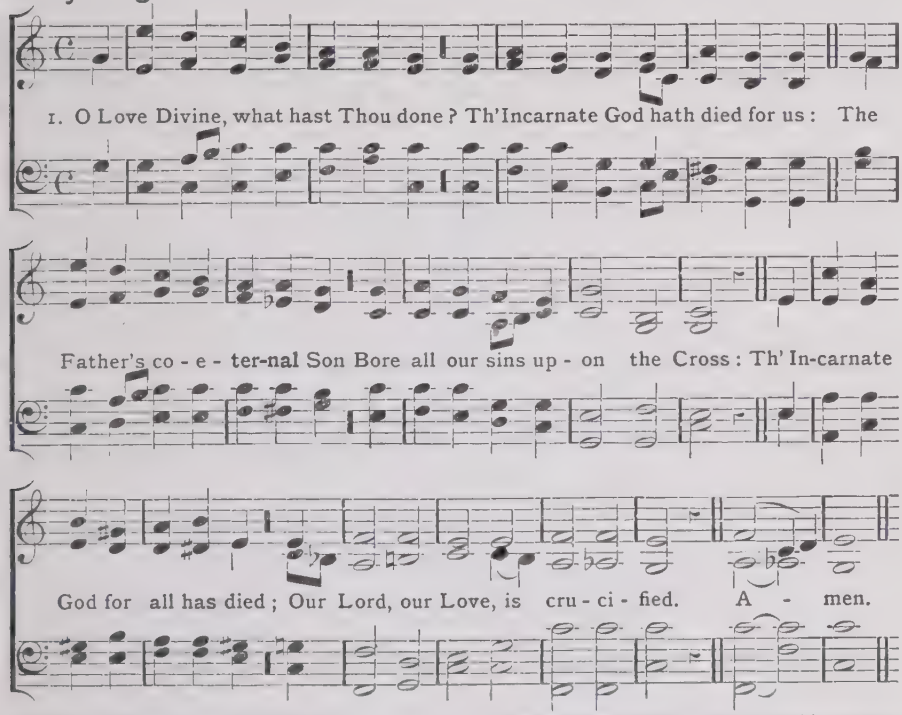
3 See, from his Head, his Hands, his Feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

5 To Christ, who won for sinners grace
By bitter grief and anguish sore,
Be praise from all the ransomed race
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

O Love Divine.

Hymn 38. 8s. Six lines.



2 Behold Him, all ye passers by,
The Lamb of God, the Life divine!
Come, sinners, see your Maker die;
He cries—was ever grief like mine?
The Lord of life for all has died;
Our Lord, our Love, is crucified.
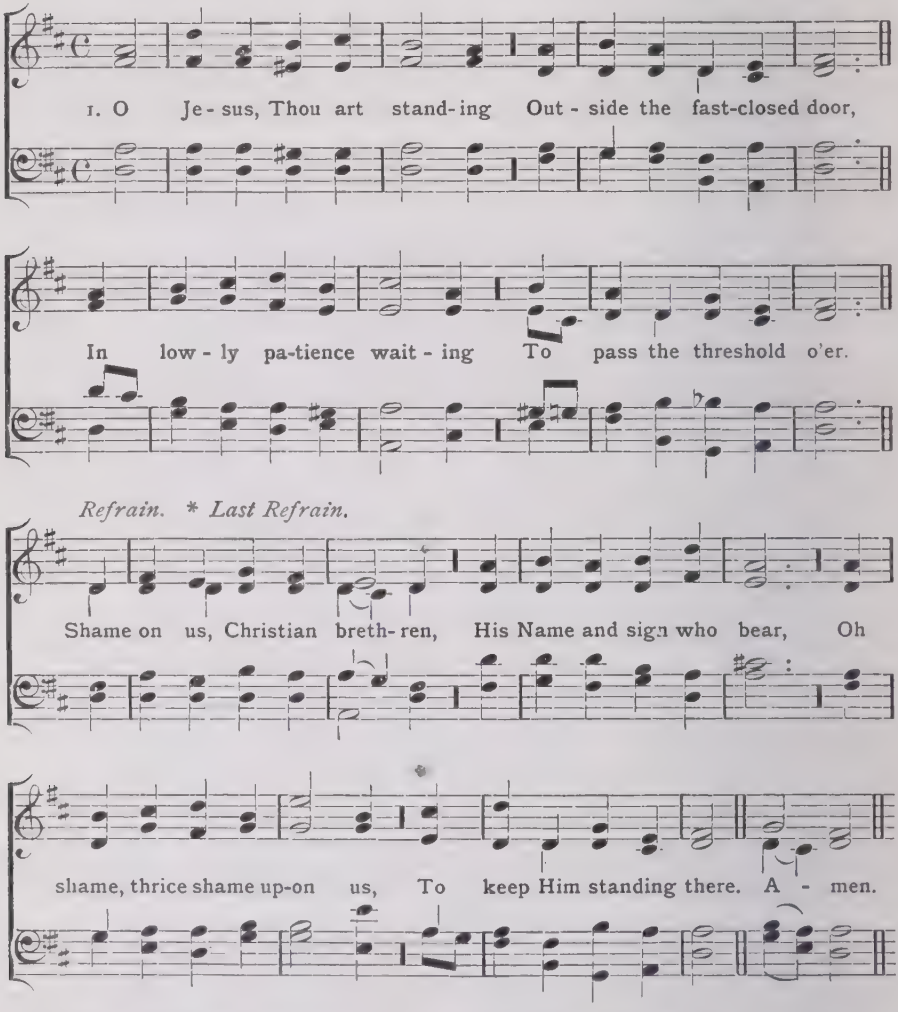
3 See there! His Head is crowned with thorn! [wide!
His bleeding Hands are outstretched
His streaming Feet are fixed and torn!
The Fountain gushes from his Side!
For all flows pardon in that tide;
Our Lord, our Love, is crucified.

4 O wondrous sight! that should convert
The hardest heart that ever beat;
Behold! O sinful man, the hurt
Your crimes have wrought on One so sweet.
Yet for your pardon He has died;
Our Lord, our Love, is crucified.

5 Come, let us kneel beneath his Cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream;
All things for Him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to Him;
Of nothing speak or think beside;
Our Lord, our Love, is crucified. Amen.

O Jesus, Thou art standing.

Hymn 39. 76s. Double.



2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking:
And lo! that Hand is scarred,
And thorns thy Brow encircle,
And tears thy Face have marred.
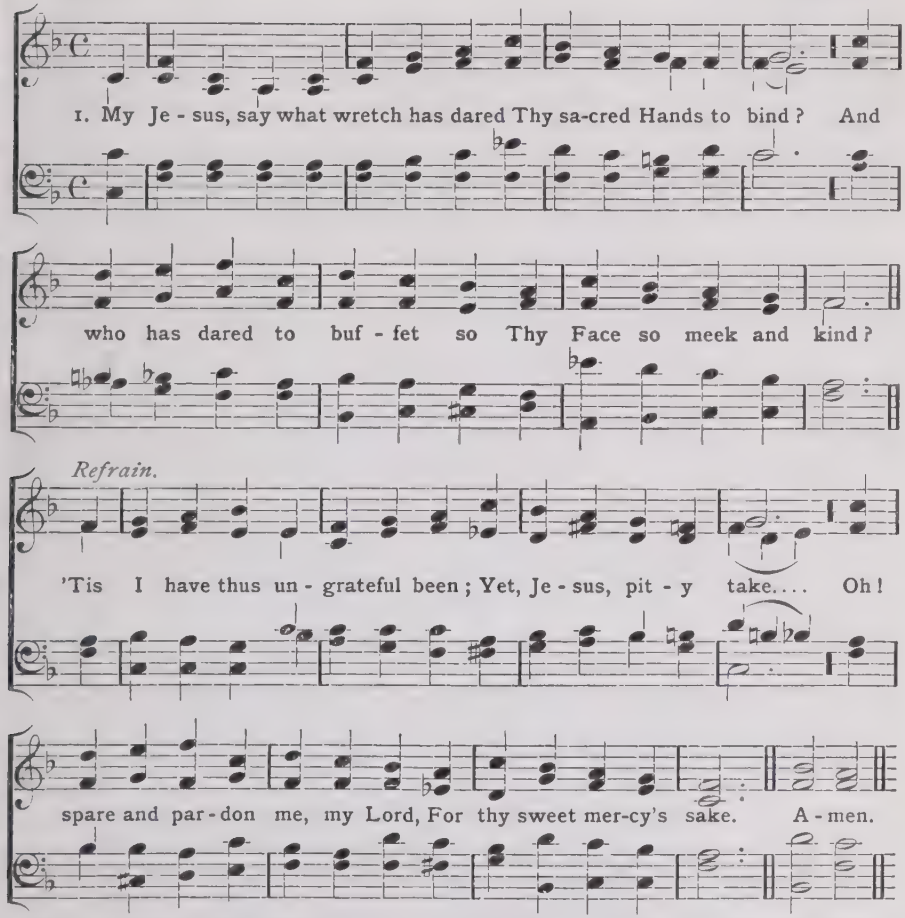
3 O love that passeth knowledge
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

4 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"

* O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us never more. Amen.

My Jesus, say what wretch has dared.

Hymn 40. **C. M. Double.**



2 My Jesus, who with spittle vile
Profaned thy sacred Brow?
And whose unpitying scourge has made
Thy precious Blood to flow?

3 My Jesus, whose the hands that wove
That cruel thorny crown?
Who made that hard and heavy cross
Which weighs thy Shoulders down?

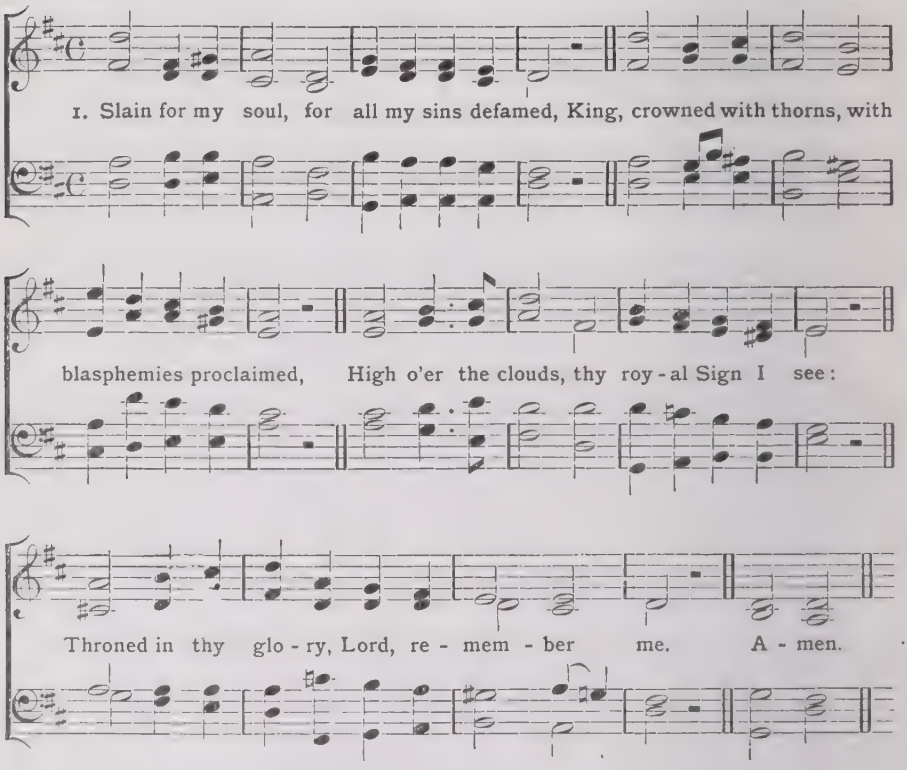
4 My Jesus, who has mocked thy thirst
With vinegar and gall?
Who held the nails that pierced thy [Hands,
And made the hammer fall?

5 My Jesus, say, who dared to nail
Those tender Feet of thine?
And whose the arm that raised the lance
To pierce that Heart divine?

6 And, Mary, who has murdered thus
Thy loved and only One?
Canst thou forgive the blood-stained hand
That robbed thee of thy Son? Amen.

Slain for my soul.

Hymn 41. 10s.



2 For thy tormentors, for my pardon sue;
"Father, forgive, they know not what they do."
When they that pierced, when every eye, shall see
Thee in thy Kingdom, Lord, remember me.

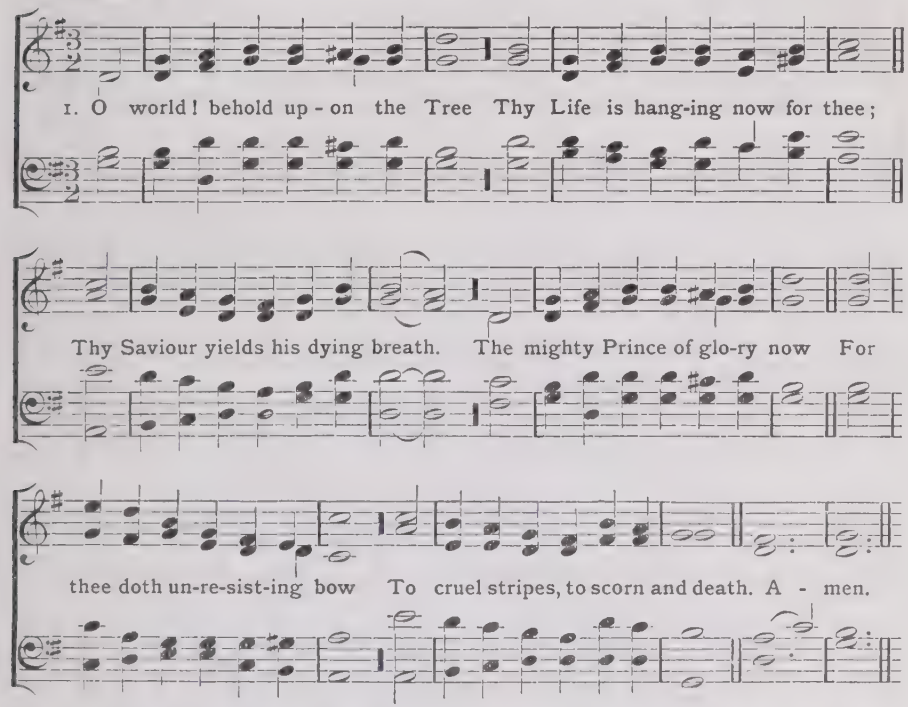
3 Think of me now with all thy sorrows pressed;
Think of me in thy crowning of the blest;
Confessed, besought, and worshipped on the Tree,
Lord, in thy Kingdom still remember me.

4 'Mid all the thronging of thy ransomed dead,
With all the Book of Life before Thee spread
Tost, like a wave, upon the living sea
By angels parted, Lord, remember me.

5 Thy Kingdom come, O Lord, and let me see
Thy Paradise, and Paradise with Thee;
There while I rest, from death, from sorrow free,
Forever, Lord, Thou wilt remember me. Amen.

O World! behold upon the Tree.

Hymn 42. 8s. Six lines.



2 Alas! my Saviour, who could dare
Bid Thee such bitter anguish bear?
What evil heart ill-treat Thee thus!
For Thou art good, hast wrongèd none,
As we and ours too oft have done;
Thou hast not sinned, dear Lord, like us.

3 My grievous sins, that number more
Than yonder sands upon the shore,
Have brought to pass this agony:
'Tis I have caused the floods of woe,
That now thy Soul in death o'erflow,
And those sad hearts that watch by Thee.

4 'Tis I to whom these pains belong;
'Tis I should suffer for my wrong,
Bound hand and foot in heavy chains:
Thy scourge, thy fetters, whatsoe'er
Thou bearest, 'tis my soul should bear,
For I have well deserved such pains.

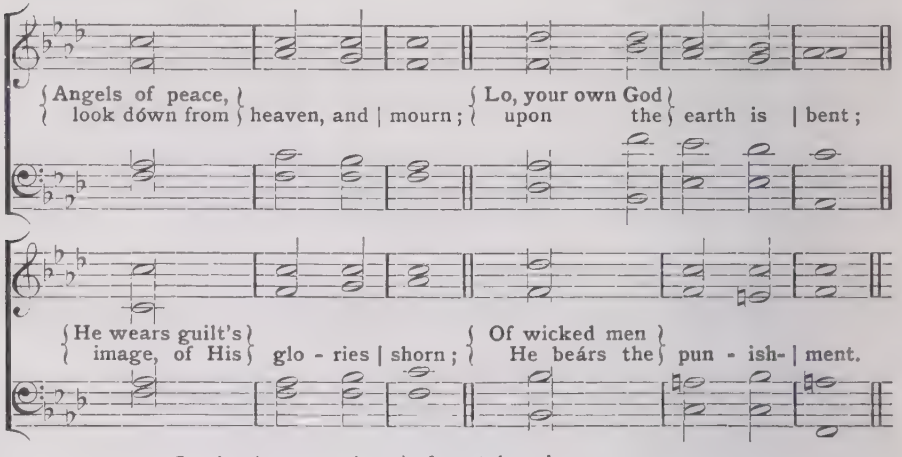
5 Lord, from thy Sorrows I will learn
How fiercely wrath divine doth burn,
How terribly its thunders roll;
How sorely this our loving God
Can smite with his avenging rod;
How deep his floods o'erwhelm the soul.

6 And I will nail me to thy cross,
And learn to count all things but dross,
Wherein the flesh doth pleasure take;
Whate'er is hateful in thine eyes,
With all the strength that in me lies,
Will I cast from me and forsake.

7 Thy heavy groans, thy bitter sighs,
The tears that from thy dying eyes
Were shed when Thou wast sore oppressed,
Shall be with me, when at the last
Myself on Thee I wholly cast,
And enter with Thee into rest.
Amen.

Angels of peace.

Hymn 43. FOR MIXED VOICES.



2 O miracle stupendous | of vast love!
O deadness of man's heàrt that | still re- | mains!
To die for you your Gòd comes | from above;
Ye will not walk with Him and | share his | pains!

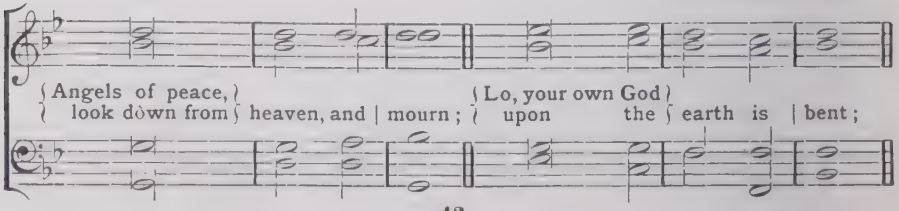
3 It is thy Cross alone, a- | lone thy Cross,
From everlasting flàmes our | souls sets | free:
Here chasten us with sword, fire, | worldly loss,
But spare us, O Lòrd, for e- | terni- | ty.

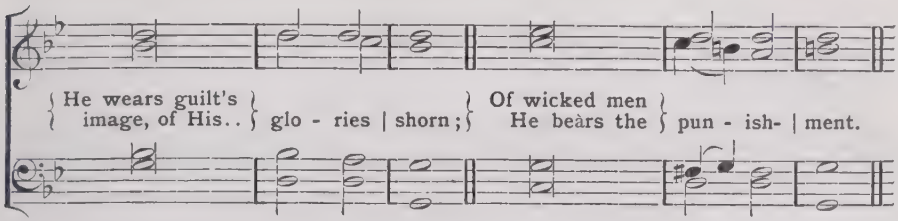
4 The flesh shrinks back, but 'tìs his | Father's will
He bows his Head, and drinks the | bitter | cup:
In this thy strength may wè thy | law fulfil,
Take from thy Hand the chalice | and look | up.

5 Healed by the stripes which thy pure | Body stain,
Washed by the Bloòd which floweth | from thy | Side,
Leave us not, lest we sin, and | fall again,
And thus the cross afrèsh for | Thee pro- | vide.

6 All praise to Him, who gàve his | Son to die;
All praise to Him, who for the | guilty | dies;
All praise to Him, who came like | fire from high
To kindle that most holy | sacri- | fice.

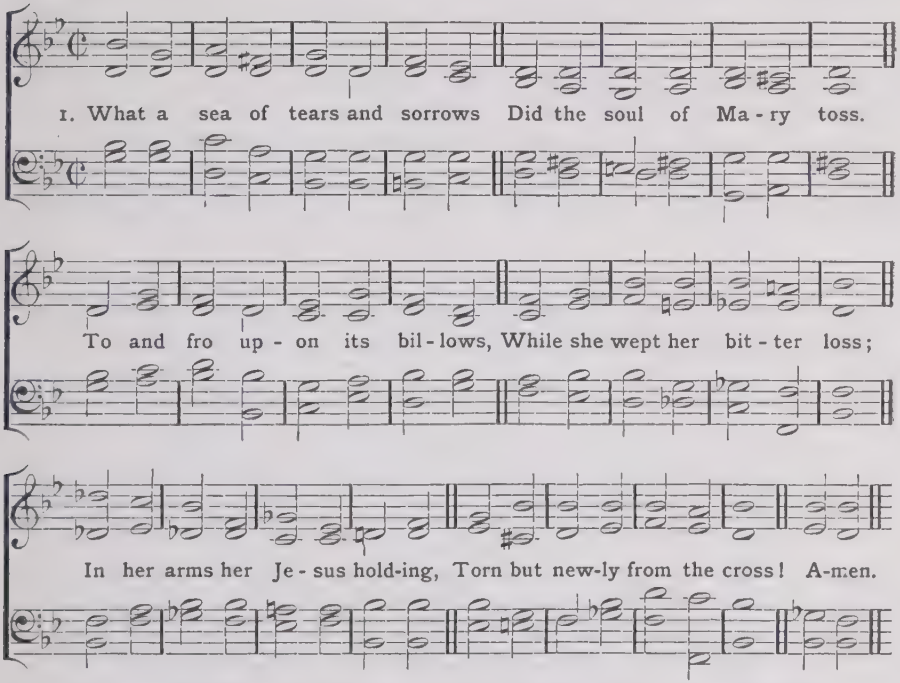
SECOND TUNE. FOR MEN'S VOICES.





What a sea of tears and sorrow.

Hymn 44. 87s. **Six lines.**



2 O! that mournful Virgin Mother!
See her tears how fast they flow
Down upon his mangled Body,
Wounded Side, and thorny Brow;
While his Hands and Feet she kisses—
Picture of immortal woe—

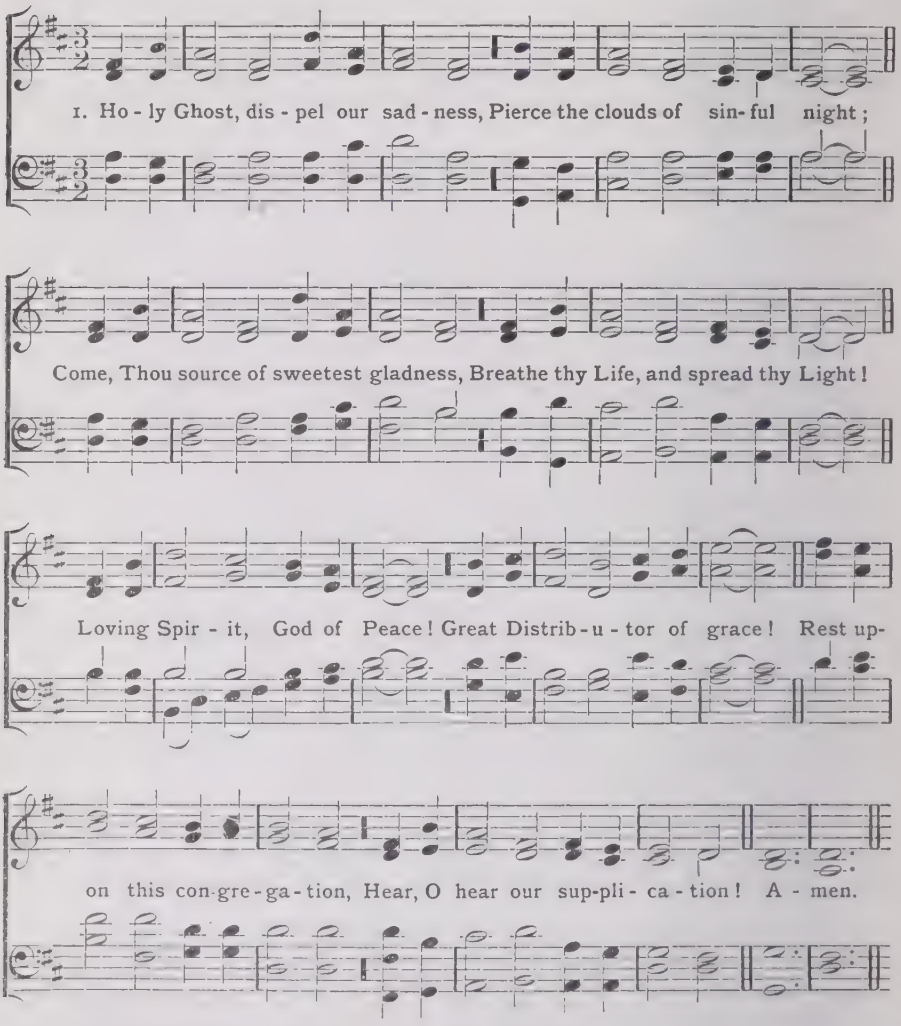
3 Oft and oft his Arms and Bosom
Fondly straining to her own;
Oft her pallid lips imprinting
On each wound of her dear Son;
Till at last, in swoons of anguish,
Sense and consciousness are gone.

4 Gentle Mother, we beseech thee,
By thy tears and trouble sore,
By the death of thy dear Offspring,
By the bloody wounds He bore,
Touch our hearts with that true sorrow
Which afflicted thee of yore.

5 To the Father everlasting,
And the Son who reigns on high,
With the co-eternal Spirit,
Trinity in Unity,
Be salvation, honor, blessing,
Now and through eternity. Amen.

Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness.

Hymn 45. 87s.77 88.



2 From that height which knows no meas-
As a gracious shower descend, [ure,
Bringing down the richest treasure
Men can wish, or God can send!
O thou Glory, shining down
From the Father and the Son,
Grant us thy illumination!
Rest upon this congregation!

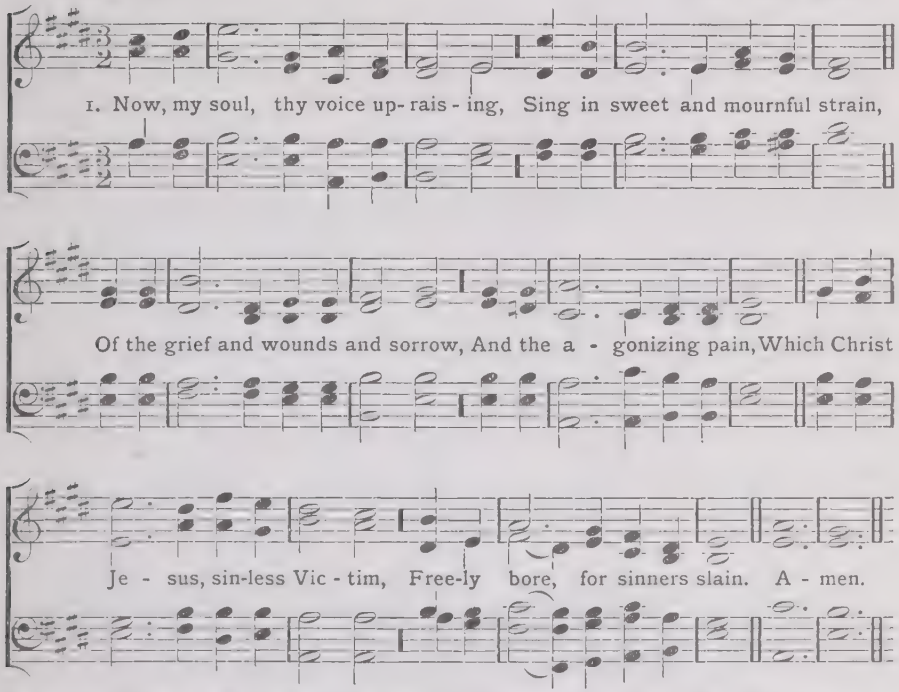
3 Come to every heart awaiting
Thee the Comfort from above,
Every mind illuminating,
Till we learn thy law of love.
Old and young with power inspire,
Give us hearts and tongues of fire!
Rest upon this congregation,
Hear, O hear our supplication.

4 Let thy truth, the earth renewing,
Spread abroad its peaceful sway;
Error's power and sin subduing—
Hasten, Lord, the promised day!
Holy Spirit, in each breast,
Grant thy peace may ever rest!
Grant us thy illumination!
Rest upon this congregation!

5 Now thy quickening influence bringing,
We thy gracious power will prove;
Heavenward lift our hearts while singing
Words of prayer, and praise, and love.
Give to Thee, as doth belong,
Worship worthy of the song;
Rest upon this congregation!
Hear, O hear our supplication! Amen.

Now, my soul, thy voice upraising.

Hymn 46. 87s. Six lines.



2 Scourged by man with ruthless fury,
Ransom for our sins to pay,
By each livid stripe He heals us,
Raises those who wounded lay,
Gently soothes our sores and bruises,
And removes our pain away.
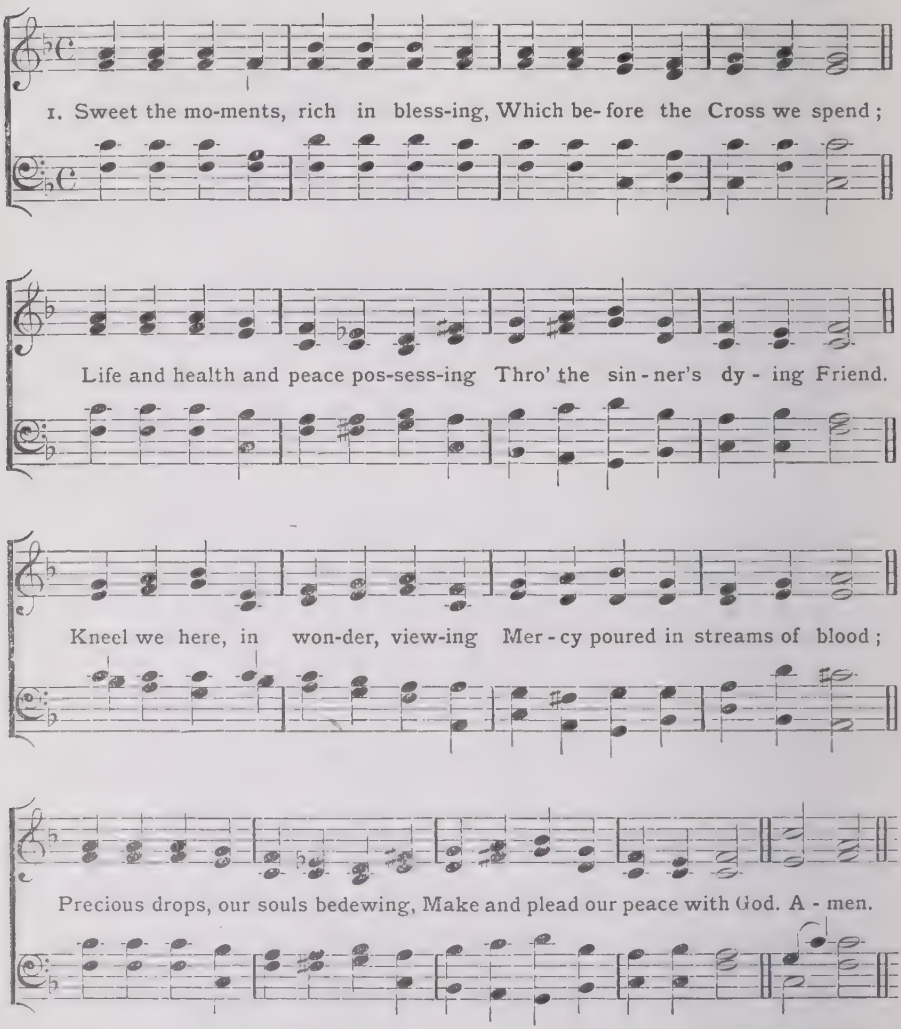
3 He to freedom hath restored us,
By the very bonds He bare;
And his sacred wounds afford us
Each a stream of mercy rare.
Pierced by the nails, He nails us
To the Cross, and keeps us there.

4 See! the spear his Side is piercing,
Though his foes have seen Him die;
Blood and Water thence are flowing
In a stream of mystery:
Water, from our guilt to cleanse us;
Blood, to buy us crowns on high.

5 Draughts of life, O dear Redeemer,
From those springs to us afford;
Thirst refreshing, health bestowing,
And hereafter our reward:
That with ceaseless rapture glowing
Ransomed worlds may hail Thee Lord.
Amen.

Sweet the moments.

Hymn 47. 87s. Double.

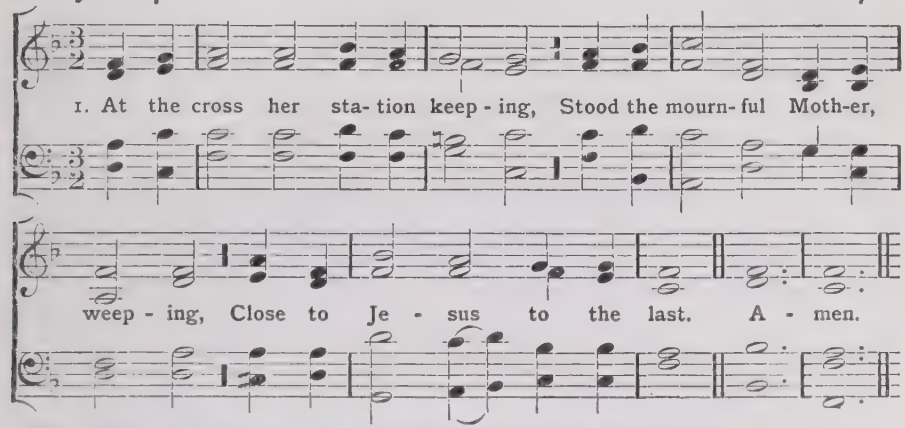


2 Truly blessèd is the station,
Low before the Cross to lie,
While we see divine compassion
Beaming in his dying Eye.
Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix our hearts and eyes on Thee,
Till we taste thy whole salvation,
And thine unveiled glories see.

3 For thy Sorrows we adore Thee,
For the Griefs that wrought our peace;
Gracious Saviour, we implore Thee,
In our hearts thy love increase.
Unto Thee, the world's Salvation,
Father, Spirit, unto Thee
Low we bow in adoration,
Ever blessed One and Three. Amen.

At the Cross her Station keeping,

Hymn 48. 887.



2 Through her heart, his sorrow sharing,
All his bitter anguish bearing,
Now at length the sword had pass'd.

3 O! how sad and sore distressed
Was that Mother highly blessed
Of the sole-begotten One!

4 O that silent, ceaseless mourning,
O those dim eyes never turning
From that wondrous, suffering Son!

5 For his people's sins, th' All-Holy
There she saw, a Victim lowly,
Bleed in torments—bleed and die;

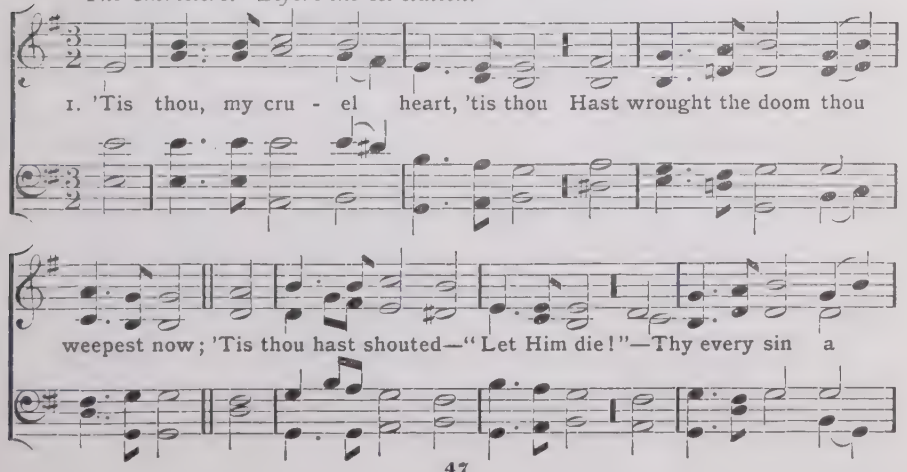
6 Saw the Lord's Anointed taken;
Saw her Child in death forsaken;
Heard his last expiring cry.
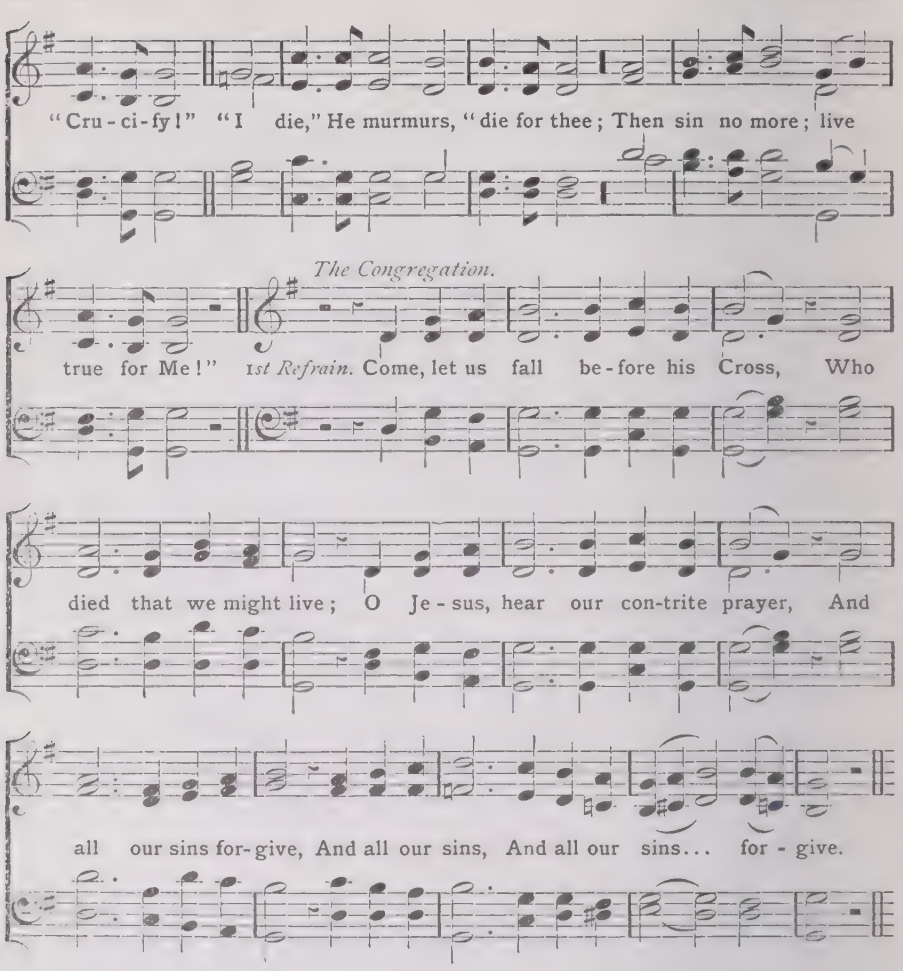
7 Those Five Wounds of Jesu smitten,
Mother, in my heart be written
Deeply as in thine they be:

8 Thou, my Saviour's Cross who bearest,
Thou, thy Son's Rebuke who sharest,
Let me share them both with thee. Amen.

Hymn 49. The Stations of the Cross.

The Choristers. Before the 1st station.





2d Station.

Why choose a death of fierce delay
To agonize thy life away?
And why do thy embraces greet
The cross as if Thou deemst it sweet?
Thou dost! A sateless love, we know,
Must ever glut itself on woe.

3d Station.

Thou fallest—all too weak! The might
That bears creation's infinite
As tho' its myriad worlds were none,
Has sunk beneath the sins of one!
Ye ruthless stones, thou heedless sod,
How can ye wound your prostrate God?

4th Station.

They raise Him up, and goad Him on:
When lo, the Mother meets the Son!
How heart rends heart as eye to eye
Darts the mute anguish of reply!
Sweet Lady, traitor tho' I be,
Yet let me follow Him with thee.

5th Station.

The soldiers fear to see him die
Too soon for Cross and Calvary;
And the Cyrenian, captive made,
Reluctant lends his timely aid.
O happy Simon—didst thou know!
Give me the load thou scornest so!

6th Station.

Who calls that face unlovely now,
For furrowed cheek and thorn-pierced brow?
To me it never seem'd so fair;
For when was love so written there?
Kind Veronica, get me grace
To keep like thee that pictur'd face.

7th Station.

Again He falls! Again they deal
Their ruffian blows—those hearts of steel!
He hails his mother; and the throng
Slink back to let her pass along.
She kneels to soothe Him and caress,
And rage grows dumb at her distress.

8th Station.

The tender women mourn his fate,
With Mary's grief compassionate.
How blest such mourners He hath said:
They shall indeed be comforted.
And He, in turn, has tears for them—
Daughters of lost Jerusalem.

9th Station.

And yet another fall! Ah why?
'Tis my repeated perfidy.
O Jesus, I but live in vain,
If only to be false again:
O Mary, grant me, I implore,
To die this hour, or sin no more!

10th Station.

The Way—the lingering Way—is past,
And Calvary's top is gained at last.
With gall the soldiers mock his thirst,
Then strip Him in their glee accurst.
Descend, ye Angels! Round Him flame,
And with your pinions veil his shame!

11th Station.

Ah, see, they stretch Him on the wood;
The blunt nails spurt the precious Blood!
Nor his alone their every sting,
For Mary hears the hammers ring.
Lord, let that sound my music be
When the death-hour shall strike for me.

12th Station.

A horror wraps the earth and sky
While three long times go darkly by:
And now, "'Tis finished!" Jesus cries,
And awfully the God-Man dies.
My heart, canst thou survive content?
Behold, the very rocks are rent.

13th Station.

Desolate Mother, clasping there
Thy lifeless Son, yet hear my prayer.
Tho' never was a grief like thine,
And never was a guilt like mine;
Yet should I not be dear to thee
Since He thou lovest died for me?

14th Station.

His lovers lay Him in the tomb,
And leave Him to its peaceful gloom.
Thou sleepest, Lord, thy labor done;
For me—for all—redemption won.
And I, in turn, as dead would be
And buried to all else but Thee.

The Congregation will sing the FIRST *Refrain, or any of the following ones as directed.*

1 Come, let us fall before his Cross,
Who died that we might live.
O Jesus! hear our contrite prayer
And all our sins forgive.

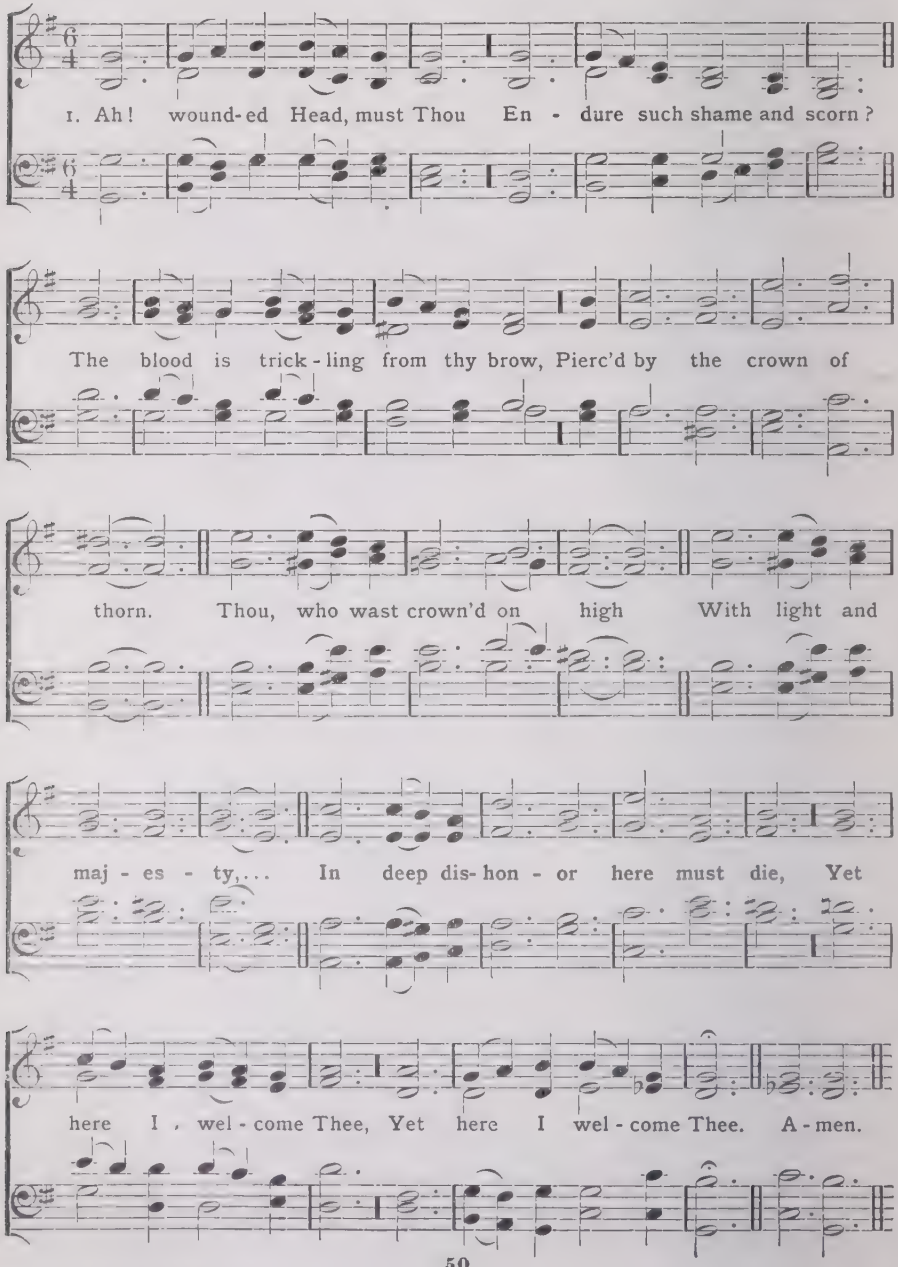
2 Cry out! O sinful man, cry out
As long as thou hast breath—
"Release my Lord who never sinned,
Take me, not Him to death."

3 My Jesus! here I see Thee die
In shame and grief for me;
Forgive me, Lord, my many sins
And take me back to Thee.

4 When shall our hardened hearts resolve
From sinful deeds to flee;
Thou hast not sinned, dear Lord, like us,
O let us die for Thee!

Ah! wounded Head.

Hymn 50. S. M. Double.



2 Thou noble Countenance!
All earthly lights are pale
Before the brightness of that glance
At which a world shall quail.
How is it quench'd and gone!
Those gracious eyes how dim!
Whence grew that cheek so pale and [wan,
Who dared to scoff at Him?

3 All lovely hues of life,
That glow'd on lip and cheek,
Have vanished in that awful strife;
The Mighty One is weak.
Pale Death has won the day,
He triumphs in this hour,
When strength and beauty fade away,
And yield them to his power.

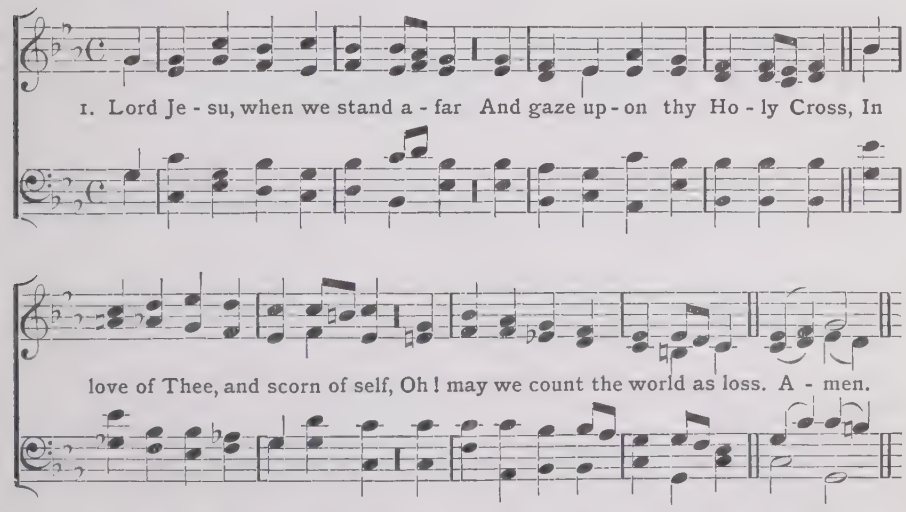
4 Ah! Lord, thy woes belong,
Thy cruel pains, to me:
The burden of my sin and wrong
Hath all been laid on Thee.
Look on me where I kneel,
Wrath were my rightful lot,
One glance of love, oh, let me feel!
Redeemer, spurn me not!

5 Ah! would that I could share
Thy cross, thy bitter woes!
All true delight lies hidden there,
Thence all true comfort flows.
Ah! well were it for me
Could I here end my strife,
And die upon the cross with Thee,
Who art my Life of life.

6 Come to me ere I die,
My comfort and my shield,
And gazing on thy Cross can I
Calmly my spirit yield.
When life is well nigh past,
My dark'ning eyes shall dwell
On Thee, my heart shall hold Thee fast;
Who dieth thus, dies well! Amen.

Lord Jesu, when we stand afar.

Hymn 51. L. M.
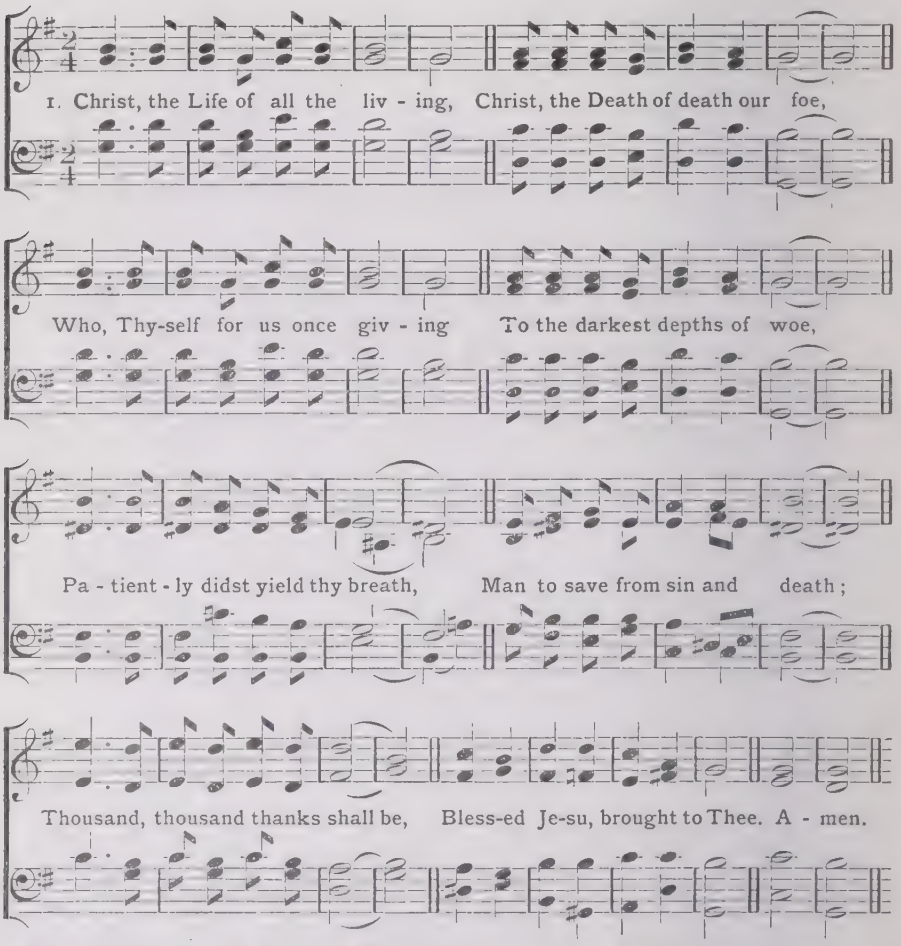


2 When we behold thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin,
That lay so heavy on our God.

3 O Holy Lord! uplifted high,
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below!

4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And in the mystery of thy death
Draw us and all men unto Thee.
Amen.

Christ, the Life of all the living.

Hymn 52. 87s. 7s.



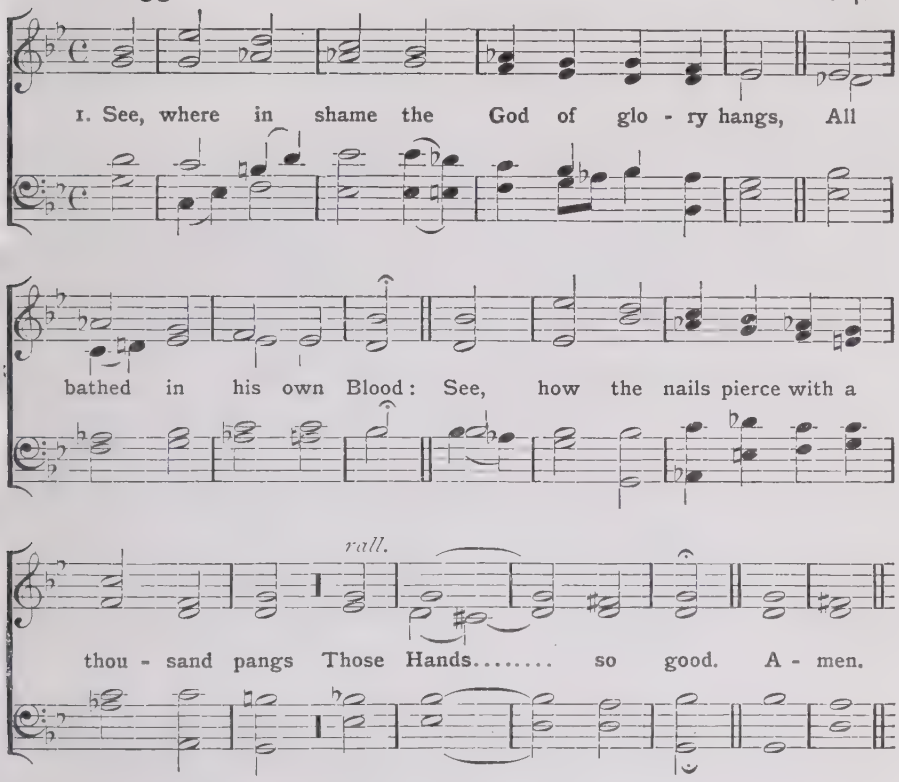
2 Thou, ah, Thou hast taken on Thee
Bitter strokes, a cruel rod;
Pain and scorn were heaped upon Thee,
O Thou sinless Son of God;
Only thus for us to win
Rescue from the bonds of sin;
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Blessed Jesu, brought to Thee.

3 Thou didst bear the smiting, only
That it might not fall on me;
Stoodest falsely charged and lonely,
That I might be safe and free;
Comfortless, that I might know
Comfort from thy boundless woe;
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Blessed Jesu, brought to Thee.

4 Then for all that wrought our pardon,
For thy sorrows deep and sore,
For thine anguish in the garden,
I will thank Thee evermore;
Thank Thee with the latest breath
For thy sad and cruel death;
For that last most bitter cry,
Praise Thee evermore on high. Amen.

See! where in shame.

Hymn 53. 10 6 10 4.



2 A felon's death the Holy Jesu dies
Betwixt those robbers twain;
The Lamb, ordained of old for sacrifice,
By sinners slain.
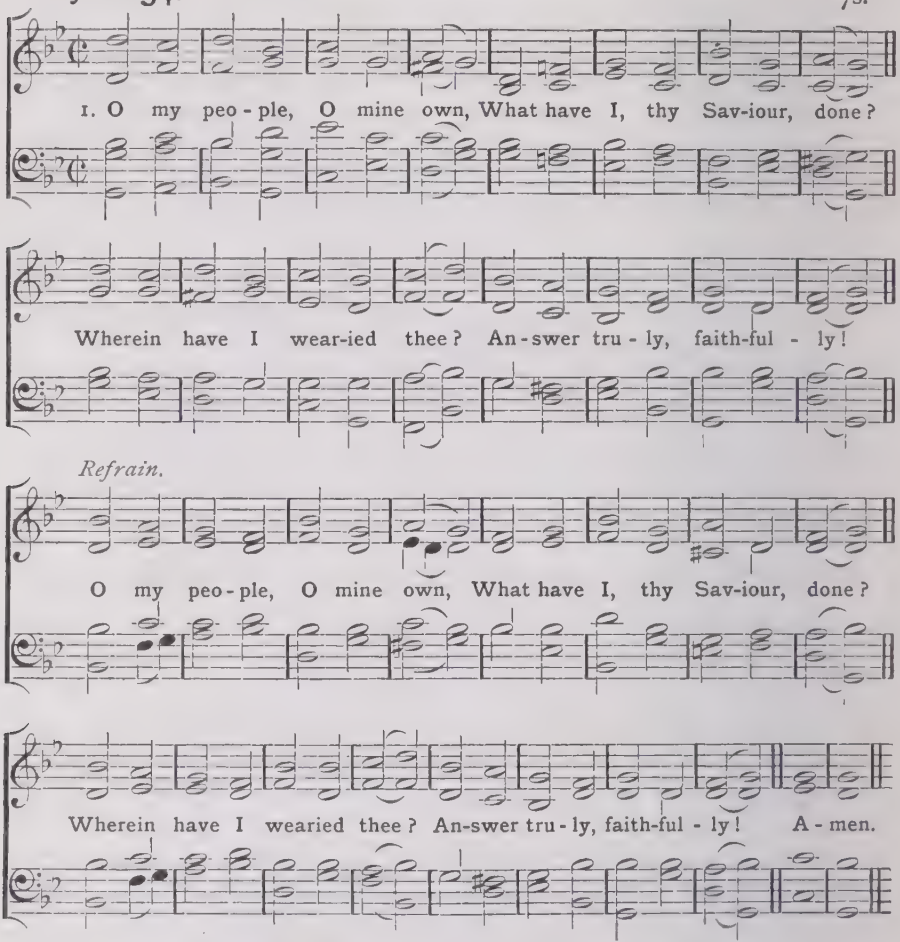
3 Pale grows his Face, and fixed his languid Eye;
His wearied Head He bends;
And, Priest and Victim, forth with one loud cry
His Spirit sends.

4 O heart more hard than iron, not to weep
At this! Thy sin it was
That wrought his Death; of all these torments deep
Thou art the cause.

5 Praise, honor, glory be through endless time
To Him, the Son of God;
Who wiped away our deadly stains of crime
In his own Blood. Amen.

O my people, O mine own!

Hymn 54. 7s.



2 From the strange Egyptian land
Brought I thee with mighty hand;
For thy Saviour's welcome now
Cross and grave preparest thou!

3 God of holiness and might!
God, Immortal, Infinite!
Holy and Immortal King!
Hear in mercy as we sing!

4 Forty years through desert led,
Forty years with manna fed,
For thy Saviour's welcome now
Cross and grave preparest thou!

5 God of holiness and might!
God, Immortal, Infinite!
Holy and Immortal King,
Hear in mercy as we sing!

6 Choicest vine I planted thee:
Bitter fruit thou yieldest Me;
Vinegar to Me dost bear,
Piercing Me with cruel spear.

7 Egypt's first-born smitten fell,
When I rescued Israel;
When his sympathy I seek,
I am smitten on the cheek.

8 Out of Egypt led I thee;
Pharaoh drowned I in the sea:
Thou hast given thy Saviour o'er
Unto them that hate Him sore.

9 Egypt's sea in twain I clave,
For thy pathway through the wave;
Depths before thy feet I dried:
Thou hast cleft my riven Side.

10 In the cloudy veil of flame
Leader to thy hosts I came:
Thou hast led my weary feet
Unto Pilate's judgment-seat.

11 In the desert for thy food
Manna round thy camp I strewed;
Angels' bread I gave to thee:
Thou hast given the scourge to Me.

12 At the rock-sprung well of strife
Gave I thee the stream of life:
Thou hast given to my distress
Vinegar and bitterness.

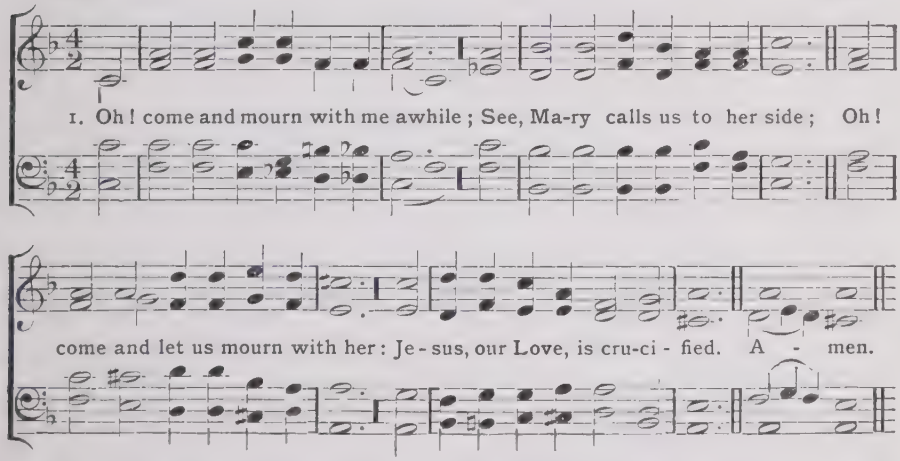
13 For thy sake the Canaanite
In mine anger did I smite:
Thou in this my hour of need
My Head smitest with the reed.

14 Sceptre of high sovereignty
In my love I gave to thee:
Thou hast crowned Me in thy scorn
With the diadem of thorn.

15 I have raised thee in thine hour
To the highest throne of power:
Thou hast lifted Me on high
To the Cross of Calvary. Amen.

Oh! come and mourn with me awhile.

Hymn 55. L. M.



2 Have we no tears to shed for Him
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride:
Ah, look how patiently He hangs!
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

3 Seven times He spoke seven words of love,
And all three hours his silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

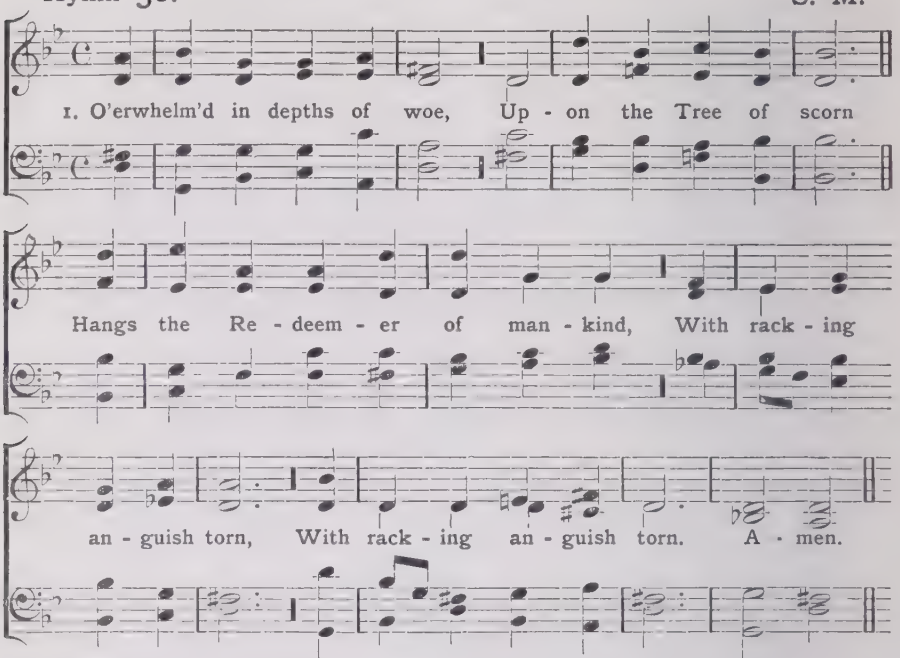
4 Come, take thy stand beneath the Cross,
And let the blood from out that side
Fall gently on thee drop by drop:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

5 A broken heart, a fount of tears—
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart Love's cradle is:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

6 O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with love:
For He, our Love, is crucified. Amen.

O'erwhelmed in depths of woe.

Hymn 56. S. M.



2 See how the nails those hands
And feet so tender rend;
See! down his face, and neck, and breast,
His sacred Blood descend.

3 Hark! with what awful cry
His Spirit takes its flight;
That cry, it pierc'd his Mother's heart,
And whelm'd her soul in night.

4 Earth hears, and to its base
Rocks wildly to and fro;
Tombs burst; seas, rivers, mountains [quake:
The veil is rent in two.

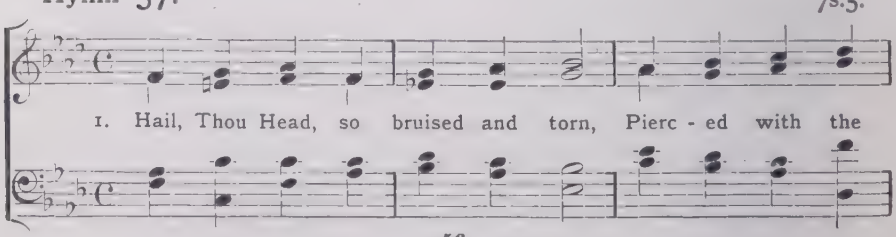
5 The sun withdraws his light;
The mid-day heaven's grow pale;
The moon, the stars, the universe,
Their Maker's death bewail.

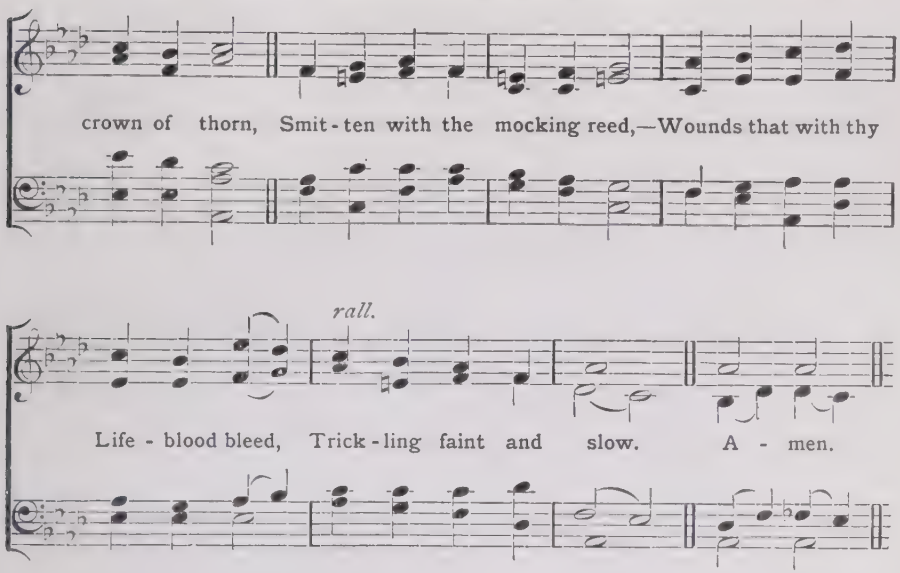
6 Shall man alone be mute?
Come, youth! and hoary hairs!
Come, rich and poor! come, all mankind!
And bathe those feet in tears.

7 Come! fall before his Cross,
Who shed for us his Blood;
Who died the Victim of pure love,
To make us sons of God. Amen.

Hail, Thou Head, so bruised and torn.

Hymn 57. 7s.5.





2 Hail from whose once beaming Brow
None can wipe the blood-drops now;
All the flower of life has fled;
Thou, before whose Presence dread
Angels trembling bow.

3 All the vigor of thy life,
Fading in thy bitter strife,
Death his stamp on Thee has set,
Hollow and emaciate,
Faint and drooping there.

4 Thou this agony and scorn
Hast for me, a sinner, borne,—
Me, unworthy; all for me;
With those signs of love on Thee,
Glorious Face, appear.

5 Yet, in this thine agony,
Faithful Shepherd, think of me;
From whose lips of love divine
Sweetest draughts of life are mine,
Purest honey flows.

6 All unworthy of thy thought,
Guilty, yet reject me not;
Unto me thy Head incline,
Let that dying Head of thine
In mine arms repose.

7 Let me true communion know
With Thee in thy sacred woe:
Counting all beside but dross,
Dying with Thee on thy Cross,—
'Neath it will I lie.
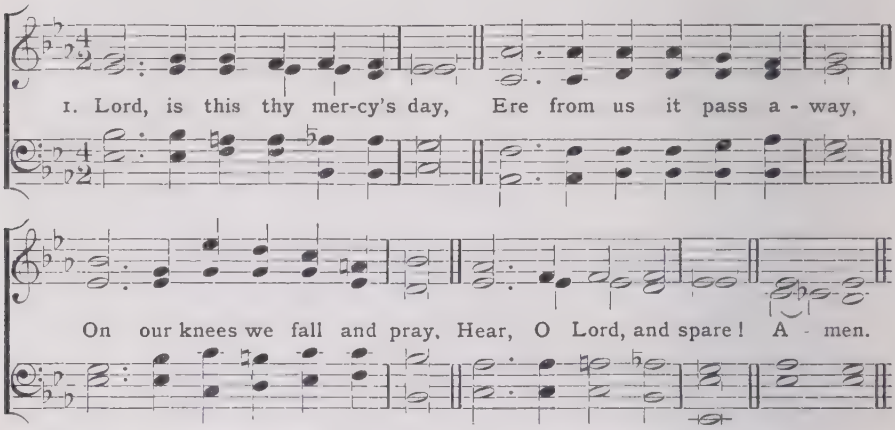
8 Thanks to Thee with every breath,
Jesu, for thy bitter death;
Grant thy guilty one this prayer,
When my dying hour is near,
Gracious God, be nigh!

9 When my dying hour must be,
Be not absent then from me;
In that dreadful hour, I pray,
Jesu, come without delay;
See and set me free.

10 When Thou biddest me depart,
Whom I cleave to with my heart,
Lover of my soul, be near,
With thy saving Cross appear,
Show Thyself to me. Amen.

Lord, in this thy mercy's day.

Hymn 58. 777 5.



2 Holy Jesu, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere the day of doom appears.
Hear, O Lord, and spare!

3 Lord, on us thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.
Hear, O Lord, and spare!

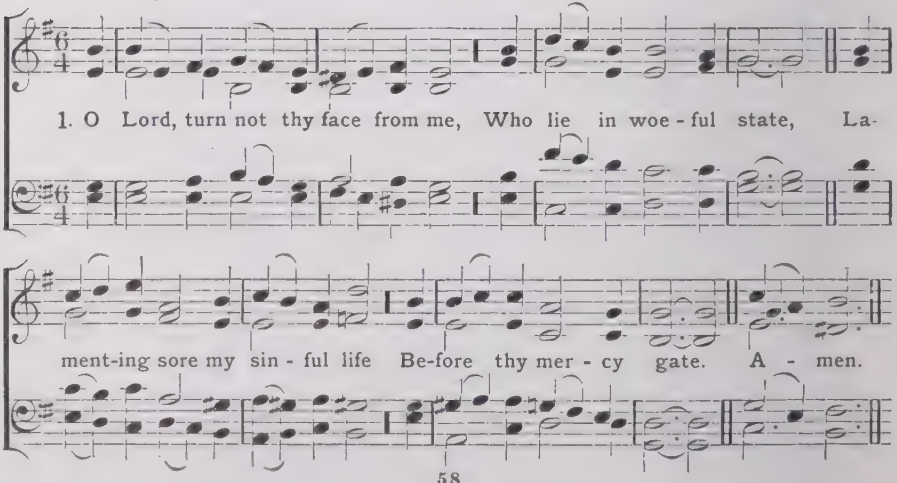
4 By thy night of agony,
By thy supplicating cry,
By thy willingness to die,
Hear, O Lord, and spare!

5 By thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not thy love forego,
Hear, O Lord, and spare!

6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
Grant us, when we see thy face,
With thy ransomed ones a place.
Hear, O Lord, and spare! Amen.

O Lord, turn not thy face from me.

Hymn 59. C. M.



2 A gate that opens wide to those
Who own and mourn their sin;
Shut not that gate against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.

3 And call me not to strict account,
How I have sojourned here;
For then my guilty conscience knows
How vile I shall appear.

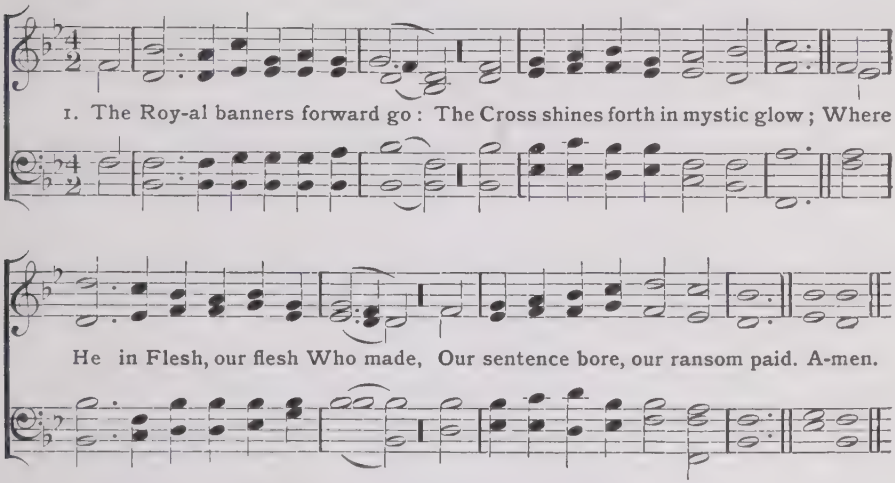
4 The circumstances of my crimes,
The number and their kind,
Thou know'st them all; and more, much more,
Than I can call to mind.

5 Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
This is the total sum;
For mercy now is all my prayer,
O let thy mercy come!

6 Grant this, O Father, through the Son,
And by the Holy Ghost,
Adored by all, Thou Three in One,
By men and angel-host. Amen.

The Royal banners forward go.

Hymn 60. **L. M.**



2 Behold his Hands, tranfixed and torn,
His bleeding Brow and Crown of Thorn!
The willing Sacrifice is slain,
Redemption for mankind to gain.

3 There as He hangs, his Sacred Side
By cruel spear is opened wide,
And sheds forth Water mixed with Blood,
A cleansing and a saving flood.

4 Fulfilled is now what David told
In true prophetic song of old:
"Among the nations God," saith he,
"Is King:"—He reigneth from the Tree.

5 O Tree of beauty, Tree of light!
O Tree with royal purple dight!
What glory can with thine compare,
Elect such Holy Limbs to bear!

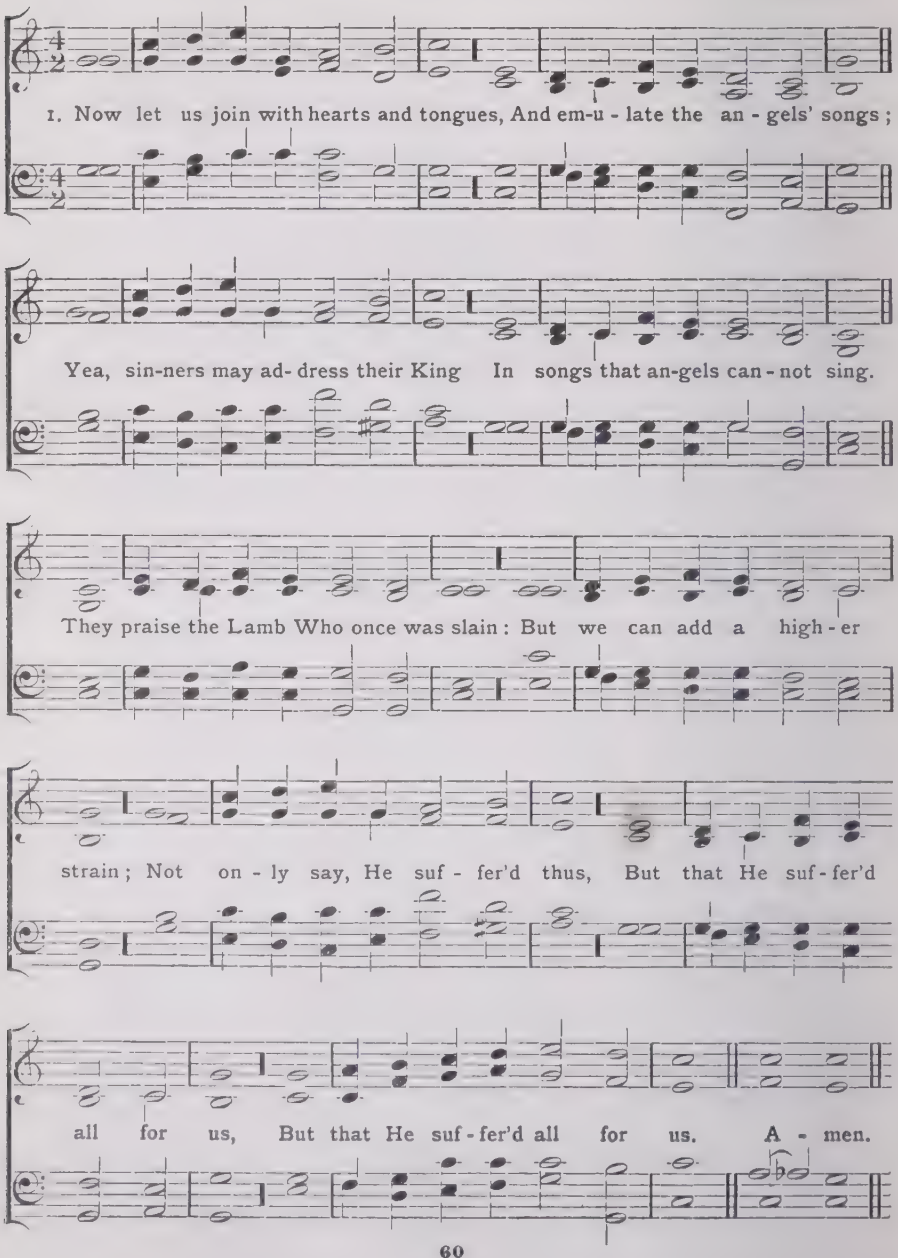
6 Blest Tree, the balance where was weighed
The Ransom for us sinners paid,
To take the guilt of man away,
And spoil the spoiler of his prey.

7 O Lord, on this thy Passion Day
Thy Cross we hail, our only stay:
In holy hearts fresh grace implant,
And pardon to the sinner grant.

8 Salvation's spring, Blest Trinity,
Be praise to Thee through earth and sky,
Who through the Cross hast victory given;
Grant us its prize,—a place in Heaven. Amen.

Now let us join with hearts and tongues.

Hymn 61. **L. M. Double.**
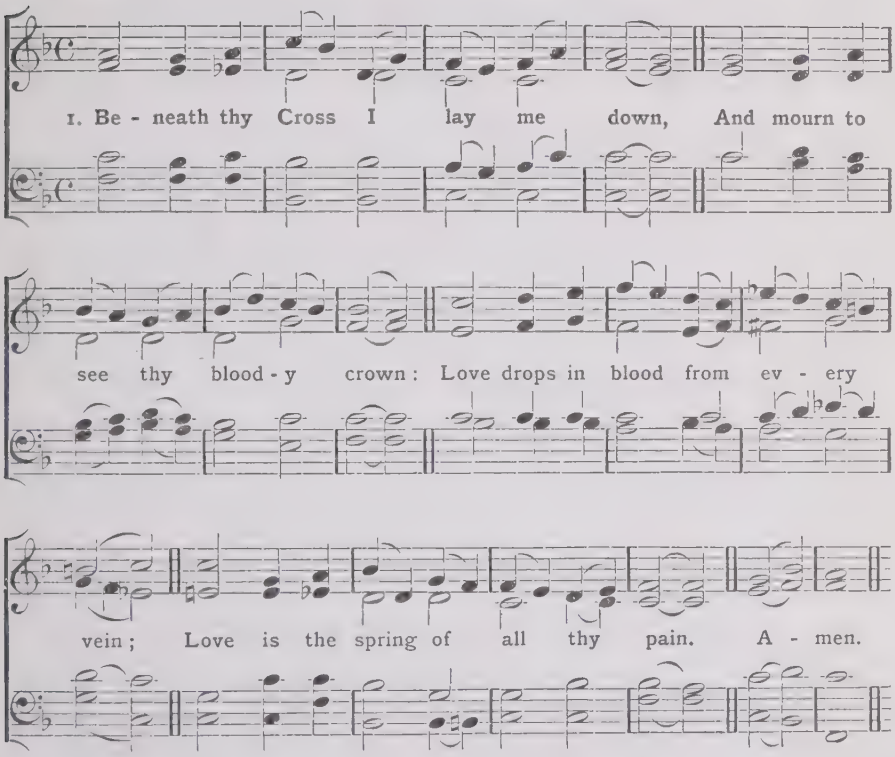


2 Jesus, Who passed the angels by,
Assumed our flesh to bleed and die;
And still He makes it his abode;
As man He fills the throne of God.
Our next of kin, our Brother now,
Is He to Whom the angels bow;
They join with us to praise his Name,
And we the nearest interest claim.

3 But ah! how faint our praises rise!
Sure, 'tis the wonder of the skies,
That we, who share his richest love,
So cold and unconcerned should prove.
O glorious hour! it comes with speed,
When we, from sin and darkness freed,
Shall see the God Who died for man,
And praise Him more than angels can.
Amen.

Beneath thy Cross I lay me down.

Hymn 62. L. M.
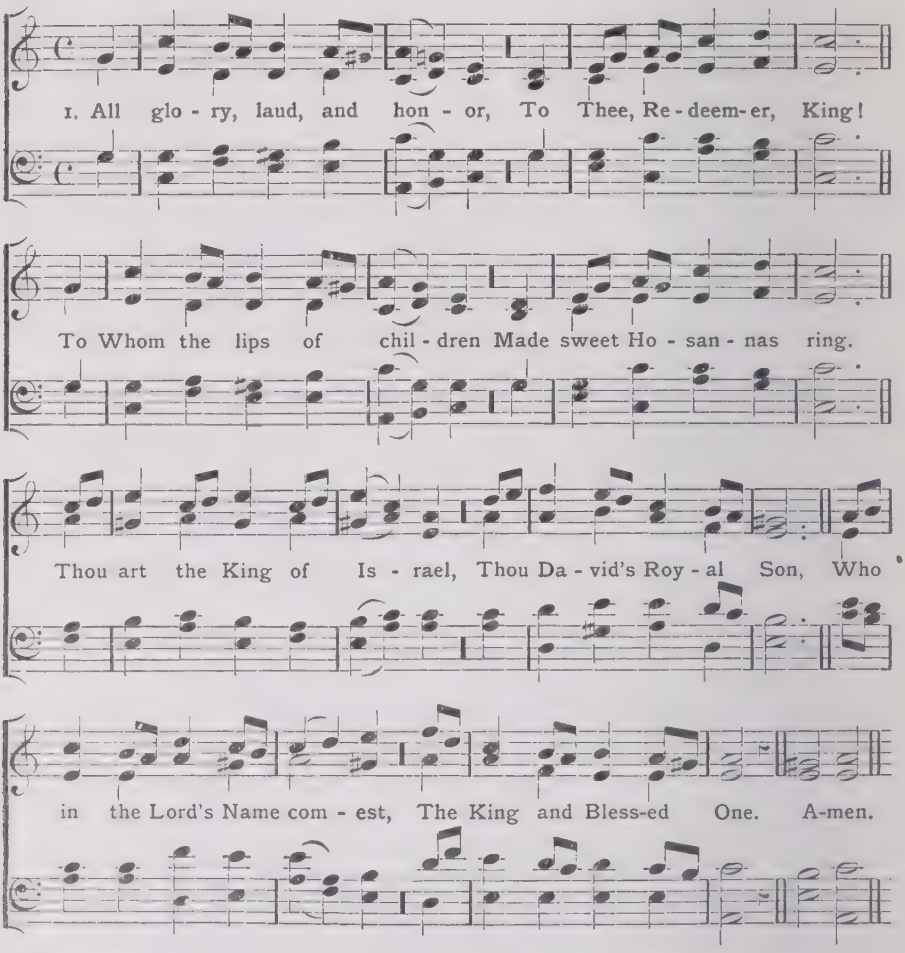


2 Here, Jesus, I will ever stay,
And spend my longing hours away;
Think on thy grievous wounds and pain,
And contemplate thy woes again.

3 The rage of Satan and of sin,
Of foes without, and fears within,
Shall ne'er my conquering soul remove,
Or from thy Cross, or from thy love.

4 O unmolested happy rest!
Where foes and fears are all suppressed;
Here I shall love, and live secure,
And patiently my cross endure. Amen.

All glory, laud, and honor.

Hymn 63. 76s. Double.



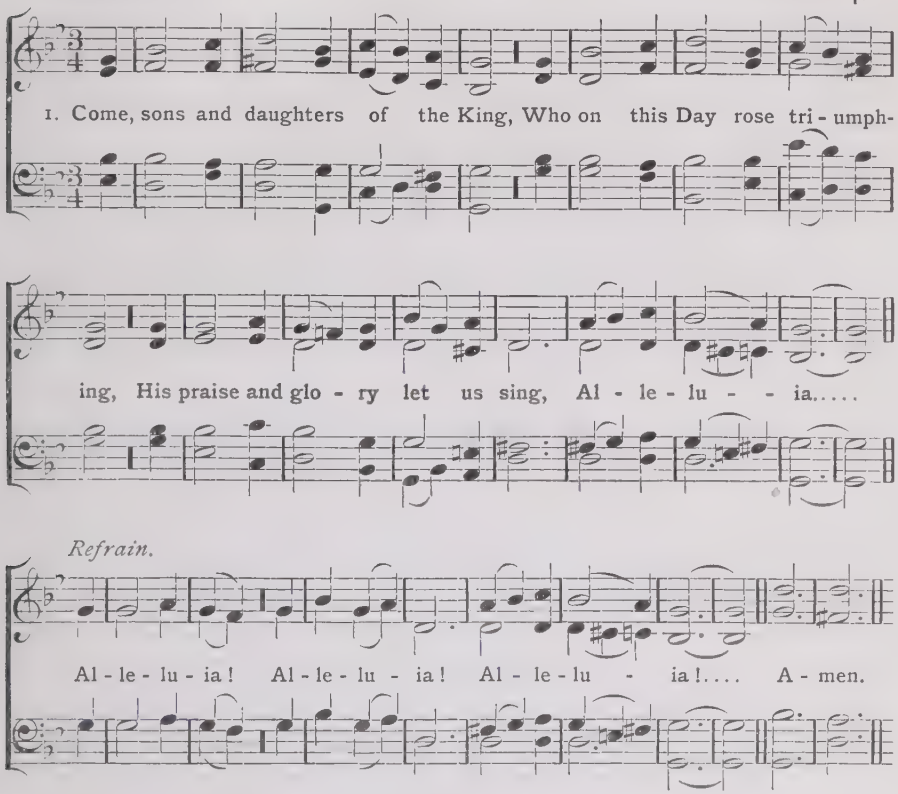
2 The companies of angels
Are praising Thee on high;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
The children of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went:
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before thee we present.

3 To Thee, before thy Passion,
They raised their hymns of praise;
To Thee, now throned in glory,
Our melody we raise.
Thou didst accept their praises:
Accept the prayers we bring
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

4 These palms shall signal for us
Our victory o'er the foe;
That in the Conqueror's triumph
This strain may ever flow:—
All glory, laud, and honor,
To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring. Amen.

Come, sons and daughters of the King.

Hymn 64. 888 4.



2 On Sunday morn, at break of day,
The faithful women went their way,
To seek the tomb where Jesus lay.

3 An angel clad in white they see,
Who said, "Ye seek the Lord, but He
Is risen, and gone to Galilee."

4 That night th' Apostles met in fear;
Amidst them came their Lord most dear,
Who said, "My peace be on all here."

5 When Thomas afterwards had heard
That Jesus had fulfilled his word,
He doubted if it were the Lord.

6 "My piercèd Side, O Thomas, see;
My Hands, my Feet, I show to thee,
Doubt not, but now believe in Me."

7 No longer Thomas then denied;
He saw the Feet, the Hands, the Side:
"Thou art my Lord and God!" he cried.

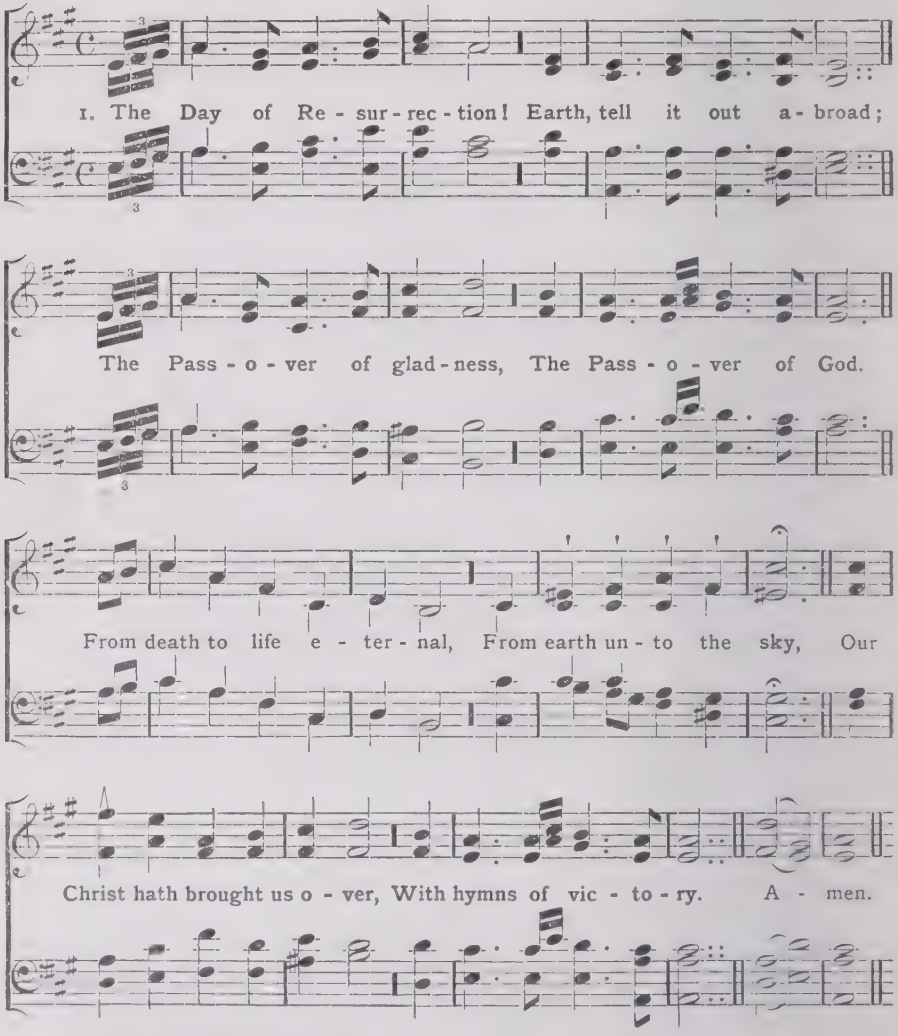
8 O blest are they who have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been;
In life eternal they shall reign.

9 On this most Holy Day of days,
To God our heart and voices raise,
In laud, and jubilee, and praise.

10 Wherefore with Holy Church unite,
As evermore is just and right,
Give thanks unto the King of Light! Amen.

The Day of Resurrection!

Hymn 65. 76s. Double.
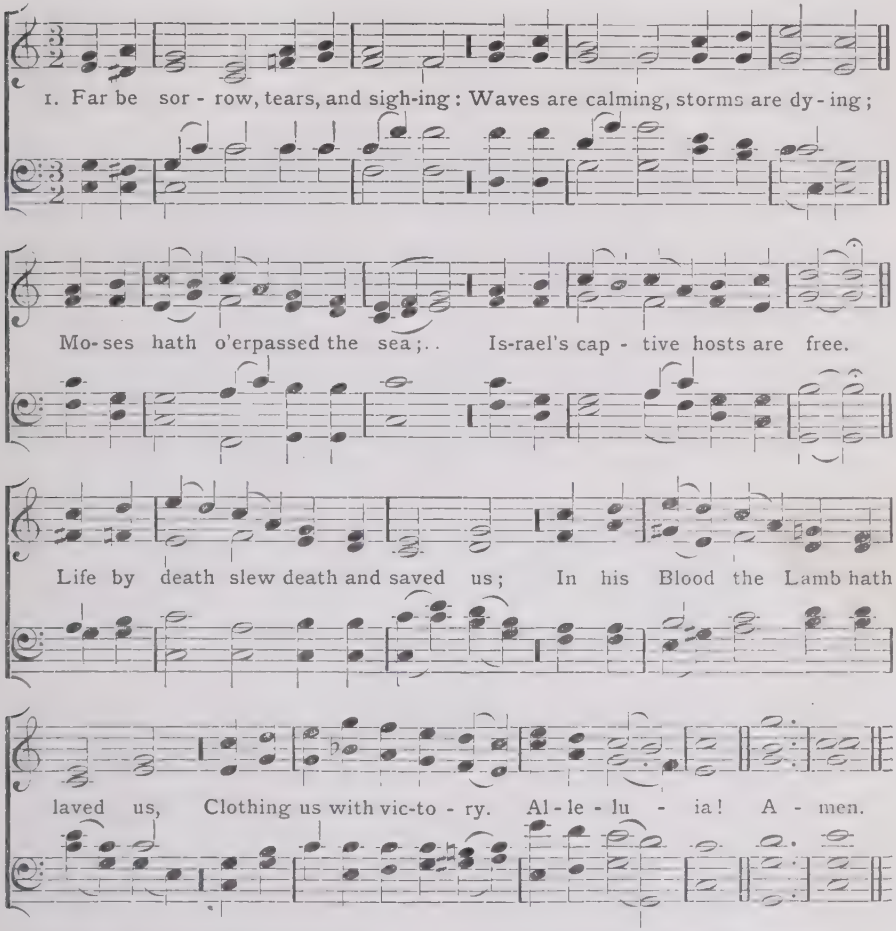


2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to his accents,
May hear so calm and plain
His own "All hail," and hearing
May raise the victor strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
And earth her song begin,
The round world keep high triumph,
And all that is therein:
Let all things seen and unseen
Their notes of gladness blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our Joy that hath no end. Amen.

Far be sorrow, tears, and sighing.

Hymn 66.
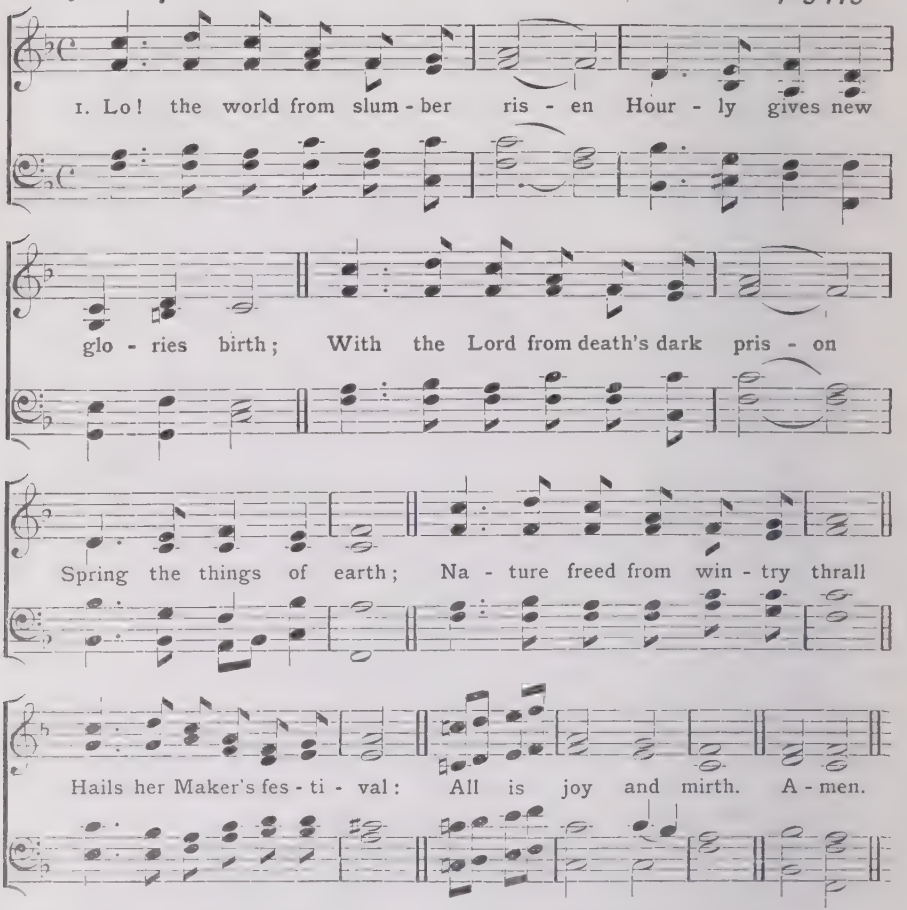


2 Hark! the deep abysses thunder;
Hark! the chains are snapped in sunder;
And the unfettered fathers rise
Soaring toward the opened skies.
God and Man, our ransom paying,
And in light Himself arraying,
Now has won the victory.
Alleluia!

3 Jesus Christ from death is risen:
'Tis his Godhead bursts the prison,
While his Manhood rises free
O'er our mortal misery:
And to sinners brings salvation:
Thus in God's humiliation
Man has won the victory.
Alleluia!

4 This the law our Saviour teaches;
This the call his triumph preaches;
Sinner, from the grave of sin
Rise, eternal joy to win;
From the death our sin decreed us,
Sinless He from death has freed us;
Sing we then his victory.
Alleluia! Amen.

Lo! the world from slumber risen.

Hymn 67. 8785 775.



2 Heat its waves is rolling free;
Air delights to dance and play;
Water ripples laughingly;
Earth is bright and gay;
Things below and things above,
With a fresh life-impulse move:
All is new to-day.

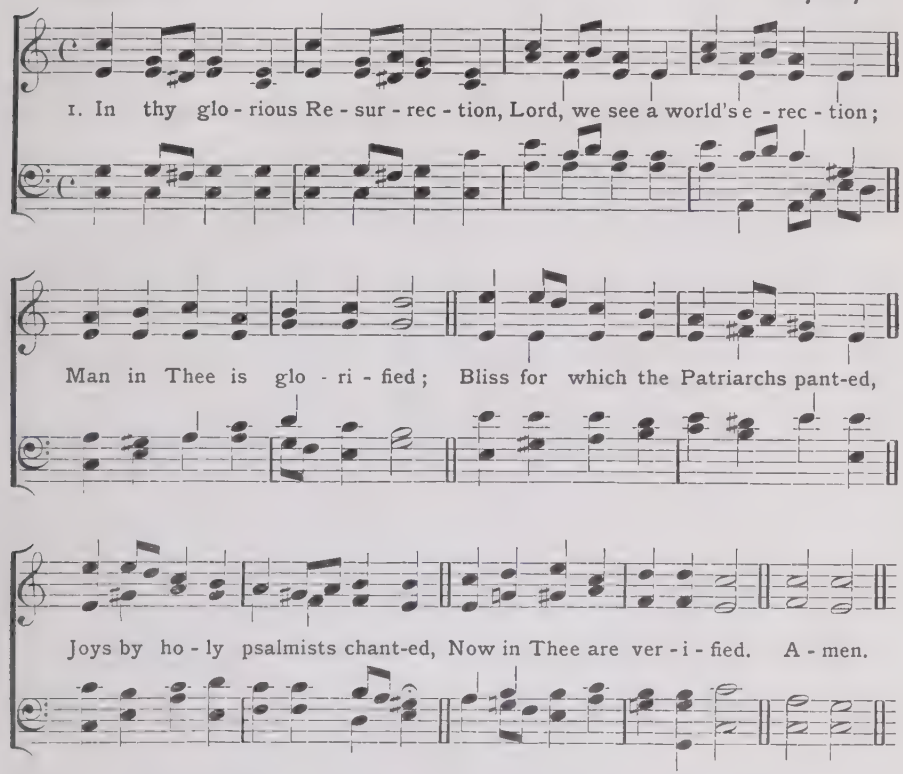
3 Brighter azure decks the skies;
Ocean seeks a calmer rest;
Breeze to breeze more softly sighs;
Meads with flowers are drest;
Arid wilds with verdure gleam;
Limpid flows the ice-bound stream
At Spring's mild behest.

4 Now is loosed death's icy grasp;
This world's prince is trodden down;
Reft are we from Satan's clasp
Whom he deemed his own:
Grasping with his wily art
Him, in Whom he had no part,
He is overthrown.

5 Death by Life is overcome:
Bright before man's wondering eyes
Dawn the glories of his home,
His lost Paradise.
Now at Christ's compelling word
Cherubim with sheathed sword
Point to opening skies. Amen.

In thy glorious Resurrection.

Hymn 68. 887 887.



2 Oracles of former ages,
Veiled in dim prophetic pages,
Now lie open to the sight; [ling
Now the types, which glimmered dark-
In the twilight gloom are sparkling
In the blaze of noonday light.

3 Isaac from the wood is risen;
Joseph issues from the prison;
See the Paschal Lamb which saves!
Israel through the sea is landed:
Pharaoh and his host are stranded
And o'erwhelmèd in the waves.

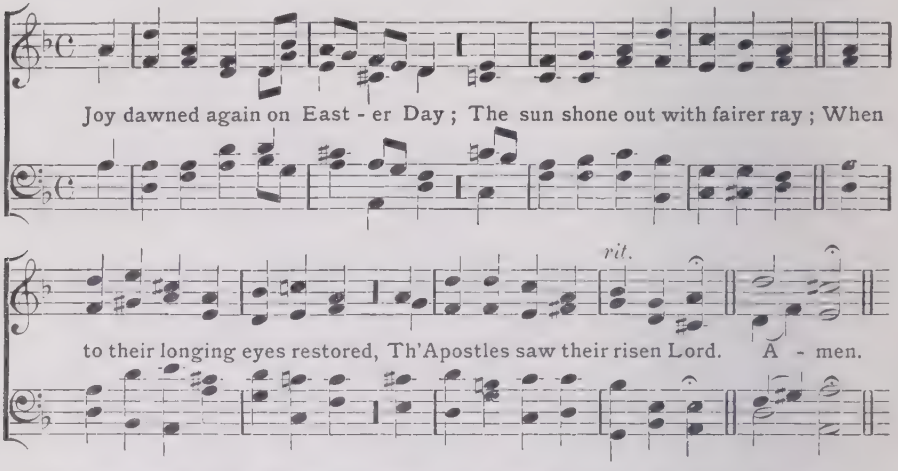
4 See the cloudy Pillar leading,
Rock refreshing, Manna feeding;
Joshua fights, and Moses prays.
See the lifted Wave-sheaf, cheering
Pledge of harvest-fruits appearing,
Joyful dawn of happy days.

5 Samson see at night uptearing
Gaza's brazen gates, and bearing
To the top of Hebron's hill:
Jonah comes from stormy surges,
From his three days' grave emerges,
Bids beware of coming ill.

6 Thus thy Resurrection's glory
Sheds a light on ancient story:
And it casts a forward ray,
Beacon light of solemn warning,
To the dawn of that great Morning
Ushering in the Judgment Day. Amen.

Joy dawned again on Easter Day.

Hymn 69. L. M.



2 His risen Flesh with radiance glowed;
His wounded Hands and Side He showed;
Those scars their silent witness gave
That Christ was risen from the grave.

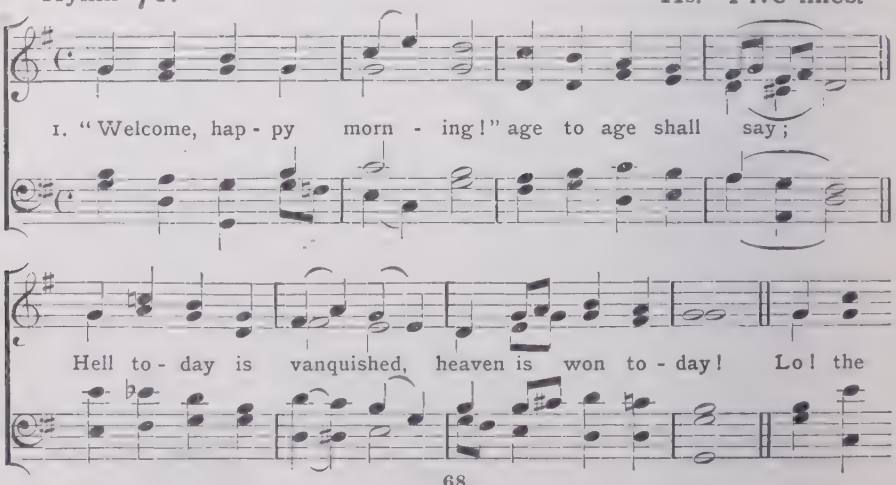
3 O Jesu, King of gentleness,
Do Thou our inmost hearts possess:
And we to Thee will ever raise
The tribute of our grateful praise.

4 Jesu, Who art the Lord of all,
In this our Easter Festival,
From every weapon death can wield
Thine own redeemed, thy people, shield.

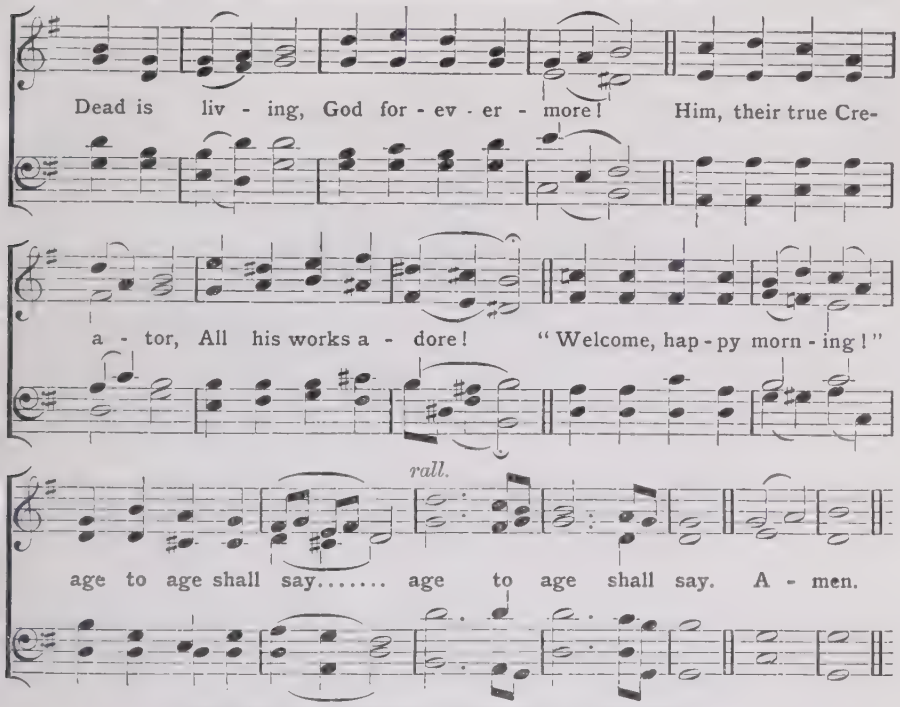
5 All praise, O Risen Lord, we give
To Thee, Who dead, again dost live;
To God the Father equal praise,
And God the Holy Ghost we raise.
Amen.

Welcome, happy morning!

Hymn 70. 11s. Five lines.



Easter.



2 Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All fresh gifts returned with her returning King:
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak his sorrow ended, hail his triumph now:
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.

3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee!
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

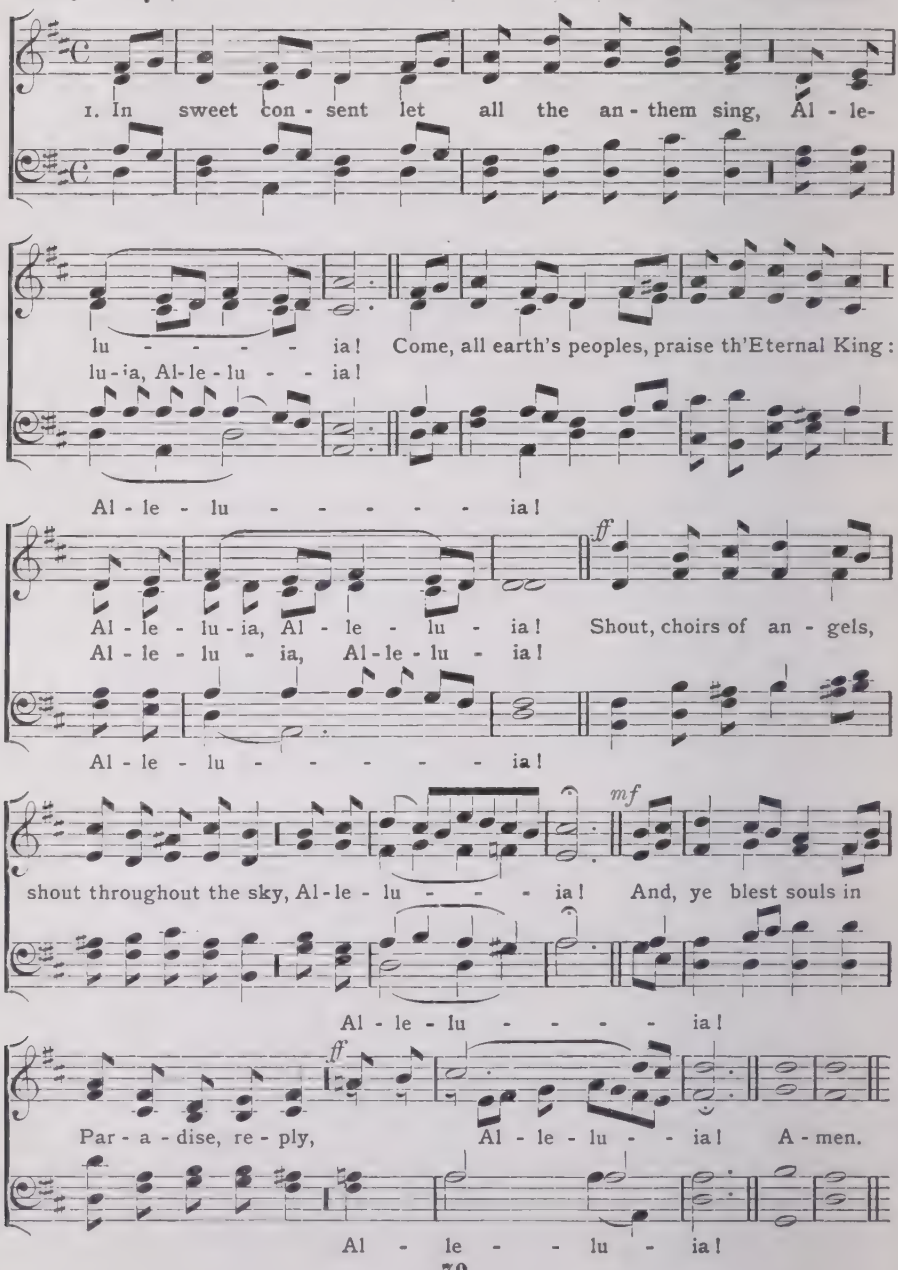
4 Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,
Thou, from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, Manhood didst put on:
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.

5 Thou, of Life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show:
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil thy word;
'Tis thine own third morning, rise, O buried Lord!
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

6 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Shew thy Face in brightness, bid the nations see,
Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee!
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day! Amen.

In sweet consent.

Hymn 71. 10s. With Alleluia.



2 Join, ye bright planets, as ye shine, a loud Alleluia;
Join too, ye thunder, lightning, wind, and cloud, Alleluia.
Sing, groves and forests, flood, wave, storm, and snow, Alleluia;
Answer, bright days, hoar frost, and summer glow, Alleluia.

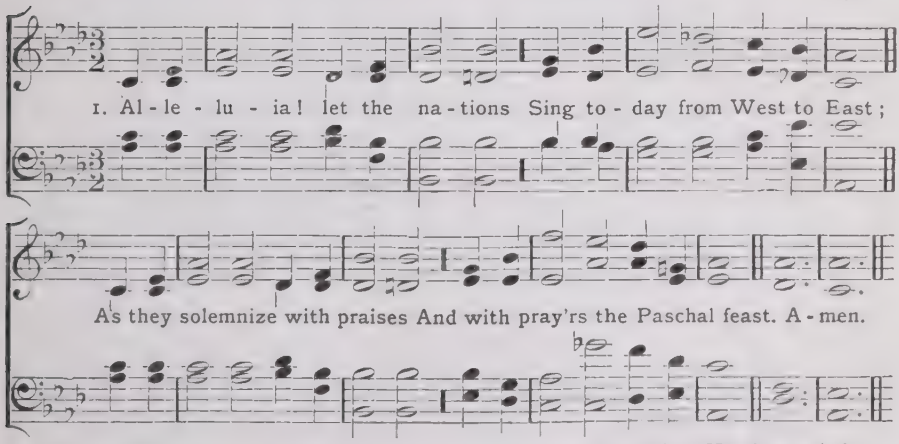
3 Raise to your Maker, birds with plumage gay, Alleluia;
Ye beasts of earth, with varying voices, say, Alleluia.
Here let the mountains thunder forth amain, Alleluia;
There let the valleys sing in gentler strain, Alleluia.

4 Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry Alleluia;
Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply, Alleluia.
Let the whole race of man the strain upraise, Alleluia;
And hymn their Maker in loud bursts of praise: Alleluia.

5 This is the strain the Lord of all things loves, Alleluia;
The heavenly song that Christ Himself approves: Alleluia.
Wherefore in song let heart and tongue awake, Alleluia;
And children's voices echoing answer make, Alleluia.

6 With one glad shout from all be now outpoured Alleluia,
To Father, Son, and Spirit, God and Lord, Alleluia.
All glory, praise, and worship be to Thee, Alleluia,
Lord God Omnipotent, Blest Trinity, Alleluia. Amen.

Hymn 72. Alleluia, let the nations. 87s.



2 And, ye little ones, be joyful,
Whom the Holy font hath made
White as snow: the lake that burneth
Shall not make your ranks afraid.

3 We, with you, to measured music,
Fain would tune the slackened string;
And in subtly-cadenced anthems
Bid our voices rise and ring.

4 Since for us, a mute meek Victim,
Christ endured the cross and shame:
He, the Living Life, a captive
Unto death for us became:

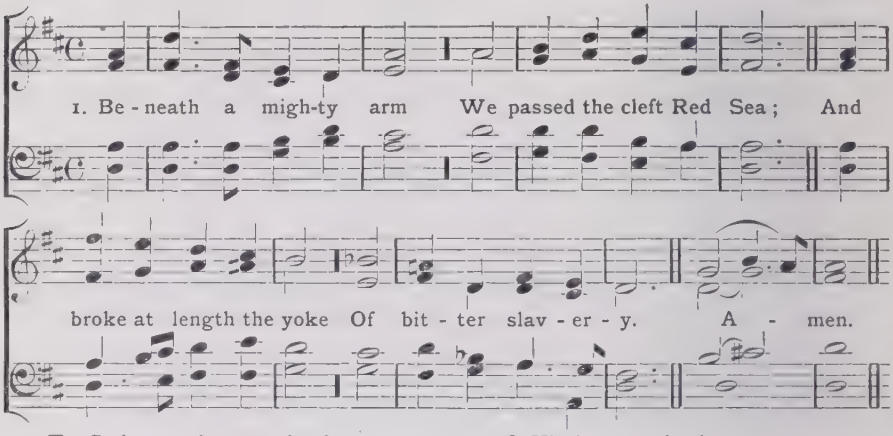
5 So through suffering He descended,
Laden with our sins, to hell;
Whence He comes with many a trophy,
Telling that He triumphed well.

6 Death o'erthrown, He brake the weapons
Of his ancient foe in twain;
And the third day lo! He riseth
In his flesh to life again.

7 Sing we then to Him glad anthems,
Who spread wide the heavenly door,
And to man gave life eternal:
His be praise for evermore. Amen.

Beneath a mighty arm.

Hymn 73. 6s.



2 To God we raise our thanks
Who our Deliverer came;
And, robed in pureness, throng
The Altar of the Lamb.

3 He gave his Flesh and Blood:
Oh, then, in holy love,
Upon Him let us feed,
And live to God above.

4 Christ is our Passover,
The spotless Lamb of God:
Death's angel passes by,
Those sprinkled with his Blood.

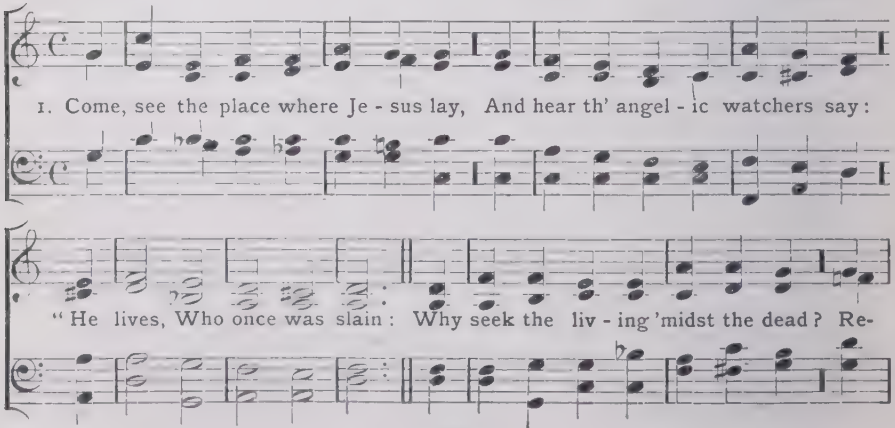
5 O Victim, worthy heaven,
By Whom death vanquished fell,
The dungeon gates were burst,
The prey brought back from hell:

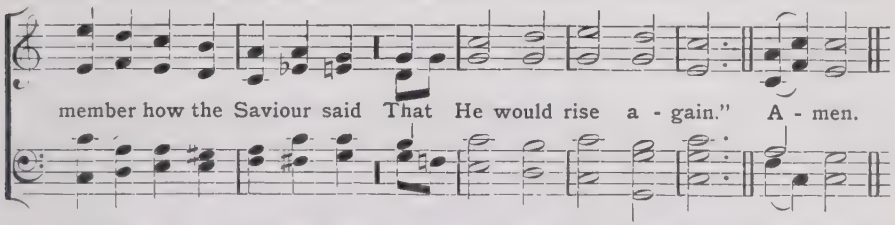
6 We hail Thee from the grave
In triumph come again,
To bind our foes in hell,
And open heaven to man.

7 Grant us with Thee to die,
With Thee to rise above;
To spurn the things of earth,
The joys of heaven to love. Amen.

Come, see the place where Jesus lay.

Hymn 74. 886886.





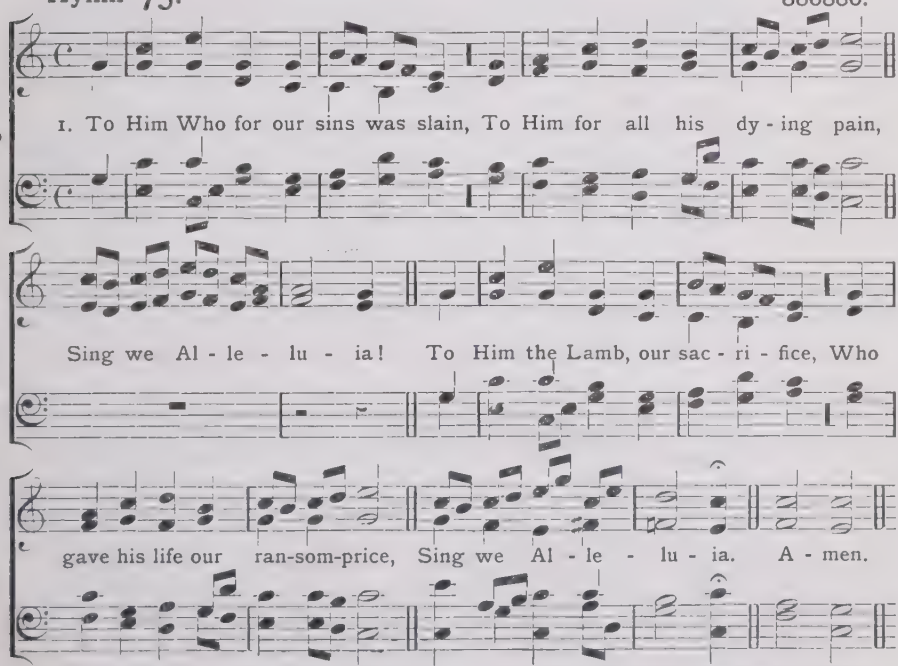
2 O joyful sound! O glorious hour!
When by his own Almighty power
He rose, and left the grave!
Now let our songs his triumph tell,
Who burst the bonds of death and hell,
And ever lives to save.

3 The first begotten of the dead,
For us He rose, our glorious Head,
Immortal life to bring:
What tho' the saints like Him shall die,
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.

4 No more they tremble at the grave,
For Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their slumbering dust:
O risen Lord, in Thee we live,
To Thee our ransomed souls we give,
To Thee our bodies trust. Amen.

To Him Who for our sins was slain.

Hymn 75. 886886.

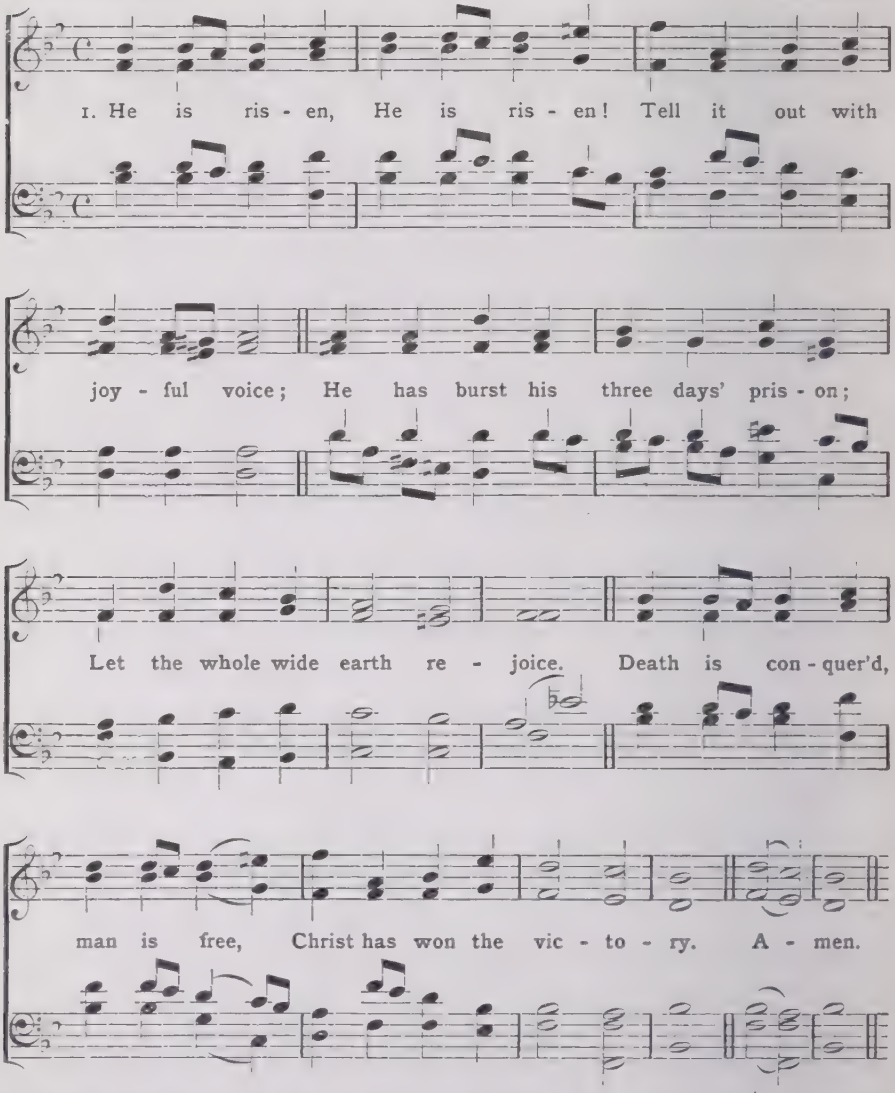


2 To Him Who rose that we might rise,
And reign with Him beyond the skies,
Sing we Alleluia!
To Him Who now for us doth plead,
And helpeth us in all we need,
Sing we Alleluia!

3 To Him Who doth prepare on high
Our home in immortality,
Sing we Alleluia!
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, most great, our joy and boast,
Sing all Alleluia! Amen.

He is risen!

Hymn 76. 87s. 77.



2 Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted,
With glad smile and radiant brow:
Lent's long shadows have departed,
All his woes are over now,
And the Passion that He bore:
Sin and pain can vex no more.

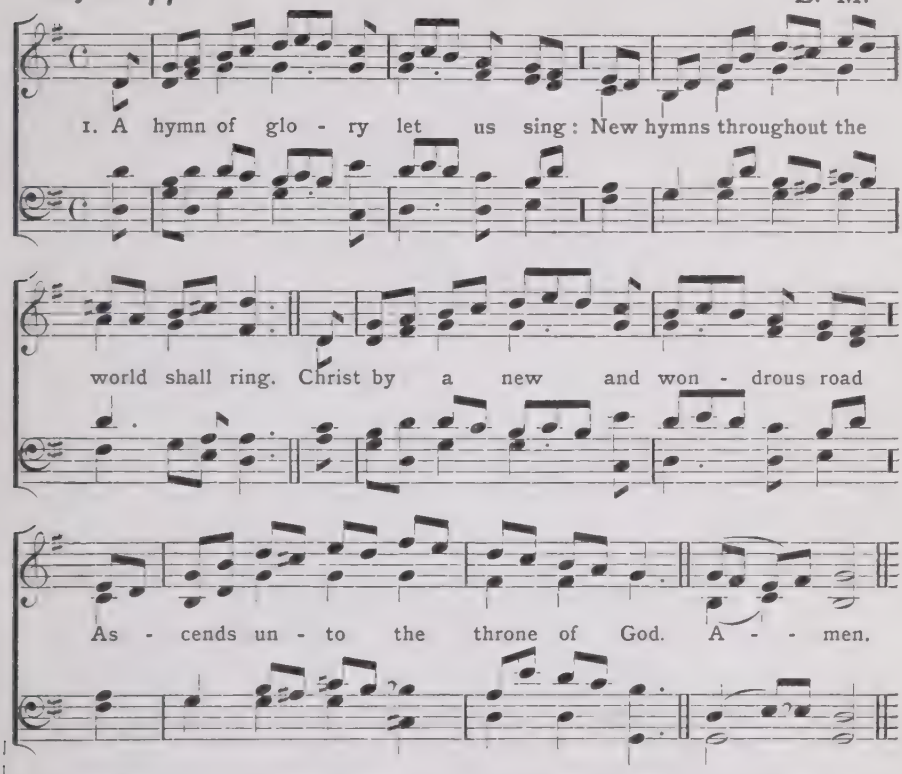
3 Come, with high and holy gladness,
Chant our Lord's triumphal lay:
Not one touch of twilight sadness,
Dims yon glorious morning ray
Breaking o'er the purple east:
Brighter far our Easter feast.

4 He is risen, He is risen:
He hath opened heaven's gate:
We are free from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state.
Soon a brighter Easter beam
On our longing eyes shall stream.

5 Triune God, let all adore Thee,
Saints on earth and saints in heaven;
Every creature bow before Thee,
Who hast all their being given;
Who by grace dost us restore
Praise to Thee for evermore. Amen.

A hymn of glory let us sing.

Hymn 77. L. M.



2 Th' Apostles on the mountain stand,
The mystic mount, in Holy Land,
And with the Virgin-Mother see
Jesus ascend in majesty.

3 To whom two shining angels cry,
"Why stand ye gazing on the sky?
This is the Saviour, upward borne
On this his glorious triumph-morn.

4 "Ye see Him now, ascending high
To seek the portals of the sky:
Hereafter Jesus ye shall see
Return in equal majesty."
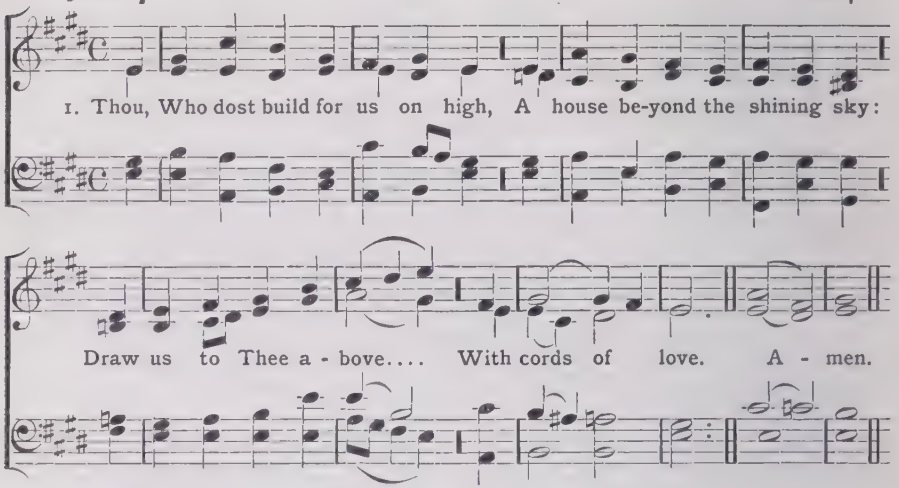
5 Lord, grant that we may thither tend,
And with unwearied hearts ascend
Where, seated on thy Father's throne,
Thee reigning, King of kings, we own.

6 Be Thou our Joy on earth, O Lord,
Who art to be our great Reward:
And as the countless ages flee,
Let all our glory be in Thee.

7 All glory to the Father be,
All glory, Jesus Christ, to Thee,
Who didst to heaven above ascend,
And to the Spirit, without end. Amen.

Thou, Who dost build for us on high.

Hymn 78. 8864.



2 Thou Source of good, most gracious Lord;
Thyself shalt be our great Reward:
We wake from life's brief night
To endless light.

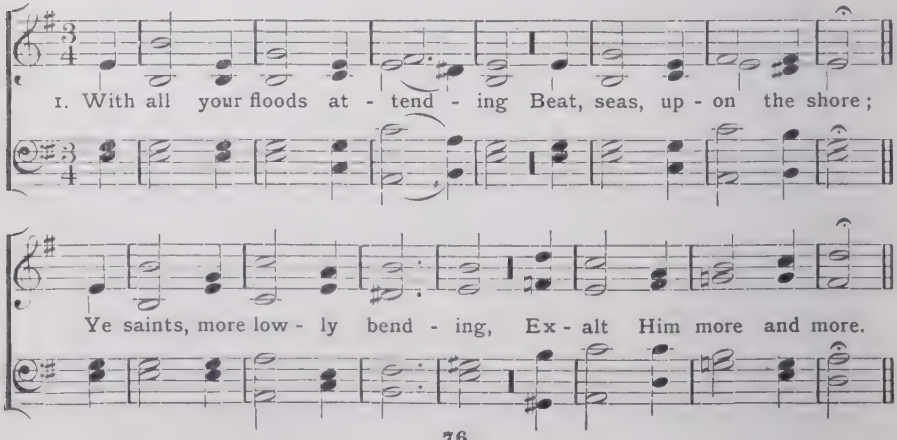
3 Then shall we see Thee as Thou art,
With open face and joyful heart,
And love Thee and adore
Thee evermore.

4 If Thou dost love us, leave us not:
But send down from that pure calm spot
The Holy Ghost, to prove
Thy fostering love.

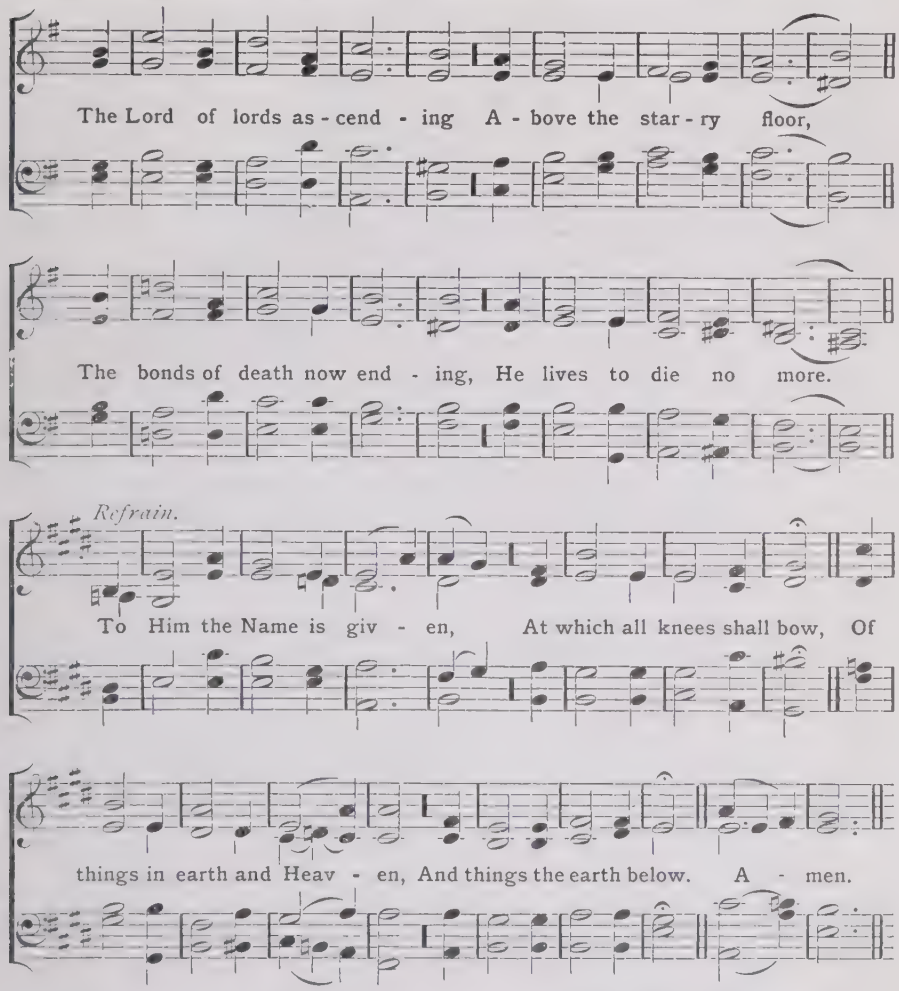
5 Thou, Who shalt come our Judge to be,
Jesu, all glory be to Thee:
Save us, we humbly pray,
In that great day. Amen.

With all your floods attending.

Hymn 79. 76s. Ten lines.



Ascension.



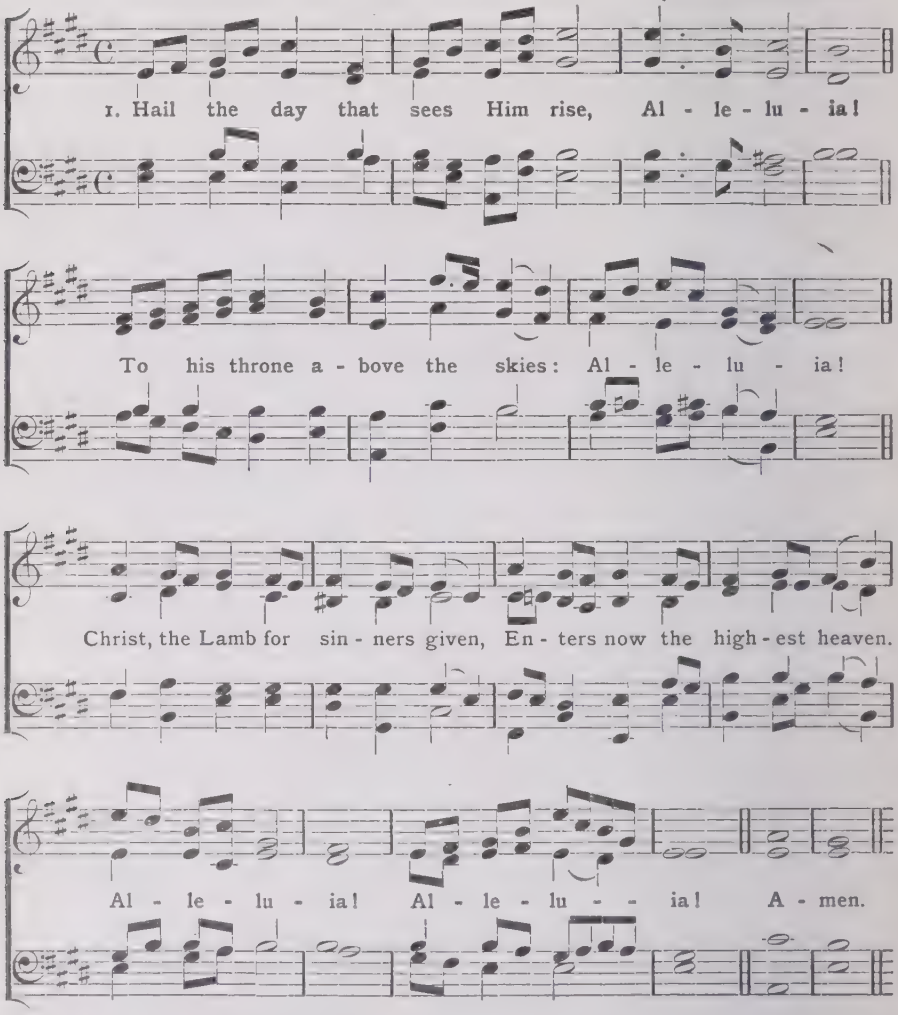
2 Lo! as the sad Eleven
Stand gazing at the sky,
The clouds with shouts are riven,—
"Ye portals, lift on high!
The King of earth and Heaven
Let in on all the sky;
The throne to Him is given
Whom men did crucify."

3 Who is the King of Glory,
Who comes with garments dyed
From Bozrah's wine-press gory
And Edom's purple tide?
The strong man's deathful foray
The Stronger has defied;
Tell forth the wondrous story,
He lives, He lives Who died!

4 Sing, sing with exultation,
Ye stars of Heaven's morn,
The King of our salvation
Unto his throne is borne;
His Sign to every nation
Shall all the earth adorn;
The Sign for adoration
Which once was held in scorn.
Amen.

Hail the day that sees Him rise.

Hymn 80. 7s. With Alleluia.



2 There for Him high triumph waits; Alleluia!
Lift your heads, eternal gates: Alleluia!
Open wide: He enters in,
Conqueror of death and sin, Alleluia! Alleluia!

3 Lo! the heaven its Lord receives, Alleluia!
Yet He loves the earth He leaves:— Alleluia!
Though returning to his throne,
Still He calls mankind his own. Alleluia! Alleluia!

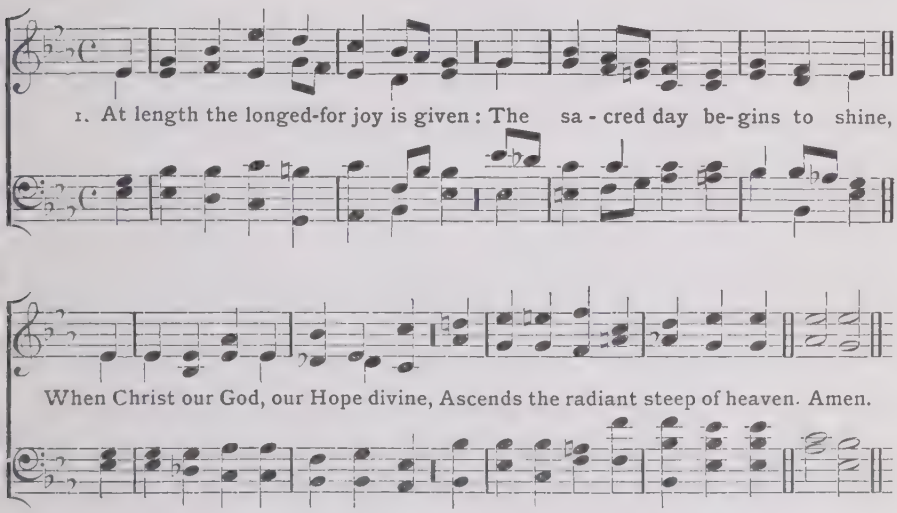
4 See, He lifts his Hands above; Alleluia!
See, He shows the prints of love: Alleluia!
Hark! his gracious lips bestow
Blessings on his Church below. Alleluia! Alleluia!

5 Still for us He intercedes; Alleluia!
His prevailing death He pleads; Alleluia!
Near Himself prepares our place,
He the first-fruits of our race. Alleluia! Alleluia!

6 Lord, though parted from our sight, Alleluia!
Far above the starry height, Alleluia!
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Seeking Thee above the skies. Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen.

At length the longed-for joy is given.

Hymn 81. L. M.



2 The mighty victory is wrought
O'er this world's prince in ghostly fight:
The Son before the Father's sight
Presents the Flesh in which He fought.

3 High o'er the clouds He goes to reign,
Gives hope to those who in Him trust:
The Paradise which Adam lost
He opens wide to man again.

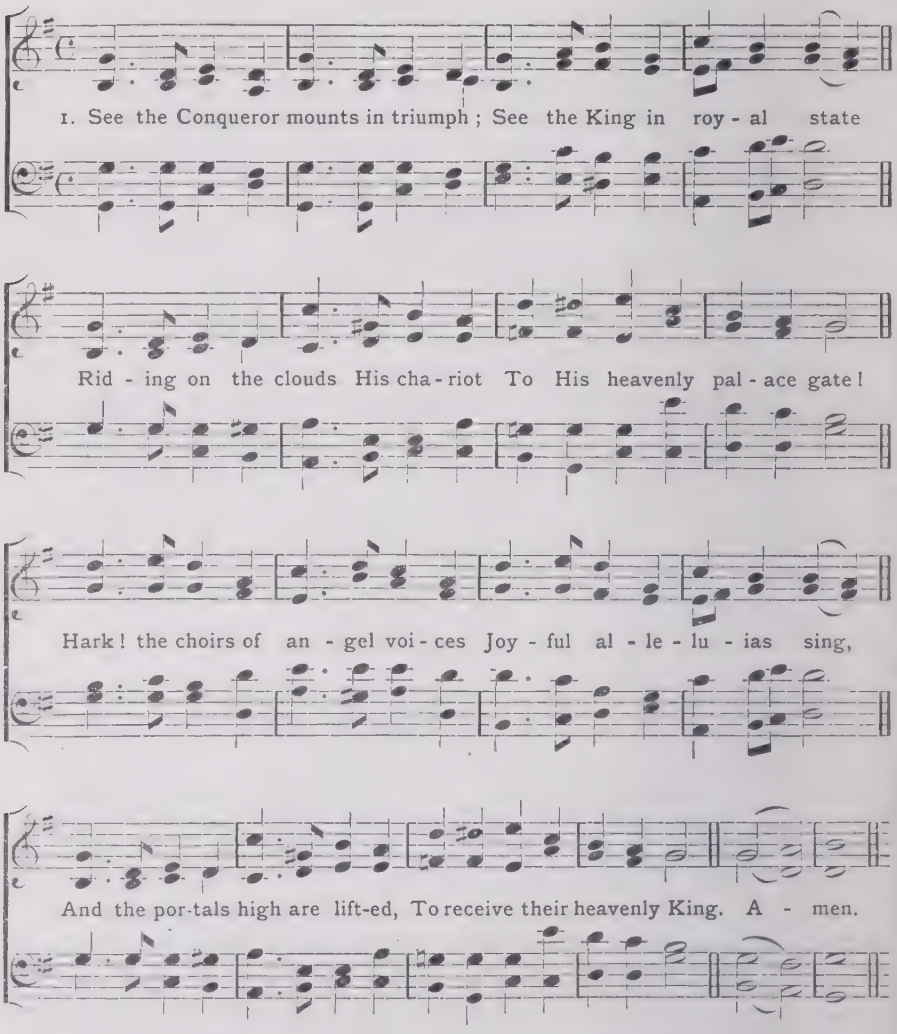
4 O mighty joy to all our race!
The Virgin-born, Who bore for us
The stripes, the spitting, and the cross,
Takes on the eternal throne his place.

5 One common joy this day shall fill
The hearts of angels and of men:
To them that Thou art come again;
To us that Thou art with us still.

6 Now, following in the steps He trod,
'Tis ours to look for Christ from heaven,
And so to live that it be given
To rise with Him at last to God. Amen.

See, the Conqueror mounts in triumph.

Hymn 82. **87s. Double.**



2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He hath gained the victory!
He Who on the Cross did suffer,
He Who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled his foes.

3 While He raised his hands in blessing,
He was parted from his friends;
While their eager eyes behold Him,
He upon the clouds ascends; [Him,
He Who walked with God, and pleased
Preaching truth and doom to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated
To his everlasting home.

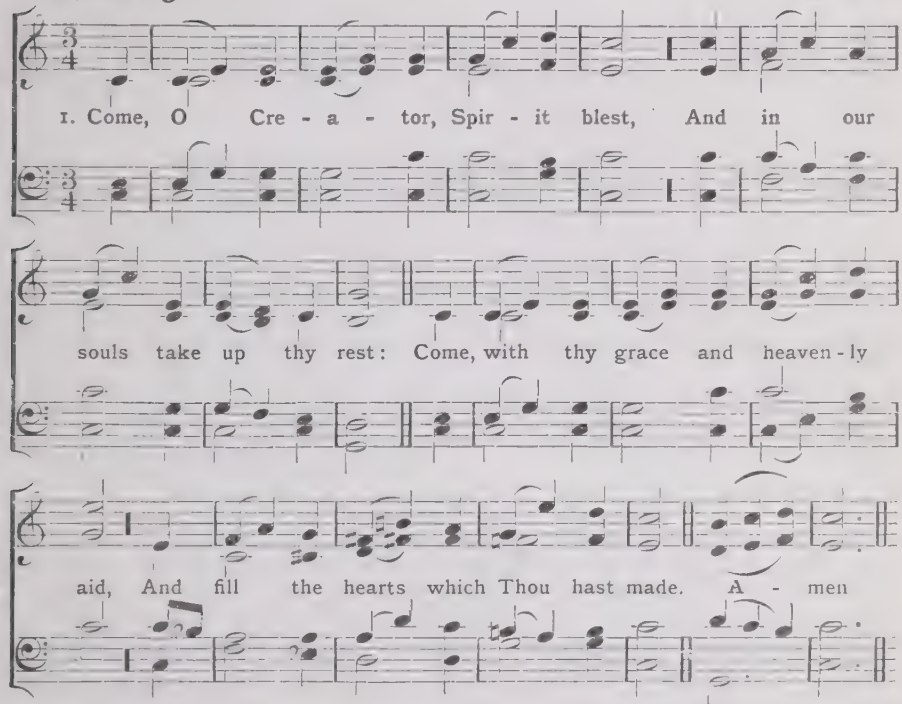
4 Thou hast raised our human nature,
In the clouds to God's right hand:
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with Thee in glory stand.
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne:
Mighty Lord, in thine ascension,
We by faith behold our own.

5 Glory be to God the Father;
Glory be to God the Son,
Dying, risen, ascending for us,
Who the heavenly realm has won;
Glory to the Holy Spirit:
To One God in Persons Three
Glory both in earth and heaven,
Glory, endless glory, be! Amen.

Whitsuntide.

Come, O Creator, Spirit blest.

Hymn 83. L. M.



2 Great Paraclete, to Thee we cry:
O highest Gift of God most High,
O Fount of Life, O Fire of Love,
O solemn Unction from above!

3 Thou in thy sevenfold gifts art known;
Thee, Finger of God's Hand we own:
The promise of the Father Thou,
Who dost the tongue with power endow.

4 Our senses kindle from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love:
With thine unfailing strength refresh
The weakness of our mortal flesh.

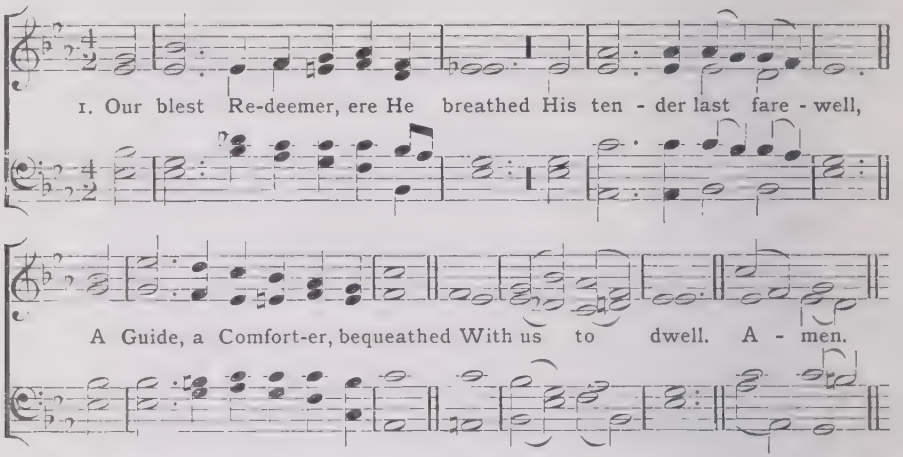
5 Drive far from us the foe we dread,
And grant us thy true peace instead:
With Thee for Guardian, Thee for Guide,
No evil can our steps betide.

6 Oh, let thy grace on us bestow
The Father and the Son to know,
And Thee, thro' endless time confessed,
Of Both the Eternal Spirit Blest.

7 All glory while the ages run
Be to the Father; to the Son, [Thee,
Who rose from death; like praise to
O Holy Ghost, eternally. Amen.

Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed.

Hymn 84. 8684.



2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

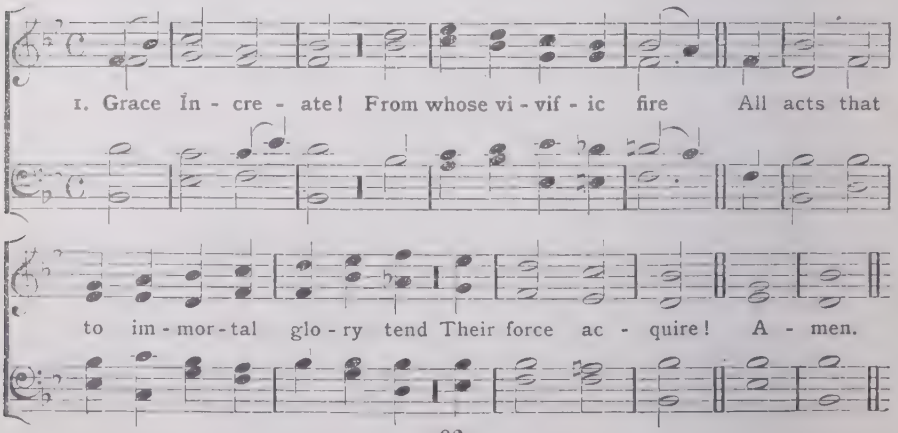
4 And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

6 O praise the Father; praise the Son;
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee;
All praise to God, the Three in One,
The One in Three. Amen.

Grace Increate!

Hymn 85. 45 10 4.



2 Hail, Life of life!
Hail, Paraclete divine!
All justice, sanctity, obedience, love,
And truth are thine.

3 Thou in the Blood
Of Him Who died for men,
By sacramental element applied,
Dost wash us clean.

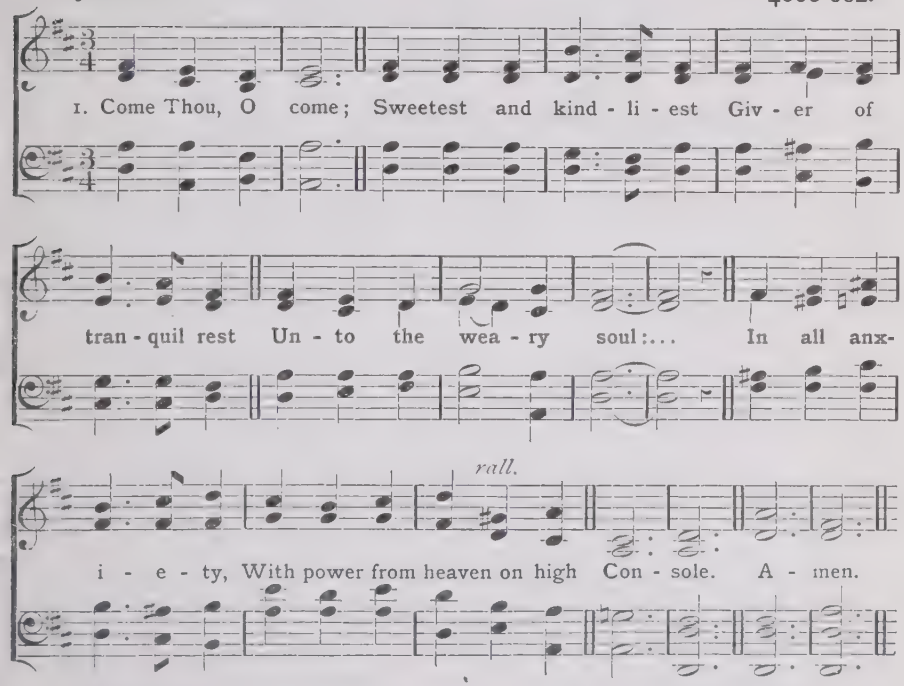
4 Thou to the deeds
Of every passing hour,
In Thee performed, impartest merit new,
And heavenly power.

5 From grace to grace,
Oh, grant me to proceed;
And with assisting hand my faltering steps
To Sion lead!

6 So may I mount
In peace the holy hill;
And safe at last, in Life's eternal Fount,
There drink my fill! Amen.

Come Thou, O come.

Hymn 86. 4666 662.



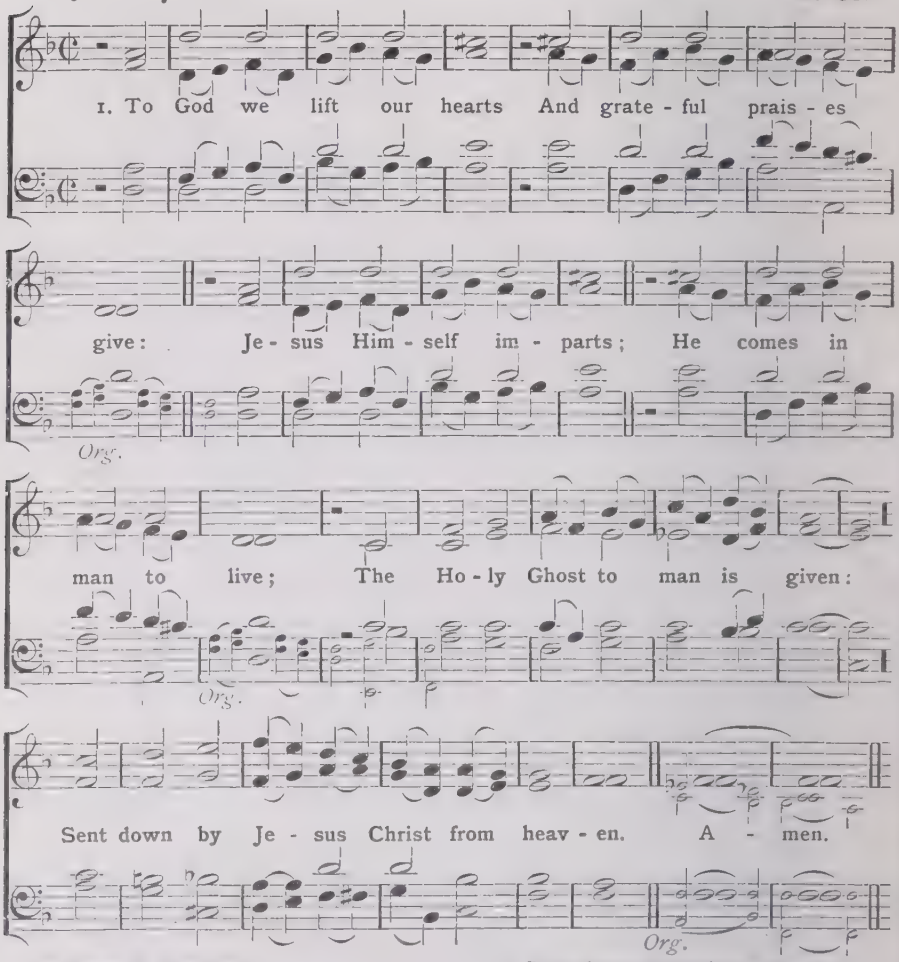
2 Come Thou, O come;
Help in the hour of need,
Strength of the broken reed,
Guide of each lonely one;
Orphans' and widows' stay,
Who tread in life's hard way
Alone.

3 Come Thou, O come;
Glorious and shadow-free,
Star of the stormy sea,
Light of the tempest-tost;
Harbor our souls to save,
When hope upon the wave
Is lost.

4 Come Thou, O come;
Joy in life's narrow path,
Hope in the hour of death,
Come, Blessèd Spirit, come:
Lead Thou us tenderly,
Till we shall find with Thee
Our home.
Amen.

To God we lift our hearts.

Hymn 87. 6s. 88.



2 Jesus is glorified,
And gives the Comforter,
His Spirit, to reside
In all his members here:
Rejoice, the Holy Ghost is given,
Sent down by Jesus Christ from heaven.
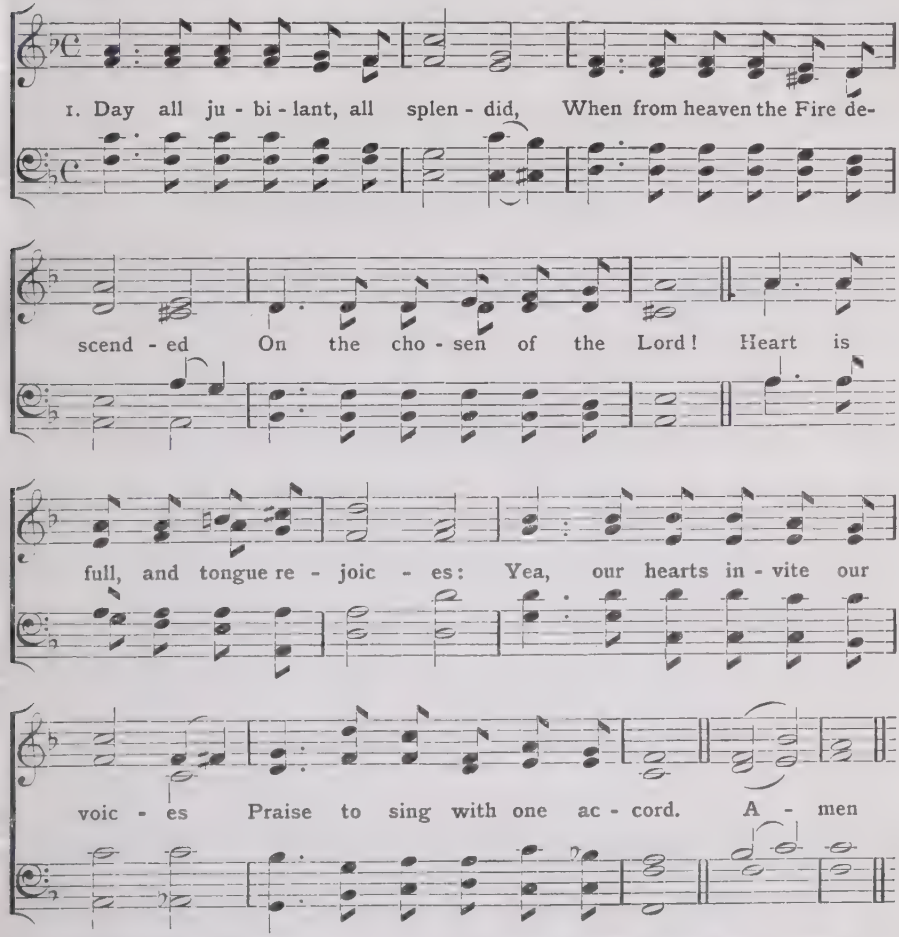
3 He brings his Kingdom in,
Peace, righteousness, and joy,
To make an end of sin,
And Satan's works destroy:
Rejoice, the Holy Ghost is given,
Sent down by Jesus Christ from heaven;

4 Sent down to make us meet
To see his glorious Face,
And raise us to a seat
In that thrice happy place:
Rejoice, the Holy Ghost is given,
Sent down by Jesus Christ from heaven.

5 Jesus from heaven once more
In triumph shall descend,
And all his saints restore
To joys that never end:
Then, then, when all our joys are given,
Shall we rejoice in God, in heaven. Amen.

Day all jubilant, all splendid.

Hymn 88. 887 887.



2 O the joy, the exultation
Of that day when the foundation
Of Christ's Holy Church was laid!
When she gave to God thanksgiving
For three thousand souls, her living
Firstfruits as they kneeled and prayed!

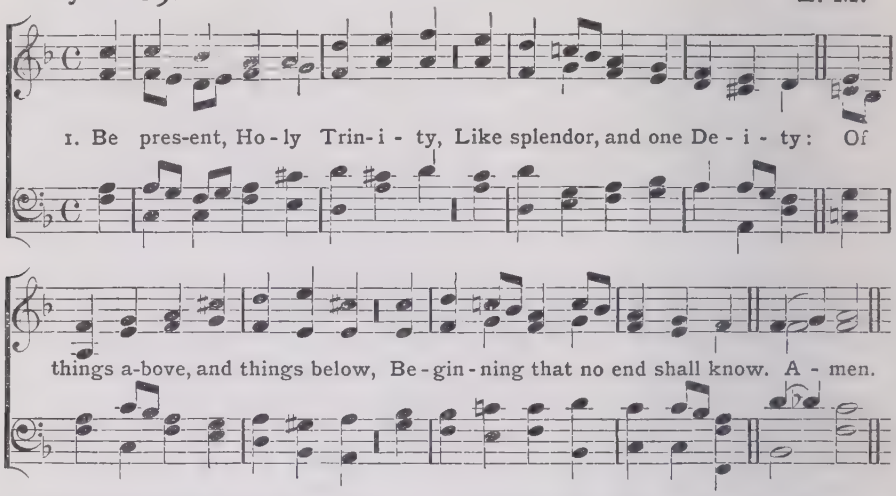
3 Comforter, possess and cheer us!
Bitterness shall not draw near us;
Wrath shall flee before thy Face.
There is no delight, no sweetness,
Health, nor comfort, nor completeness,
Where Thou dost withhold thy grace.

4 Fount, whose potency can dower
Water with a mystic power;
Oil to heal us, Light to guide:
Praise we offer, new-created,
And from wrath to grace translated,
We, whom Thou hast purified.

5 Spirit, Giver of all blessing,
Gift, Thyself, beyond expressing,
Teach us how to worship Thee!
Cleanse our sins; in Christ renew us;
And, when perfected, give to us
Our eternal jubilee. Amen.

Be present, Holy Trinity.

Hymn 89. L. M.



2 Thee all the armies of the sky
Adore, and laud, and magnify:
And Nature in her triple frame,
For ever sanctifies thy Name.

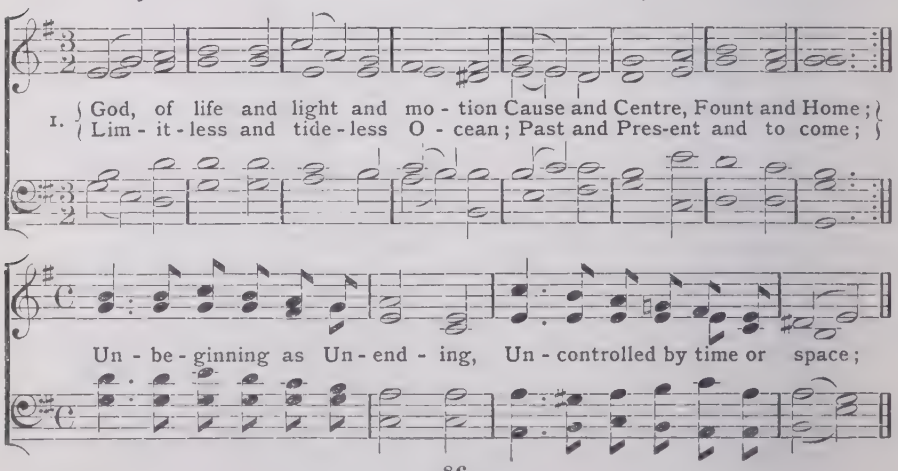
3 And we, too, thanks and homage pay,
Thine own adoring flock to-day:
O join to that celestial song
The praises of our suppliant throng!

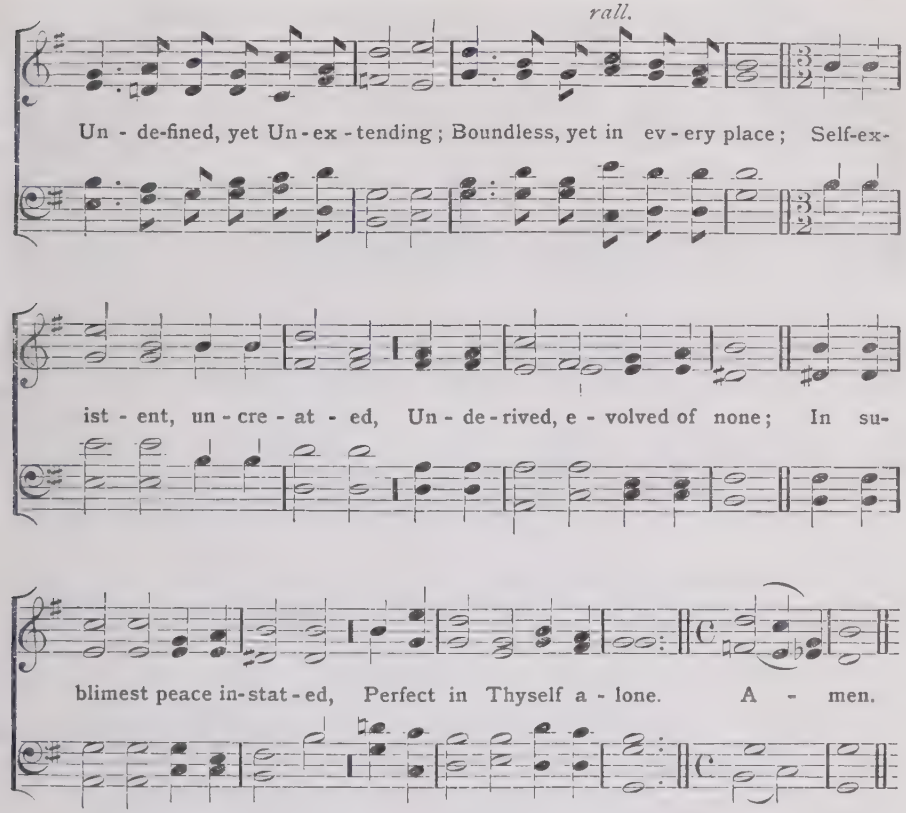
4 Light, Sole and One, we Thee confess,
With triple praise we rightly bless;
Thee Alpha and Omega own,
With every spirit round thy throne.

5 To Thee, O Unbegotten One,
And Thee, O Sole-begotten Son,
And Thee, O Holy Ghost, we raise
Our equal and eternal praise. Amen.

God, of life and light and motion.

Hymn 90. 87s. Twelve lines.
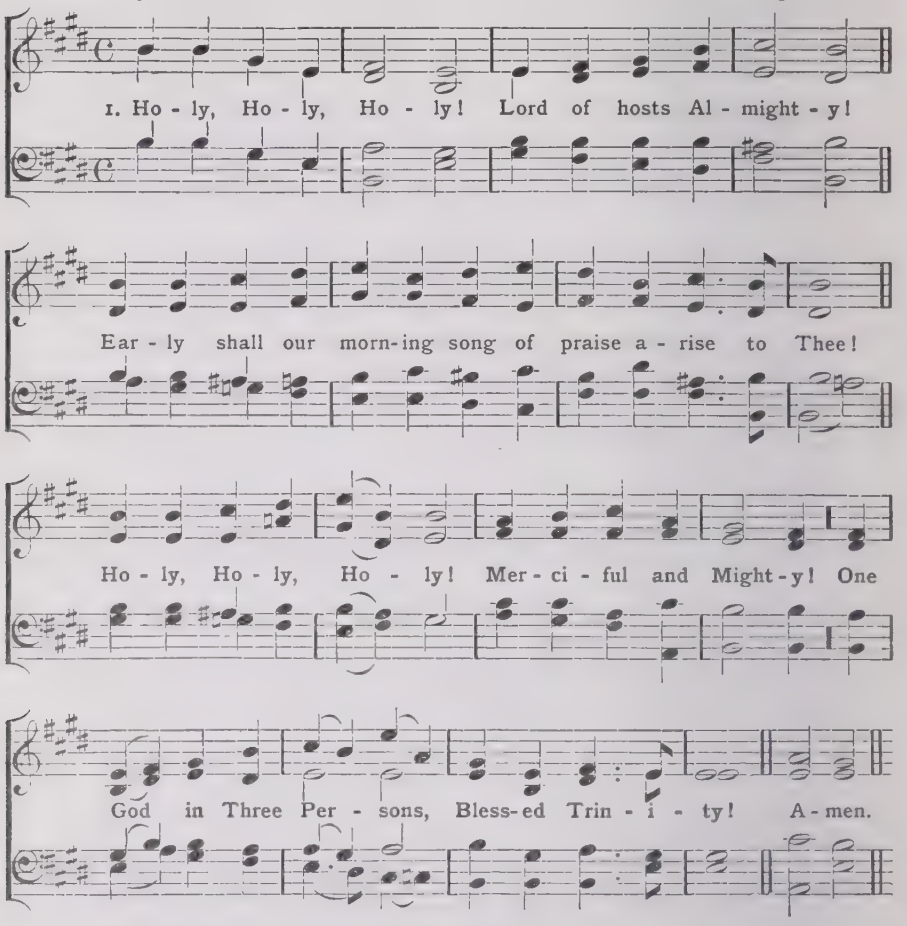




2 God the Father, whose relation
With thy sole-begotten Son,
By a mystic Generation,
Stood ere time had learned to run:
God the Son, by tie supernal
Ever with the Father bound;
In the glorious folds eternal
Of one single Nature wound:
God the Spirit, Stream Vivific,
Ceaselessly by Both outpoured,
And in union beatific
Equally with both adored.

3 God, the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Thine united glories merit
Thanks and praise continually:
Praise to Thee and adoration
On thy Festival be done,
For the blessèd Incarnation
Of the Co-eternal Son;
For the Coming of the Spirit;
For the gift of endless life;
For the joys that Saints inherit
When they cease from earthly strife.

4 More than all, be praise unending
Paid throughout the Church to Thee,
For the majesty transcending
Of thy Triune Deity:
Sun of splendor never waning,
Fount of sweetness never dry,
Staff of comfort all-sustaining,
Ever-blessèd Trinity:
Thus thy glorious Name confessing
We repeat the angels' cry,—
"Holy, Holy, Holy,"—blessing
Thee the Lord of Hosts on high.
Amen.

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord of hosts Almighty!

Hymn 91. 12 13 12 11.



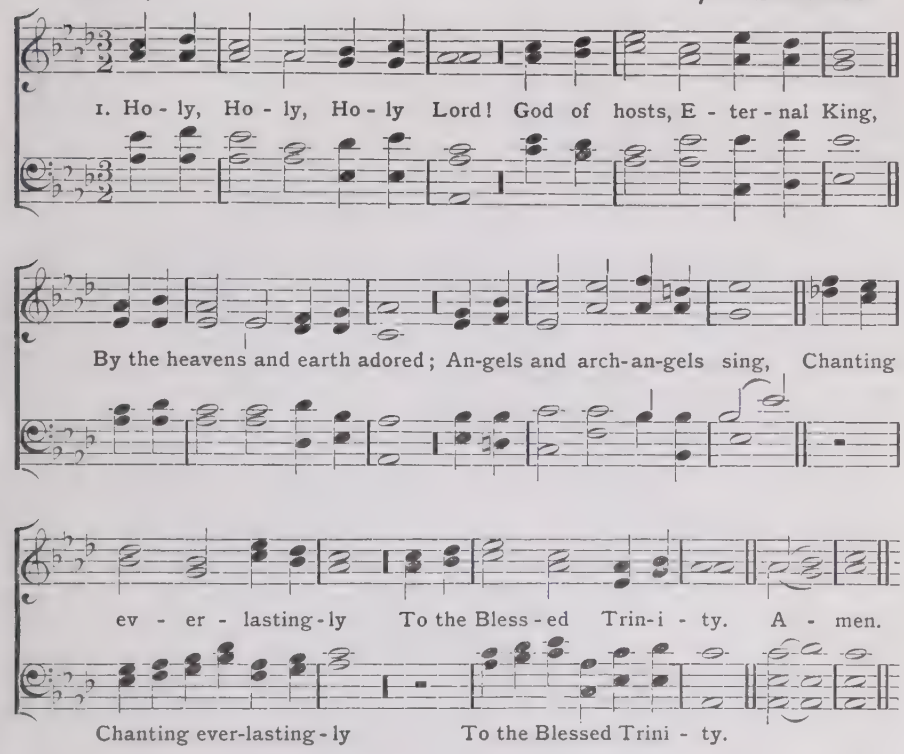
2 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see;
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
All perfect in power, in love and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord of hosts Almighty,
All thy works shall praise thy Name in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
One God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity! Amen.

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

Hymn 92. 7s. Six lines.



2 Since by Thee all things were made,
And in Thee do all things live,
Be to Thee all honor paid,
Praise to Thee let all things give;
Singing everlastingly
To the Blessed Trinity.

3 Thousands, tens of thousands stand
Spirits blest, before thy throne,
Speeding thence at thy command,
And when thy behests are done,
Singing everlastingly
To the Blessed Trinity.

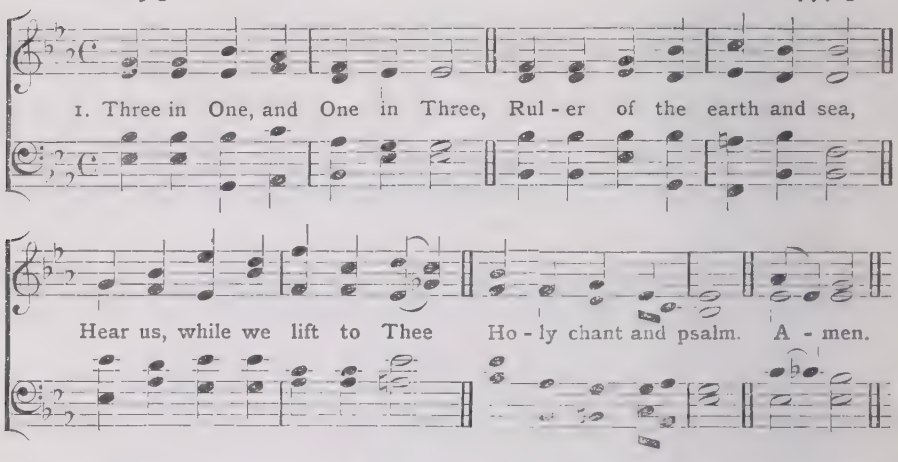
4 Cherubim and Seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the Blessed Trinity.

5 Thee Apostles, Prophets Thee,
Thee the noble Martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee,
Thee the Church in every land,
Singing everlastingly
To the Blessed Trinity.

6 Alleluia! Lord, to Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:
Godhead One and Persons Three;
Sing we with the heavenly host,
Chanting everlastingly
To the Blessed Trinity. Amen.

Three in One, and One in Three.

Hymn 93. 777 5.



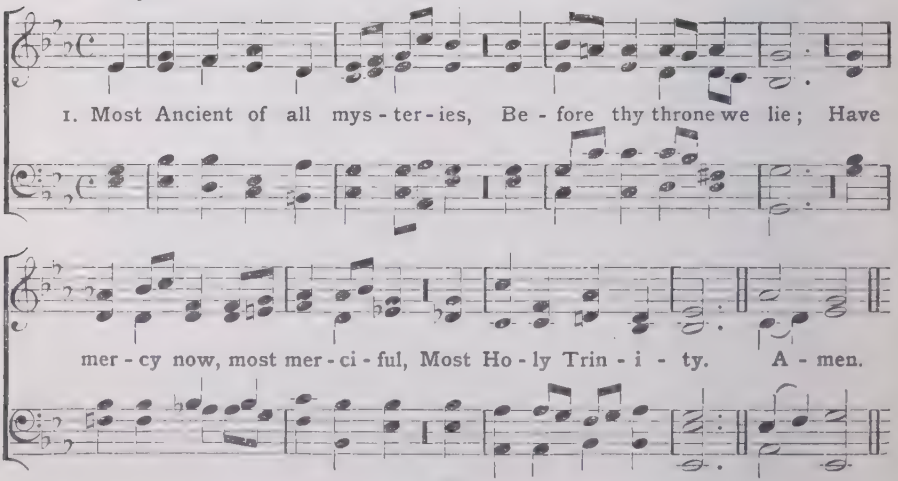
2 Light of lights! with morning, shine;
Lift on us thy light divine;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

3 Light of lights! when falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of heaven,
Shed a vesper calm.

4 Three in One, and One in Three,
Darkling here we worship Thee;
With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm. Amen.

Most Ancient of all mysteries.

Hymn 94. C. M.



2 When heaven and earth were yet unmade,
When time was yet unknown,
Thou, in thy bliss and majesty,
Didst live and love alone.

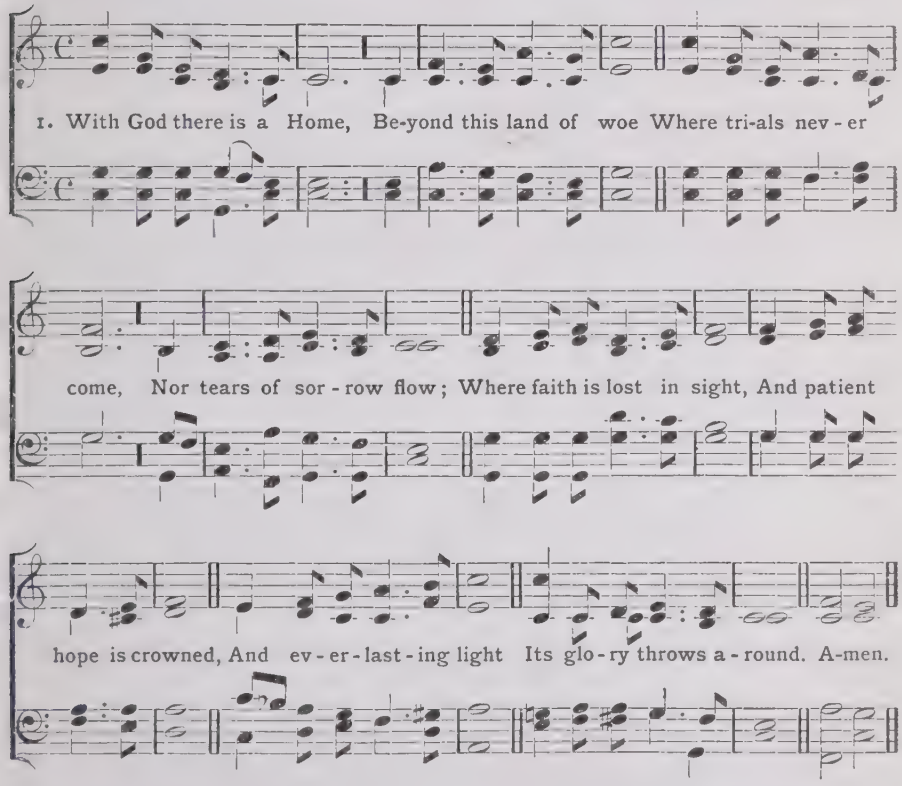
3 Thou wert not born; there was no Fount
From which thy Being flowed;
There is no end which Thou canst reach,
But Thou art simply God!

4 How wonderful creation is,
The work which Thou didst bless:
And oh! what then must Thou be like,
Eternal Loveliness!

5 Most Ancient of all mysteries,
Still at thy throne we lie;
Have mercy now, most merciful,
Most Holy Trinity. Amen.

With God there is a Home.

Hymn 95. 6s. Double.



2 All perfect rest and peace
Alone may there be found,
Glad songs that never cease
Within its walls resound:
Around its glorious Throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit, evermore.

3 O Joy beyond compare
To see the Blessed Three,
With endless life to share
In their felicity!
There praise the Father, praise
Death's conqueror, the Son,
And Spirit, through all days
The Equal Three in One. Amen.

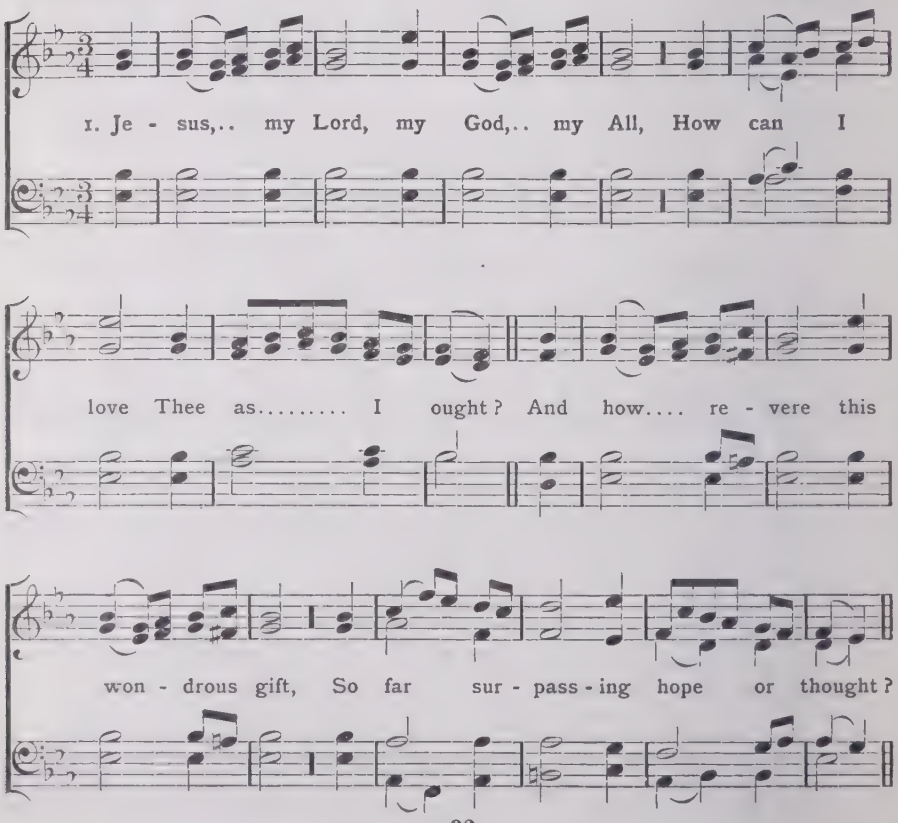
Hymns

TO

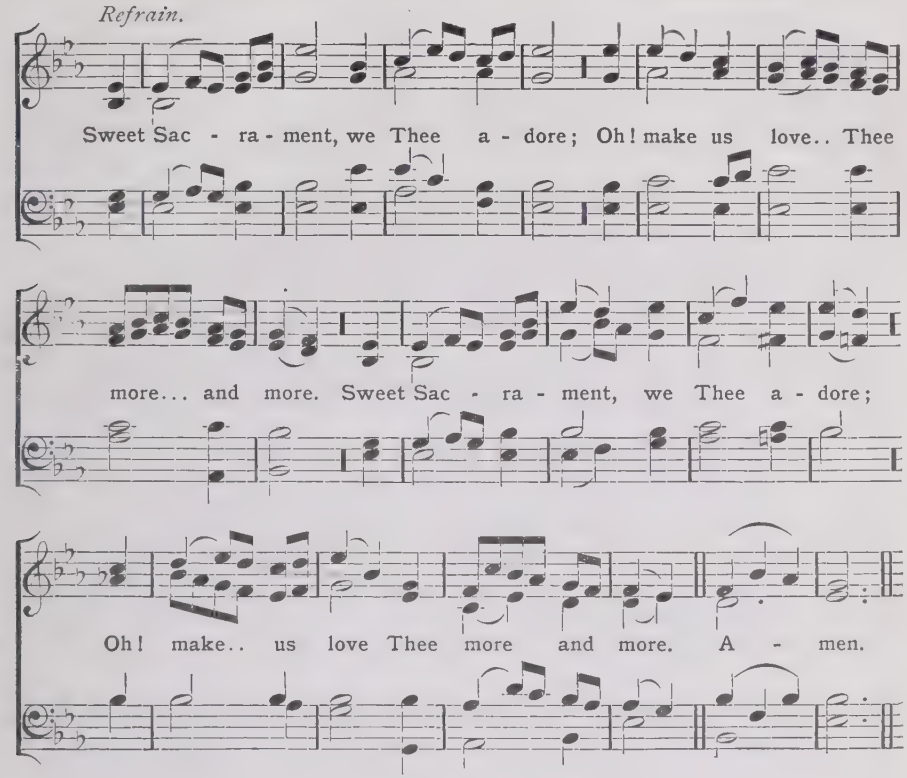
The Blessed Sacrament.

Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All.

Hymn 96. **8s. Six lines.**



The Blessed Sacrament.



2 O see! within a creature's hand
The vast Creator deigns to be,
Reposing, infant-like, as though
On Joseph's arm or Mary's knee.

3 Thy Body, Soul, and Godhead, all!
O mystery of love divine!
I cannot compass all I have
For all Thou hast and art are mine!

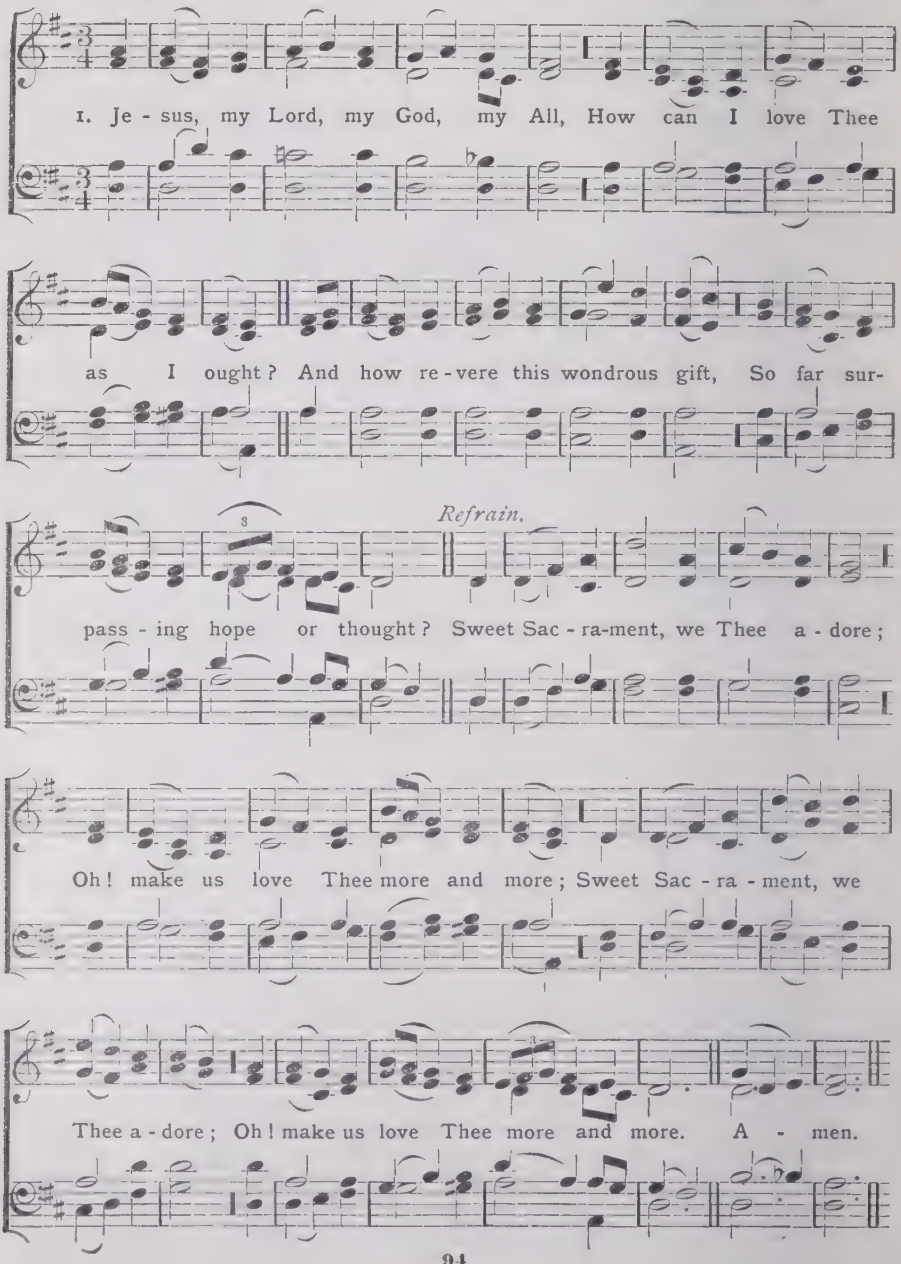
4 Ring joyously, ye solemn bells!
And wave, O wave, ye censers bright!
'Tis Jesus cometh, Mary's Son,
And God of God and Light of Light!

5 O earth, grow flowers beneath his feet,
And thou, O sun, shine bright this day,
He comes! He comes! O Heaven on earth,
Our Jesus comes upon his way!

6 He comes! He comes! the Lord of Hosts,
Borne on his throne triumphantly!
We see Thee, and we know Thee, Lord;
And yearn to shed our blood for Thee. Amen.

Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All.

Hymn 97. (Second Tune.) 8s. Six lines.



2 Had I but Mary's sinless heart
To love Thee with, my dearest King,
Oh! with what bursts of fervent praise
Thy goodness, Jesus, would I sing!

3 Oh! see upon the altar placed
The Victim of divinest love.
Let all the earth below adore,
And join the choirs of heaven above.

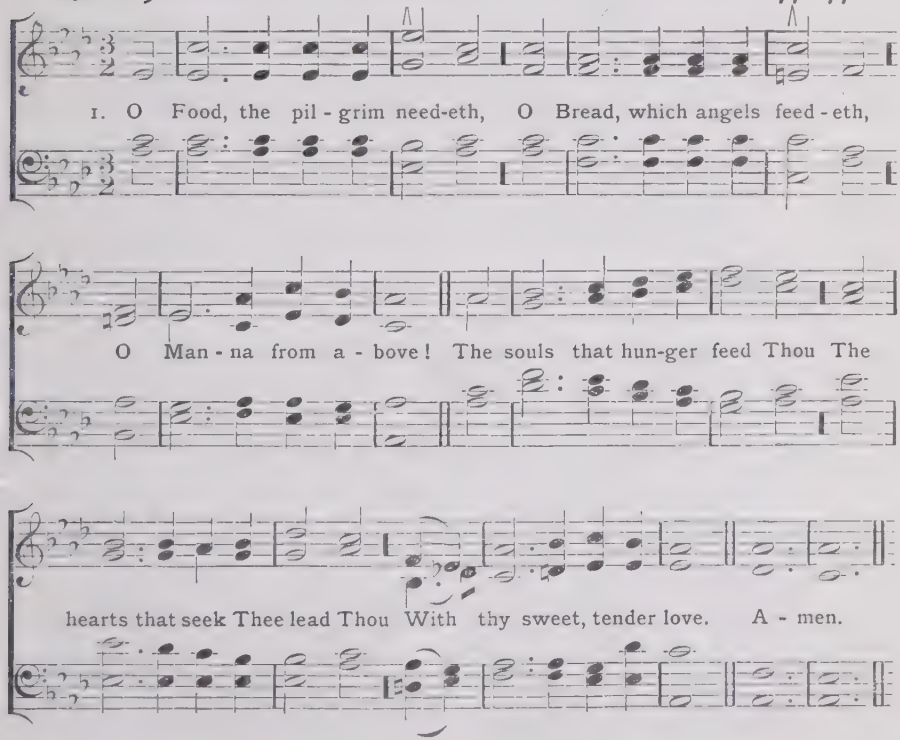
4 Jesu, dear Pastor of the flock,
We crowd in love about thy feet.
Our voices yearn to praise Thee, Lord,
And joyfully thy presence greet.

5 Sound, sound his praises higher still,
And come, ye angels, to our aid.
'Tis God, 'tis God, the very God,
Whose power both men and angels made.

6 Here Thou art come, O precious Gift!
Our solace and our joy to be.
Increase the faith of loving hearts
Who truly do believe in Thee. Amen.

O Food, the pilgrim needeth.

Hymn 98. 776 776.

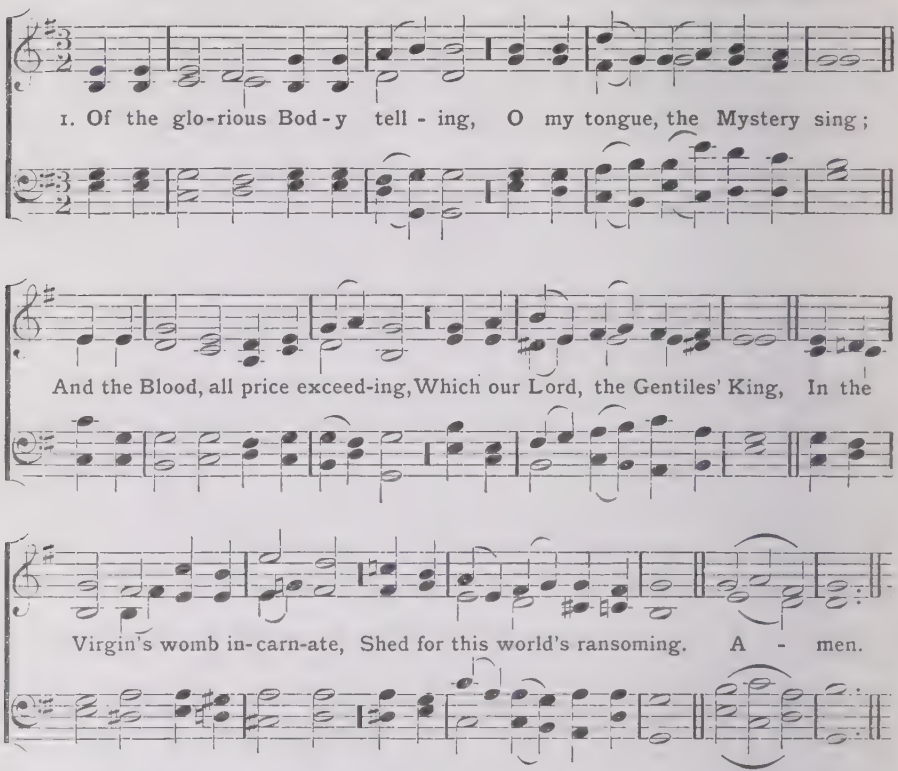


2 O Fount of love redeeming,
O River ever streaming
From Jesus' holy Side;
Come Thou, Thyself bestowing
On thirsty souls, and flowing
Till all are satisfied.

3 Jesu, this feast receiving,
Thy word of truth believing,
We Thee unseen adore:
Grant, when the veil is rended,
That we, to heaven ascended,
May see Thee evermore. Amen.

Of the glorious Body telling.

Hymn 99. 87s. Six lines.



2 Giv'n for us, for us proceeding
Of a Virgin pure as snow,
He, as Man with man conversing,
Dwelt the word of life to sow;
Closing with a wondrous ending
To his sojourn here below.

3 That last night at supper seated,
Circled by his brethren's band;
Fully with the Law complying
In the meats its rites demand;
He, a richer meat bestowing,
Gives Himself with his own Hand.

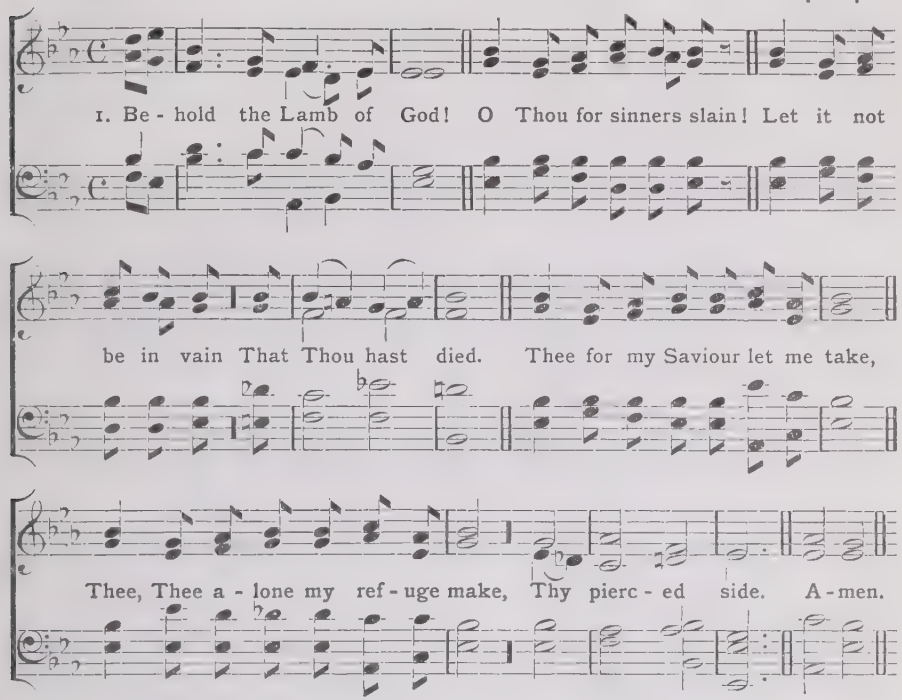
4 Word made Flesh, by word He maketh
Very bread his Flesh to be;
Wine the Blood of Christ becometh:
What tho' sense no change can see?
Faith the guileless soul enableth
To behold the verity.

5 Thus in thankful love adoring
We his unseen Presence hail;
Older form their place resigning,
Newer rites of grace prevail:
Willing faith all want supplying
Where our feebler senses fail.

6 Praise to God, the eternal Father,
Praise to God, the eternal Son,
Praise to God, the eternal Spirit,
One in Three, and Three in One:
Honor, praise, salvation, blessing,
Now and evermore be done. Amen.

Behold the Lamb of God!

Hymn 100. 66664 884.



2 Behold the Lamb of God!
Into the sacred flood
Of thy most precious Blood
My soul I cast.
Wash me and make pure and clean,
Uphold me through life's changeful scene
Till all be past.

3 Behold the Lamb of God!
Archangels, fold your wings;
Seraphs, hush all the strings
Of million lyres.
The Victim, veiled on earth, in love
Unveiled, enthroned, adored above,
All heaven admires.

4 Behold the Lamb of God!
Drop down, ye glorious skies;
He dies, He dies, He dies,
For man once lost.
Yet, lo! He lives, He lives, He lives,
And to his Church Himself He gives,
Incarnate Host.

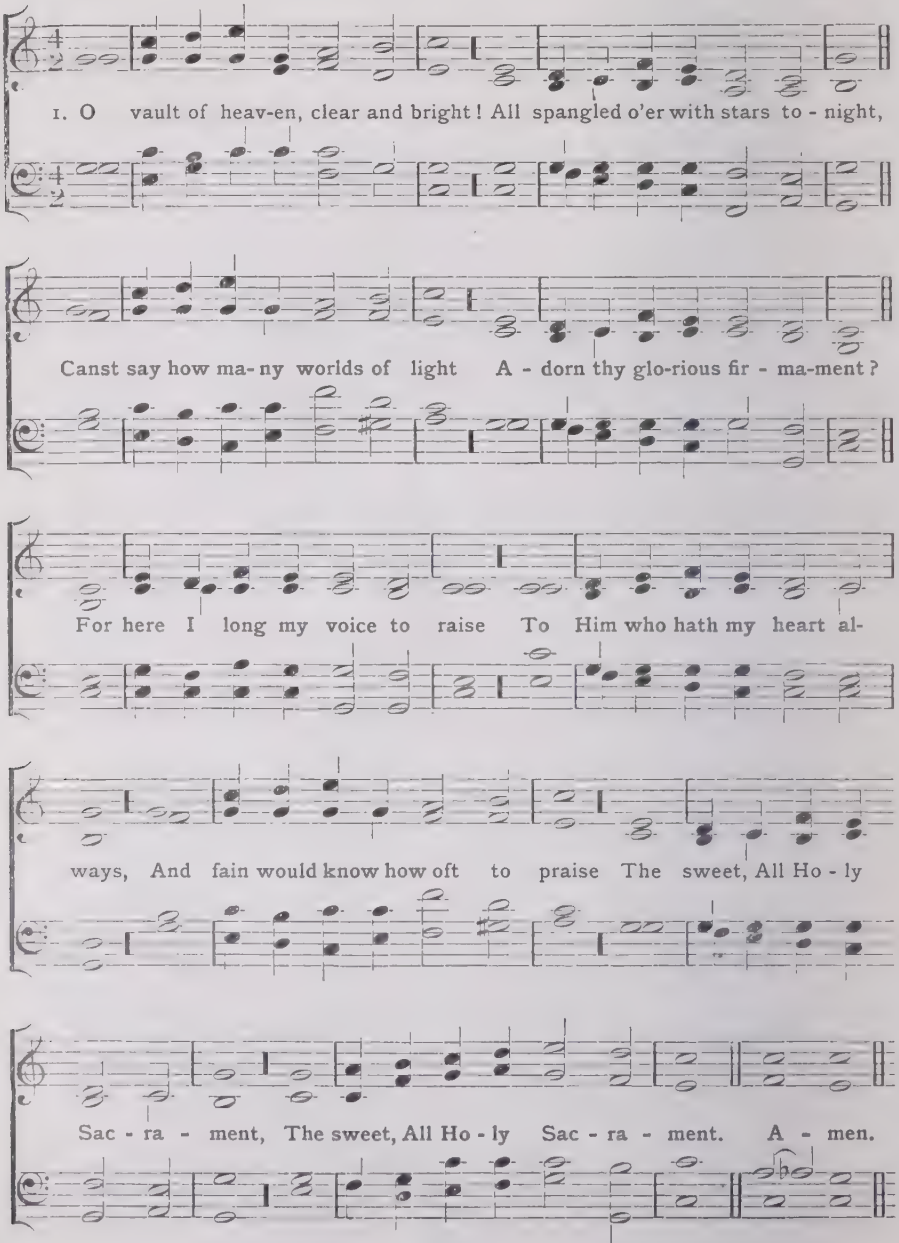
5 Behold the Lamb of God!
All hail! Eternal Word,
Thou universal Lord,
Purge out our leaven,
Clothe us with godliness and good,
Feed us with thy celestial food,
Manna from heaven.

6 Behold the Lamb of God!
Saints wrapped in blissful rest,
Souls waiting to be blessed,
O Lord! how long! [fears,
Thou, Church on earth, o'erwhelmed with
Still in this vale of woe and tears,
Swell the full song.

7 Behold the Lamb of God!
Worthy is He alone
To sit upon the throne
Of God above.
One with the Ancient of all Days,
One with the Paraclete in praise,
All light, all love. Amen.

O vault of heaven, clear and bright!

Hymn 101. L. M. Double.



2 O shining sun! for every ray
That from thee beamed since Eden's day,
And shall, till this world pass away,
And all thy light and heat be spent:
For each bright ray my voice I'd raise
To Him Who hath my heart always,
And sing a canticle of praise
To this Most Holy Sacrament.

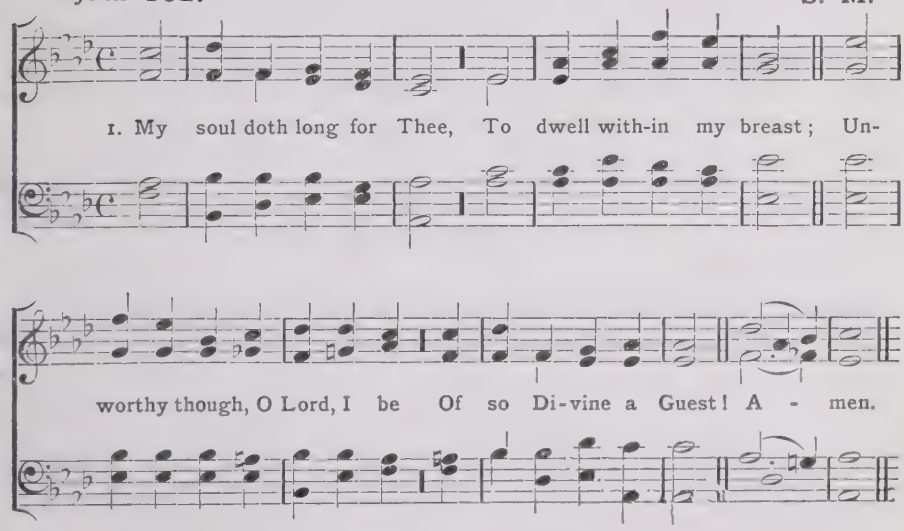
3 O trackless sea! could I but save
And count each short-lived glist'ning wave;
Their sum would tell how oft I crave
To praise the Blessed Sacrament.
O fields! for every grassy blade
Of which thy beauteous robe is made,
Let offerings sweet of praise be laid
Before the Blessed Sacrament.

4 O pleasant gardens! could I know
How many flowers within you grow:
So many flowers of praise I'd strew
Before the Blessed Sacrament.
O wide, wide world! canst tell to me
How many grains of dust in thee?
So many would my praises be
To this Most Holy Sacrament.

5 O earth! thy praises have an end;
To seraphs I the task commend.
Their tireless voices they must lend
To praise the Blessed Sacrament.
Eternity! duration long!
To thee alone it doth belong
To measure when should cease the song
That lauds the Blessed Sacrament!
Amen.

My soul doth long for Thee.

Hymn 102. S. M.



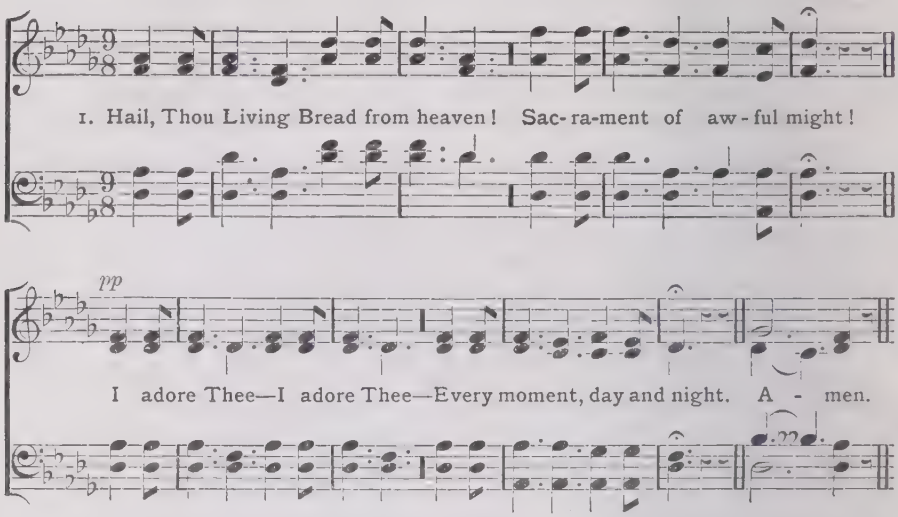
2 Of so Divine a Guest,
Unworthy though I be,
Yet hath my longing heart no rest,
Until it come to Thee.

3 Until it come to Thee,
In vain I look around;
In all I have, in all I see,
No rest is to be found.

4 No rest is to be found,
But in thy sweet embrace;
Oh! when I have my Jesus found,
Naught else can take his place. Amen.

Hail! Thou Living Bread from heaven!

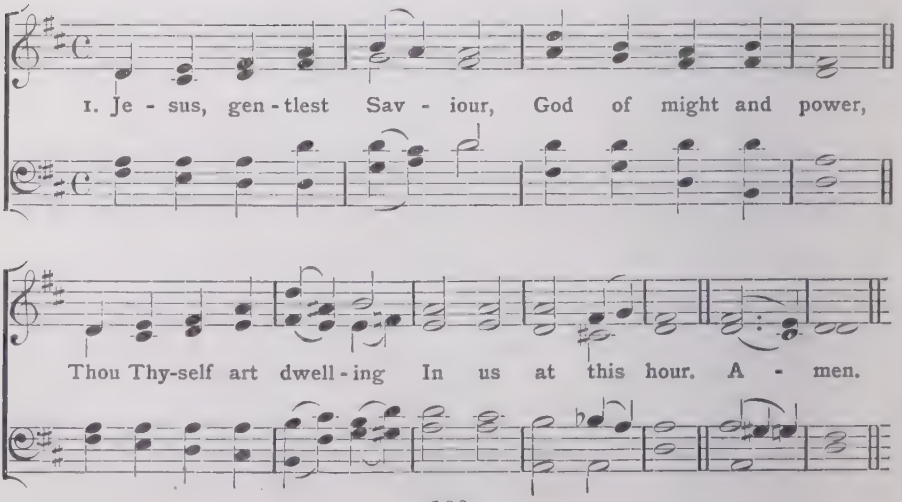
Hymn 103. 87s.



2 Holiest Jesu!—Heart of Mary!
O'er me shed your gifts divine;
Holiest Jesu! my Redeemer!
All my heart and soul are thine. Amen.

Jesus, gentlest Saviour.

Hymn 104. 65s.



2 Nature cannot hold Thee,
Heaven is all too strait
For thine endless glory,
And thy royal state.

3 Out beyond the shining
Of the farthest star,
Thou art ever stretching
Infinitely far;

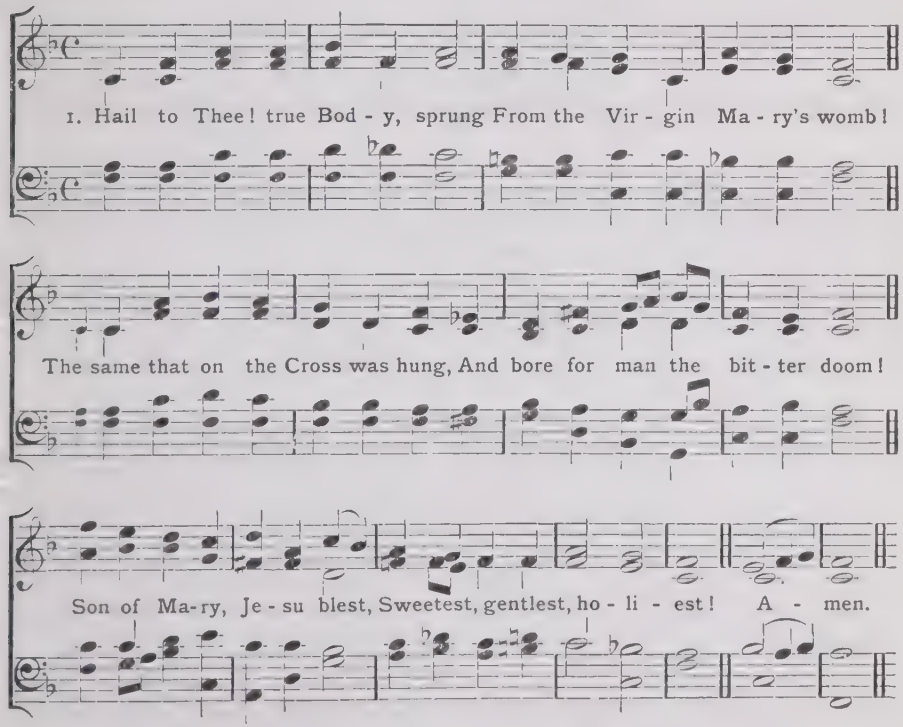
4 Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds cannot,
And the God of wonders
Loves the lowly spot.

5 Oh! how can we thank Thee
For a gift like this—
Gift that truly maketh
Heaven's eternal bliss.

6 Ah! when wilt Thou always
Make our hearts thy home?
We must wait for heaven;
Then the day will come. Amen.

Hail to Thee! true Body, sprung.
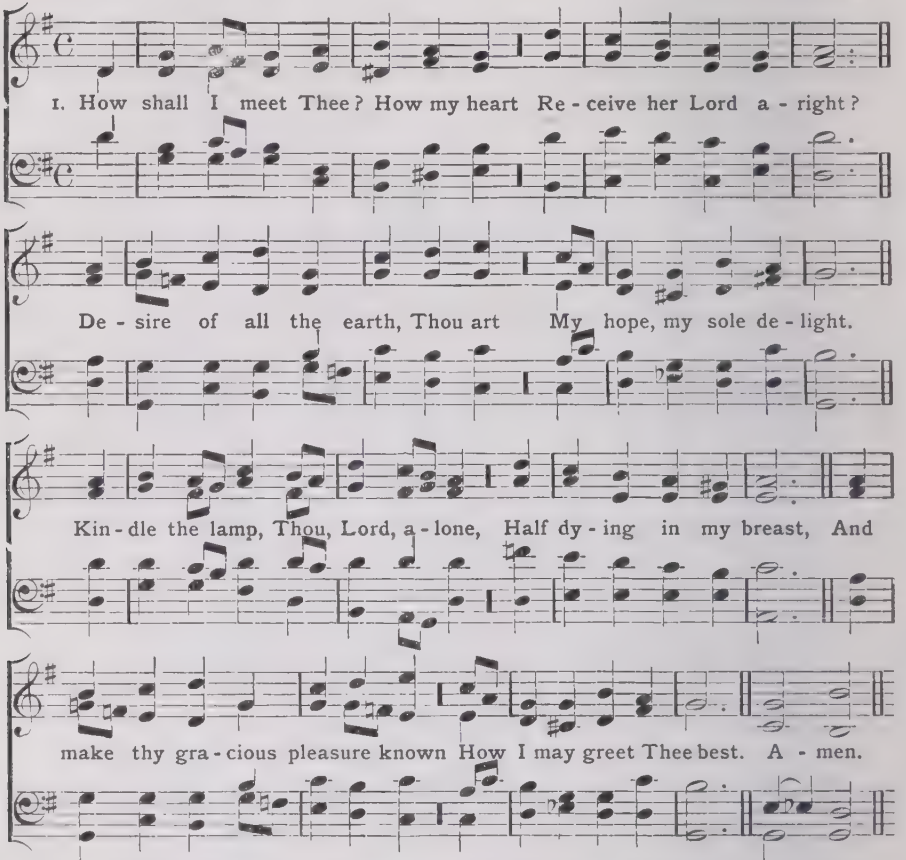
Hymn 105. 7s.



2 Thou whose Side was pierced, and flowed
Both with water and with blood;
Suffer us to taste of Thee,
When comes our life's last agony;
Son of Mary, Jesu blest,
Sweetest, gentlest, holiest! Amen.

How shall I meet Thee?

Hymn 106. **C. M. Double.**



2 In heavy bonds I languish'd long,
Thou com'st to set me free;
The scorn of every mocking tongue,
Thou com'st to honor me.
A heavenly crown Thou dost bestow,
And gifts of priceless worth,
That vanish not, as here below
The riches of the earth.

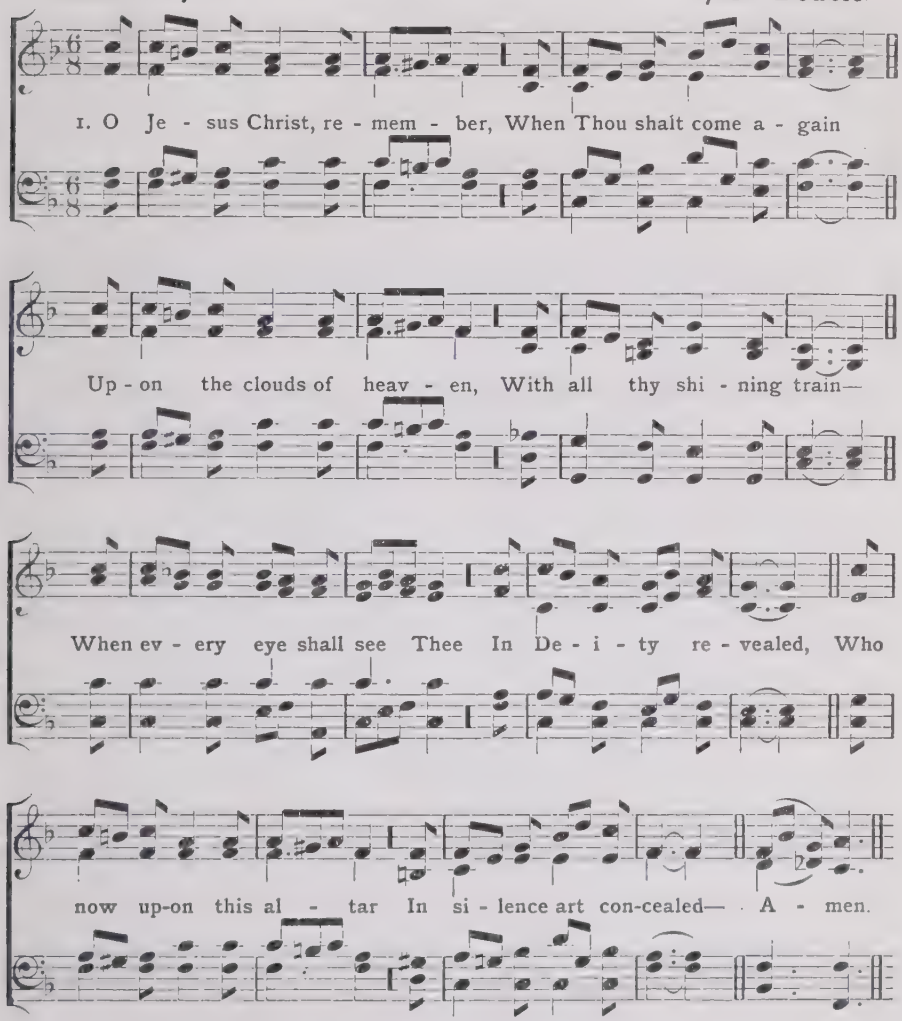
3 Nought, nought, dear Lord! had power to move
Thee from thy rightful place,
Save that almighty, wondrous Love
Wherewith Thou dost embrace
This weary world and all her woe,
Her load of grief and ill,
And sorrow; more than man can know;
Thy love is deeper still.

4 Vex not your souls with care, nor grieve
And labor longer thus,
As though your arm could aught achieve,
And bring Him down to us.
He comes, He comes with ready will,
By pity moved alone,
All pain to soothe, all tears to still,
To Him they all are known.

5 Oh, write this promise in your heart,
Ye sad at heart, with whom
Sorrows fall thick, and joys depart
And darker grows your gloom.
Despair not, for your help is near,
He standeth at the door,
Who best can comfort you and cheer,
He comes, nor stayeth more. Amen.

O Jesus Christ, remember.

Hymn 107. 76s. Double.

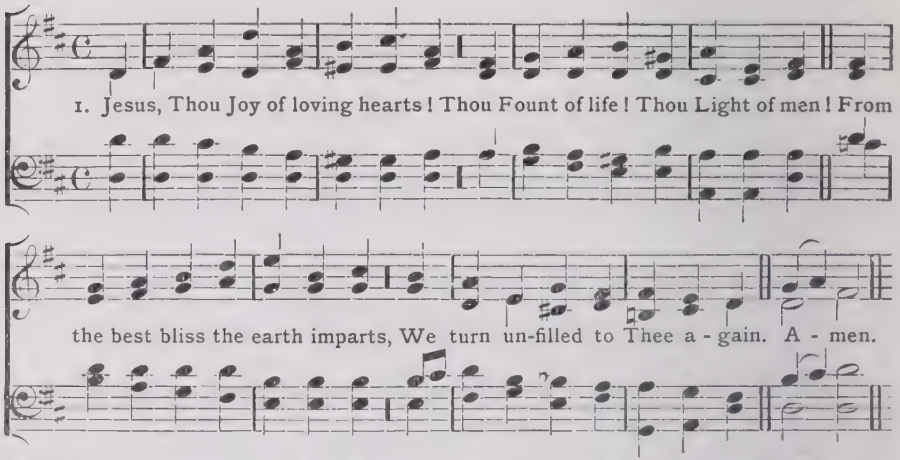


2 Remember then, O Saviour,
I supplicate of Thee,
That here I bowed before Thee,
Upon my bended knee;
That here I owned thy Presence,
And did not Thee deny,
And glorified thy greatness,
Though hid from human eye.

3 Accept, divine Redeemer,
The homage of my praise;
Be Thou the light and honor
And glory of my days;
Be Thou my consolation,
When death is drawing nigh;
Be Thou my only treasure
Through all eternity. Amen.

Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts!

Hymn 108. L. M.



2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, All in all.

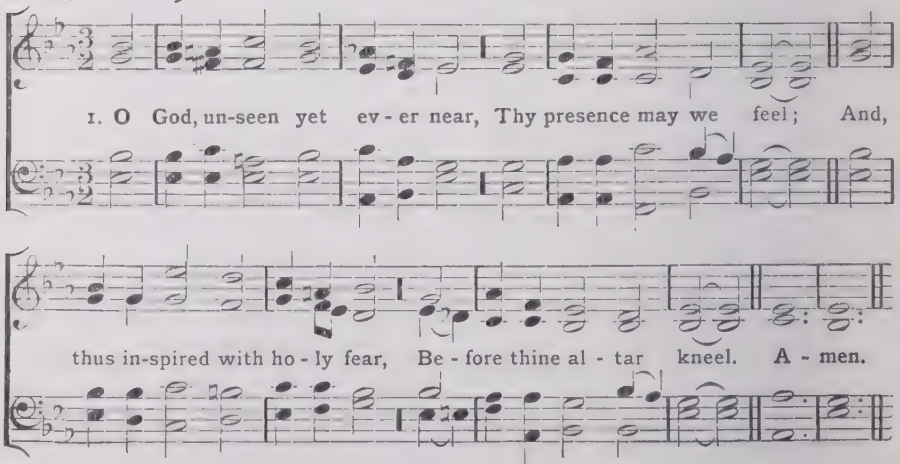
3 We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay!
Make all our moments calm and bright!
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world thy holy light!
Amen.

O God, unseen yet ever near.

Hymn 109. C. M.



2 Here may thy faithful people know
The blessings of thy love,
The streams that thro' the desert flow,
The manna from above.

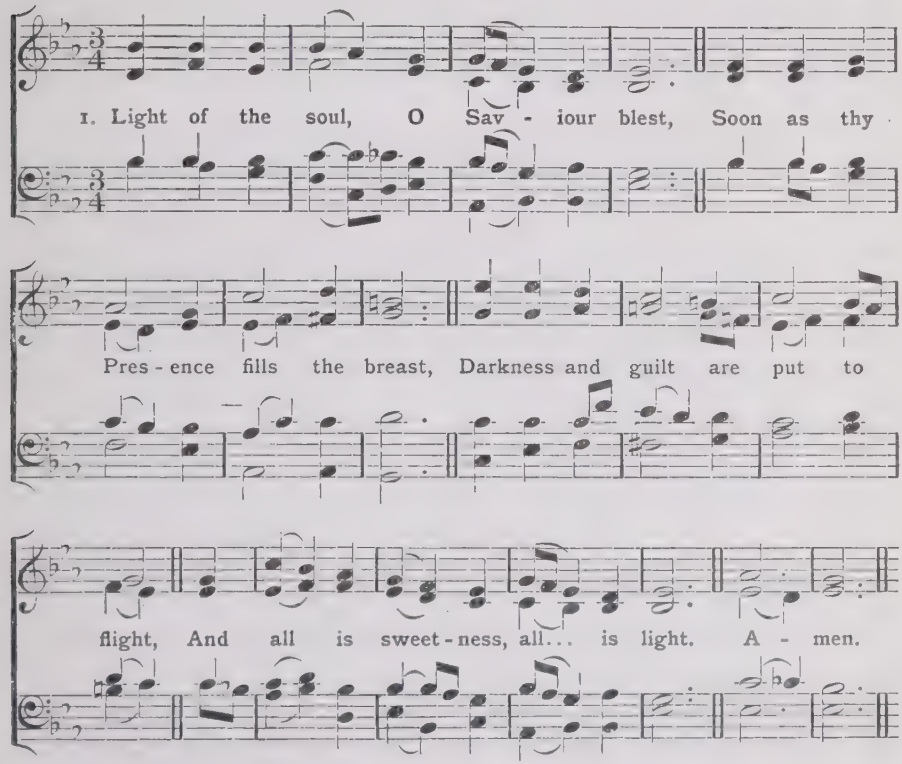
3 We come, obedient to thy word,
To feast on heavenly Food:
Our meat, the Body of the Lord,
Our drink, his precious Blood.

4 Thus may we all thy words obey,
For we, O Lord, are thine,
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
From men and from the angel-host
Be glory evermore. Amen.

Light of the soul.

Hymn 110. L. M.



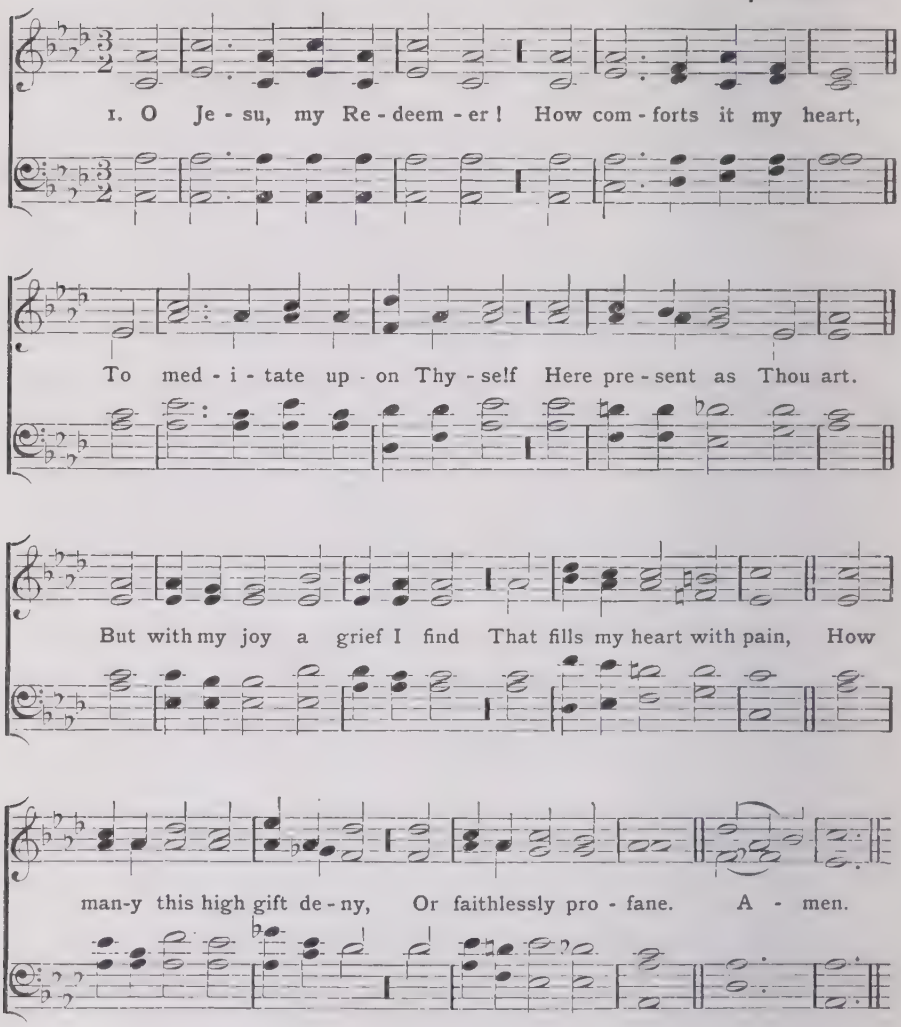
2 Son of the Father, Lord most High!
How glad is he who feels Thee nigh!
How sweet in heaven thy beam doth glow,
Denied to eye of flesh below. Amen.

3 O Light of light celestial,
O Charity ineffable,
Come in thy hidden majesty,
Fill us with love, fill us with Thee.

4 To Jesus from the proud concealed,
But evermore to babes revealed,
All glory with the Father be,
And Holy Ghost eternally. Amen.

O Jesu, my Redeemer.

Hymn III. 7686 8686.



2 From out the folds of darkness
That veil thy glory o'er,
I seem to hear thy pleading voice,
As from the Cross of yore,—
"Come near," Thou say'st, "and be ye
So thankless and untrue; [not
For never suffered man so much
As I your God for you.

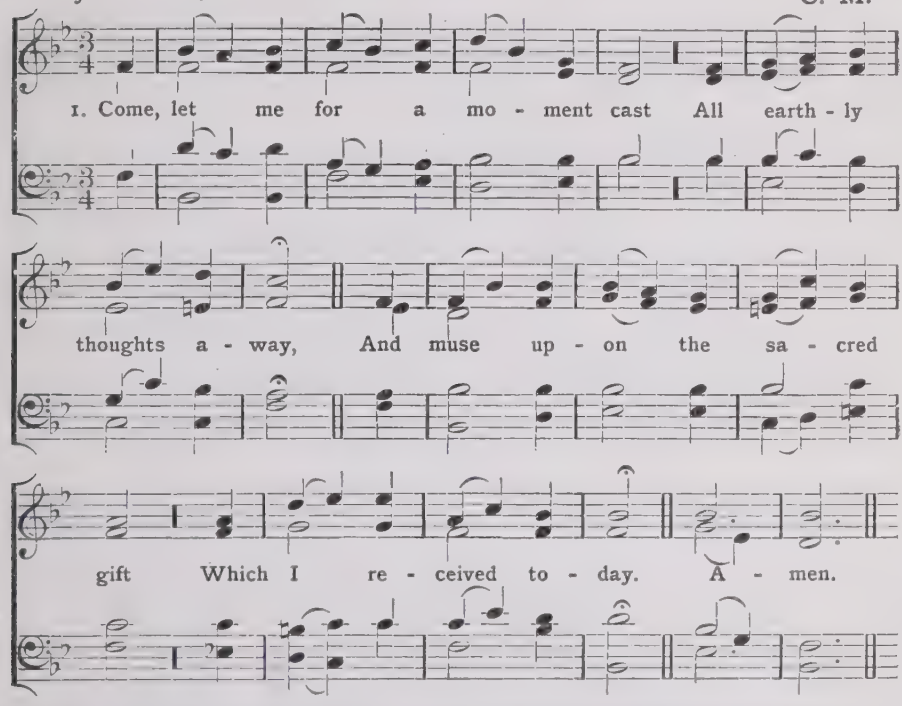
3 "Come near, and in my Presence
A few short moments spend,
For quickly fleets your life away,
And soon there comes an end."
Thus from thy holy altar-throne,
Thou seemest, Lord, to plead:
But man, vain man, he passes on,
And gives Thee little heed.

4 O Christ! for all dishonors,
Neglect and cruel wrong,
Which Thou in thy dear Sacrament
Endurest all day long,
This reparation, Lord, accept,
Unworthy, though it be,
Receive the homage of my heart,
Which here I offer Thee.

5 With all devout affections
Enrich me from above,
That I may value as I ought
This miracle of love.
And let the ardor of that love
Consume me more and more,
Until I see thy Face in bliss
Unveiled for evermore. Amen.

Come, let me for a moment cast.

Hymn 112. C. M.



2 This morning that Eternal Lord,
Who is my Judge to be,
Came to this lowly tenement,
And stayed a while with me.

3 With his celestial Flesh and Blood,
My fainting soul He fed;
With tender words of grace and love,
My heart He comforted.

4 He, Who of all that live and breathe
Is all the life and breath,
This morning deigned to visit me
In this, my house of death!
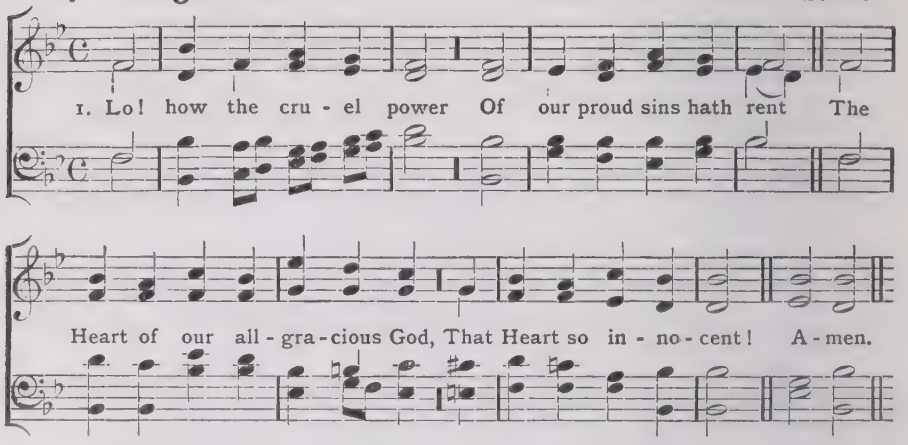
5 He Who in awful Godhead sits
Upon his throne on high,
This morning entered my abode
In his Humanity!

6 O soul of mine! reflect, reflect;
Consider, one by one,
What marvels of surpassing grace
Thy God in thee has done.

7 His tender love with love repay;
Extol his sacred Name;
To all the world his greatness tell,
His graciousness proclaim. Amen.

Lo! how the cruel power.

Hymn 113. S. M.



2 O wounded Heart! whence sprang
The Church, the Saviour's Bride;
Thou Door of our salvation's Ark
Set in its mystic side!

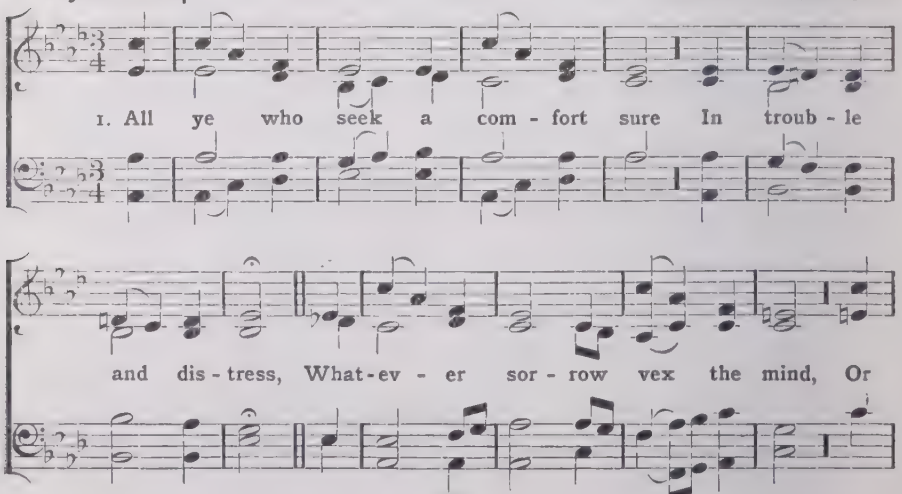
3 Thou holy Fount, whence flows
The sacred seven-fold flood,
Where we our robes defiled may cleanse
In the Lamb's saving Blood.

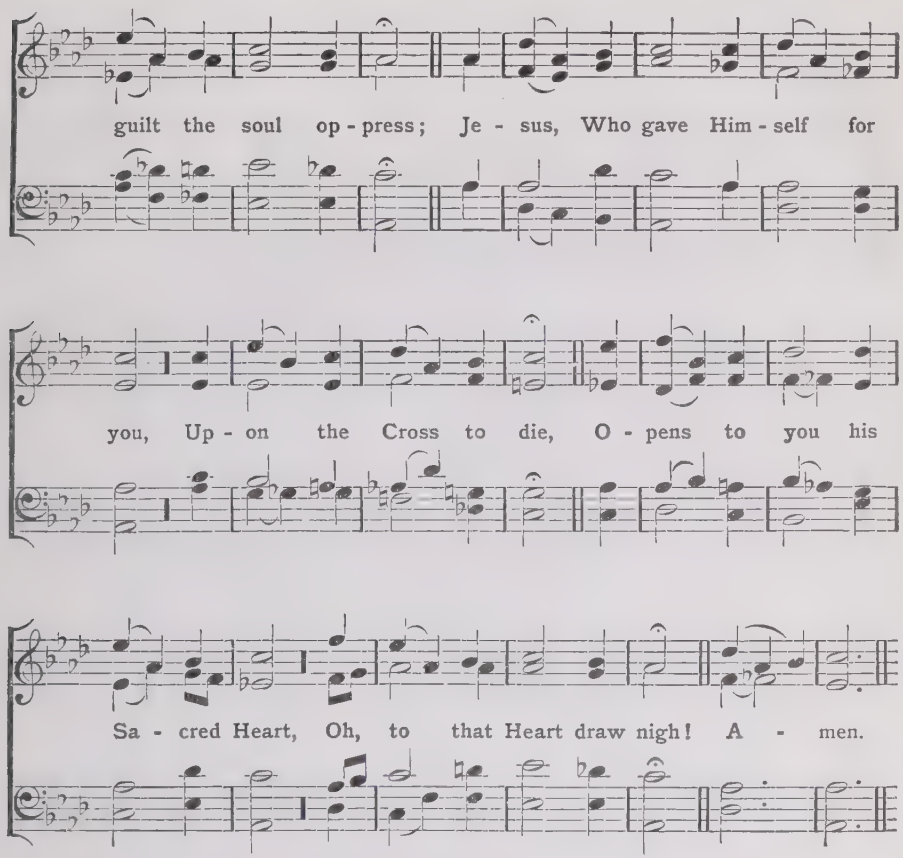
4 By sorrowful relapse
Thee will we rend no more;
But like thy flames, those types of love,
Strive heavenward to soar.

5 Father and Son supreme,
And Spirit, hear our cry!
Whose is the kingdom, praise and power,
Through all eternity. Amen.

All ye who seek a comfort sure.

Hymn 114. C. M. Double.



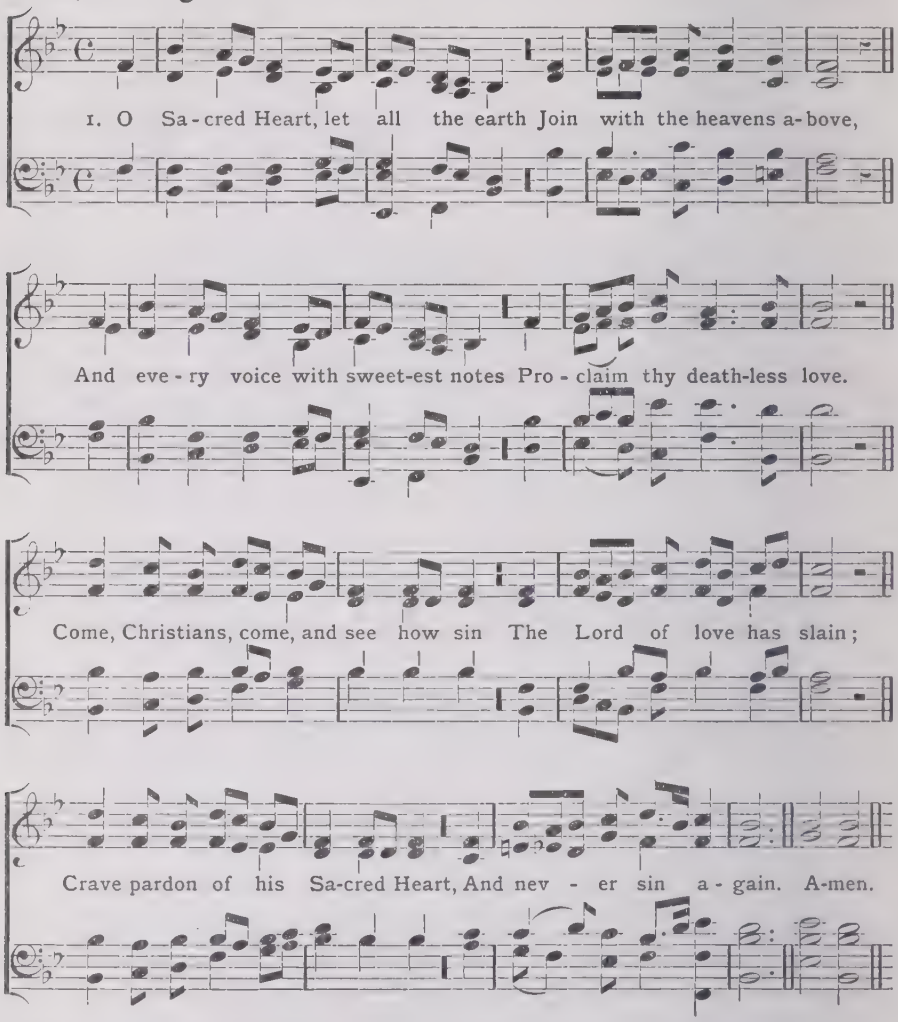


2 To sorrowing, contrite hearts what joy
To hear those words so blest:—
"All ye that labor come to Me,
And I will give you rest."
What meeker than the Saviour's Heart
As on the Cross He lay?
It did his murderers forgive,
And for their pardon pray.

3 O Heart! Thou Joy of saints on high,
Thou Hope of sinners here!
Attracted by those loving words,
To thee I lift my prayer.
Wash Thou my wounds in that dear Blood
Which forth from Thee doth flow;
New grace, new hope inspire; a new
And better heart bestow. Amen.

O Sacred Heart, let all the earth.

Hymn 115. C. M. Double.



2 Sweet, patient, kind and loving Lord,
My sins have wounded Thee;
O take me to thy Sacred Heart,
Its Love will pardon me.
O Christians, see what grievous wounds
For love your Saviour bore;
Take refuge in His Sacred Heart,
And you will sin no more.

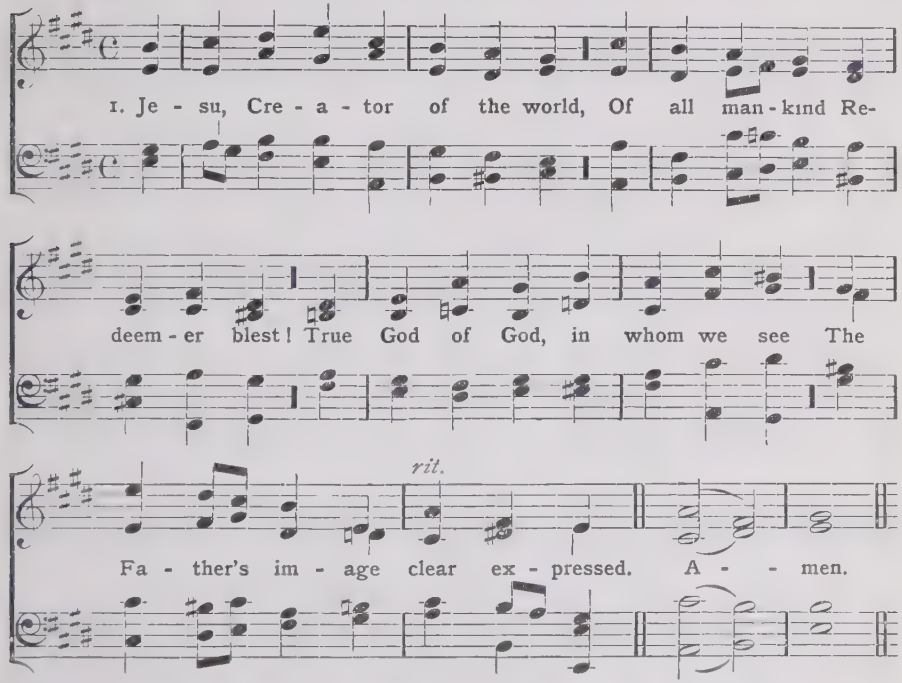
3 Friendless I stand beside thy cross,
In guilt and misery;
O take me to thy wounded Heart,
Its Love will comfort me.
Come, Christians, come and see what sin
Against your Lord could do;
Then look into his Heart, and see
What He hath done for you.

4 Homeless, amid this stormy world,
Far have I strayed from Thee;
Open to me thy Sacred Heart,
Its Love will shelter me.
Come, Christians, come and see how sin
The Lord of love has slain;
Crave pardon of his Sacred Heart,
And never sin again.

5 Yes, take me, bind me, Lord of love,
And hide me in thy breast;
No other love can give such bliss,
And only there is rest!
O Christians! see what grievous wounds
For love your Saviour bore;
Come, hide within his Sacred Heart,
And we will sin no more. Amen.

Jesu, Creator of the world.

Hymn 116. L. M.



2 Thee, Saviour, Love alone constrained
To make our mortal flesh thine own;
And as a second Adam come,
For the first Adam to atone.

3 That self-same Love which made the sky, [earth,
Which made the sea, and stars, and
Took pity on our misery,
And broke the bondage of our birth.
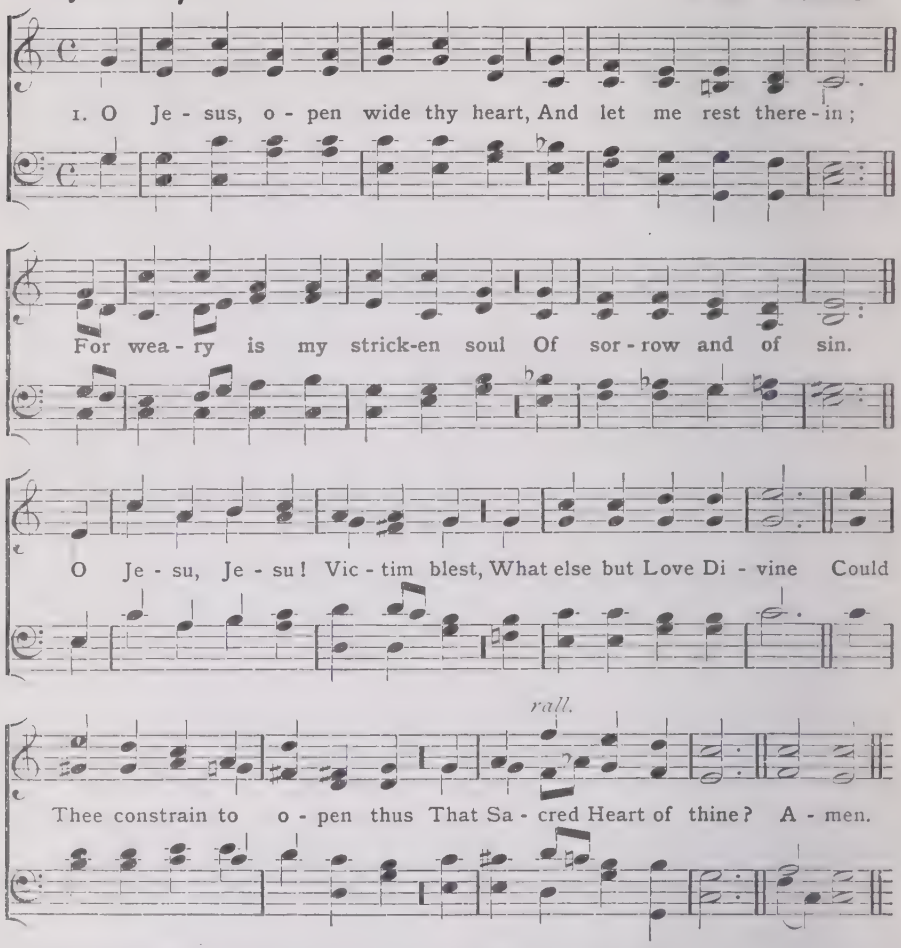
4 O Jesu! in thy Heart divine
May that same love for ever glow;
For ever mercy to mankind
From that exhaustless Fountain flow.

5 For this thy Sacred Heart was pierced,
And both with Blood and Water ran;
To cleanse us from the stains of guilt,
And be the strength and hope of man.

6 To God the Father, and the Son,
All praise and power and glory be,
With Thee, O Holy Comforter,
Henceforth through all eternity. Amen.

O Jesus, open wide thy Heart.

Hymn 117. C. M. Double.



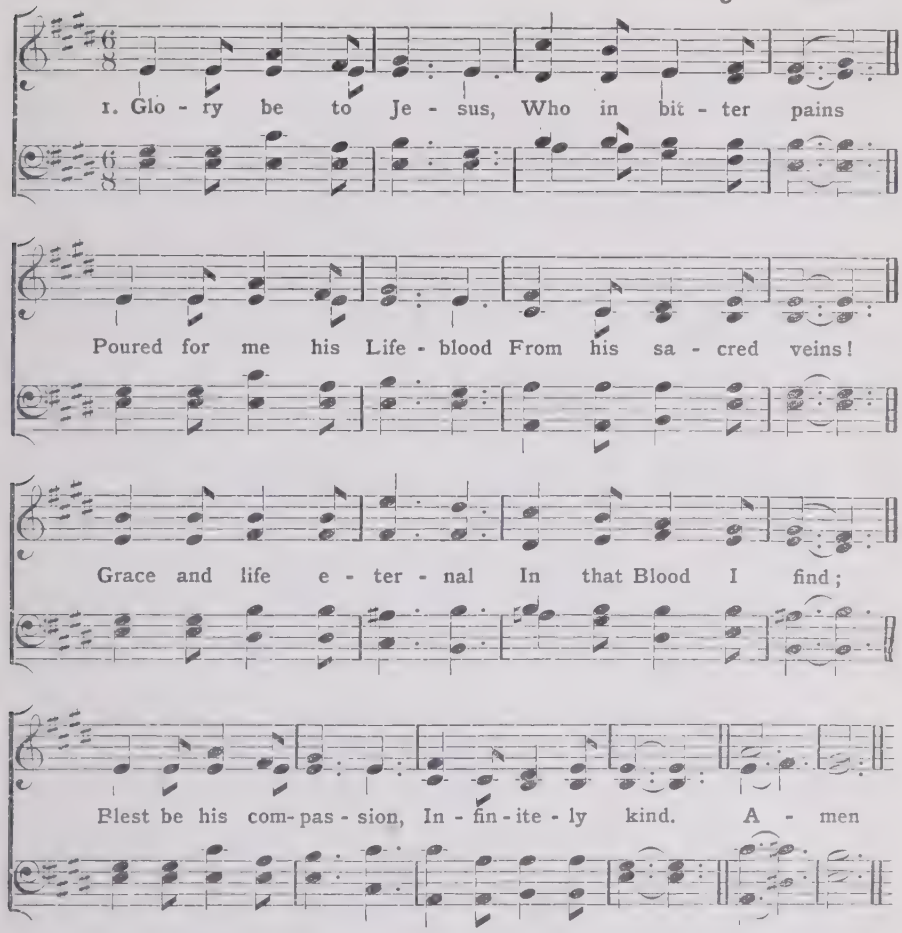
2 O Veil of awful mystery!
O Temple all sublime!
Thou Sanctuary, holier far
Than that of olden time.
O Fount of endless Life and Joy!
O Spring of waters clear!
O Flame celestial, cleansing all
Who unto Thee draw near.

3 Beneath this emblem of pure love,
'Twas Love Himself that died,
And offered up Himself for us,
A Victim crucified.
Blest Heart of Christ, in thy dear wound
The hidden depth we see
Of what we else could never know—
His boundless charity.

4 Oh, who of his redeemed will Him
Their mutual love refuse?
Who would not rather in that Heart
Their home eternal choose?
Yes, take me to that Place of Rest,
And seal the entrance o'er,
That from that home my wayward heart
May never wander more. Amen.

Glory be to Jesus.

Hymn 118. 65s. Double.



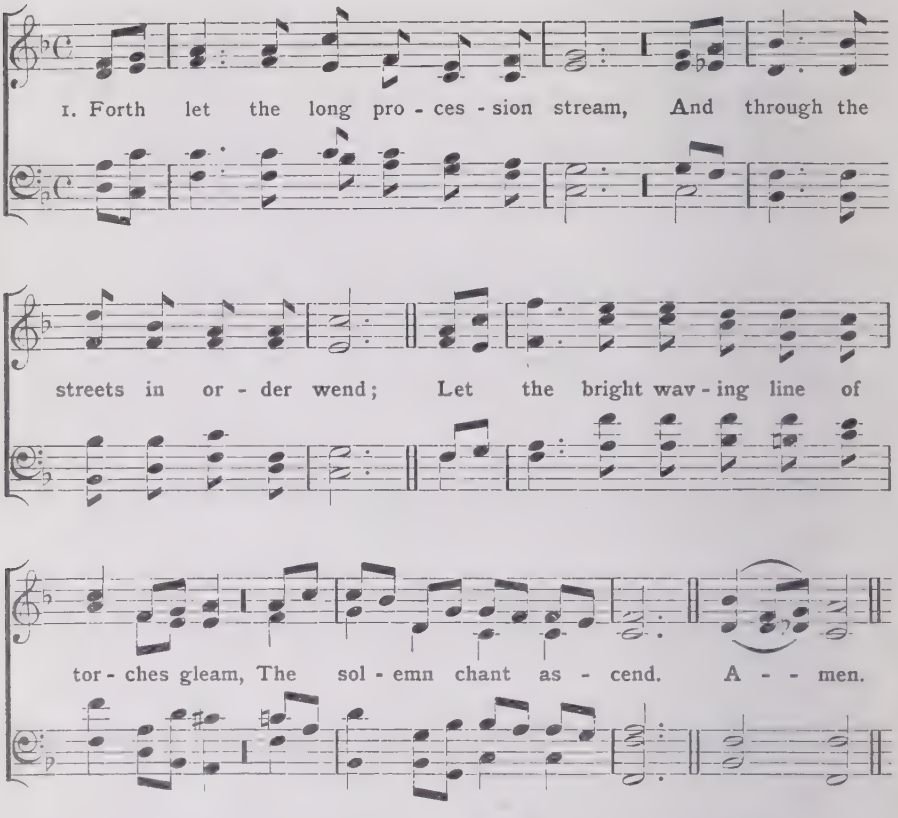
2 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream
Which from endless torment
Doth the world redeem.
There the fainting spirit
Drinks of life her fill;
There, as in a fountain,
Laves herself at will.

3 O the Blood of Christ!
It soothes the Father's ire;
Opes the gates of heaven;
Quells eternal fire.
Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the Blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

4 Oft as earth, exulting,
Wafts its praise on high,
Hell with terror trembles,
Heaven is filled with joy.
Lift ye, then, your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder
Praise the Precious Blood. Amen.

Forth let the long procession stream.

Hymn 119. 8810 6.



2 While we with tears and sighs profound,
That memorable Blood record,
Which, stretch'd on his hard Cross, from many a wound
The dying Jesus poured.

3 By the first Adam's fatal sin
Came death upon the human race;
In this new Adam doth new life begin,
And everlasting grace.

4 For scarce the Father heard from heaven
The cry of his expiring Son,
When in that cry our sins were all forgiven,
And boundless pardon won.
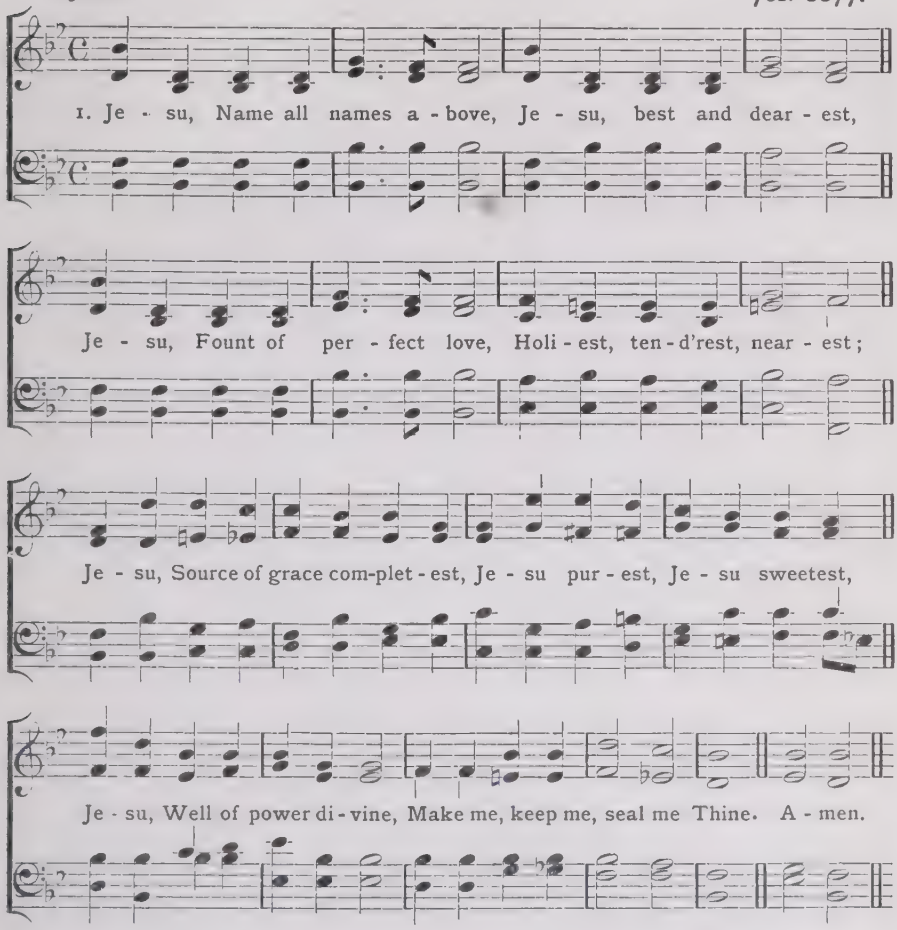
5 Henceforth, whoso in that dear Blood
Doth wash, shall lose his every stain;
And in immortal roseate beauty robed,
An angel's likeness gain.

6 Only run thou with courage on
Straight to the goal set in the skies;
He, Who assists thy course, will give thee soon
Th' incomparable prize.

7 Father supreme! vouchsafe that we,
For whom thine only Son was slain,
And whom thy Holy Ghost dost sanctify,
May to thy joys attain. Amen.

Jesu, Name all names above.

Hymn 120. 76s. 8877.
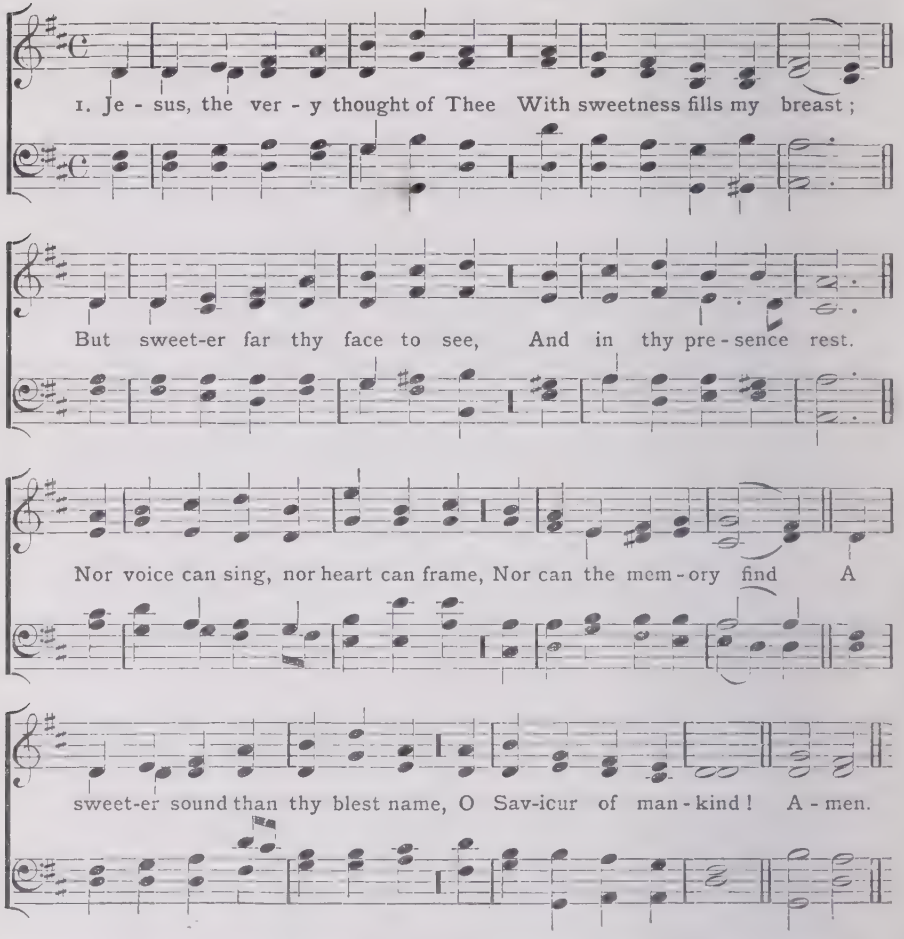


2 Jesu, open me the gate
Which the sinner entered,
Who, in his last dying state,
Wholly on Thee ventured;
Thou, whose Wounds are ever pleading,
And thy Passion interceding,
From my misery let me rise
To a home in Paradise.

3 Thou didst call the Prodigal:
Thou didst pardon Mary:
Thou, whose words can never fall,
Love can never vary;
Lord, to heal my lost condition
Give,—for Thou canst give,—contrition;
Thou canst pardon all my ill
If Thou wilt: O say "I will!"

4 When I cross Death's bitter sea,
And its waves roll higher,
Help the more forsaking me
As the storm draws nigher:
Jesu, leave me not to languish,
Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish;
Tell me, "Verily, I say,
Thou shalt be with Me to-day."
Amen.

Jesus, the very thought of Thee.

Hymn 121. **C. M. Double.**



2 O hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!
But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show.
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but his loved ones know.

3 O Jesu, light of all below!
Thou Fount of life and fire!
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire.
Thee will I seek, at home, abroad,
Who everywhere art nigh;
Thee in my bosom's cell, O Lord,
As on my bed I lie.

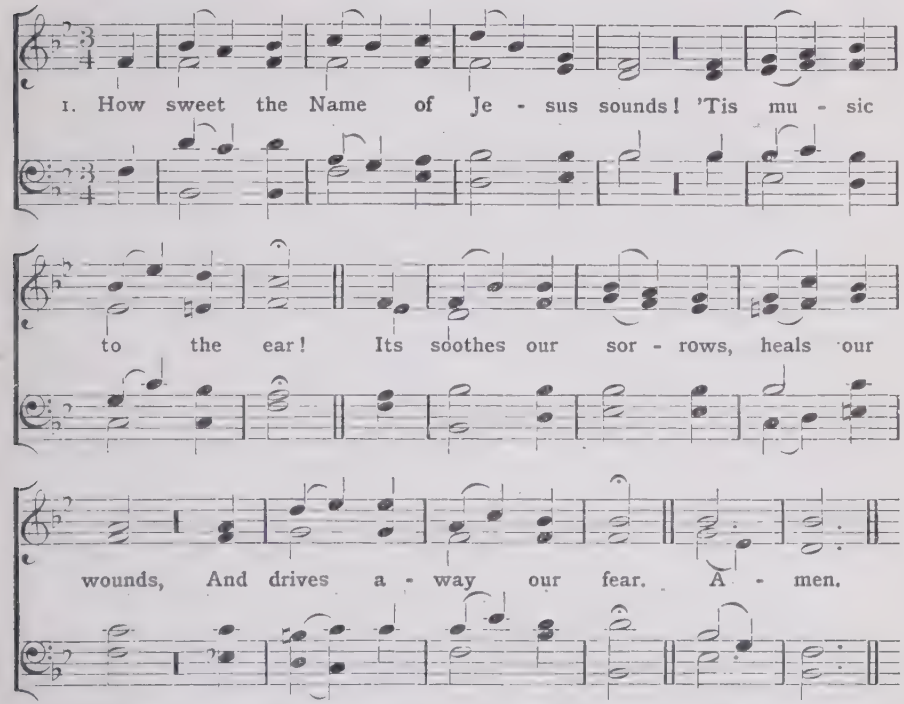
4 With Mary to thy tomb I'll haste,
Before the dawning skies,
And all around with longing cast
My soul's inquiring eyes:
Beside thy grave will make my moan,
And sob my heart away;
Then at thy feet sink trembling down
And there adoring stay.

5 O Jesu, Thou the beauty art
Of angel worlds above;
Thy Name is music to the heart,
Enchanting it with love.
For Thee I yearn, for Thee I sigh;
When wilt Thou come to me,
And make me glad eternally
With one blest sight of Thee?

6 May every heart confess thy Name,
And ever Thee adore;
And seeking Thee, itself inflame,
To seek Thee more and more!
And, O my Jesu, pardon me,
Unfit to speak thy praise;
Yet daring thus, for love of Thee,
My trembling hymn to raise. Amen.

How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds.

Hymn 122. C. M.



2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear Name! the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

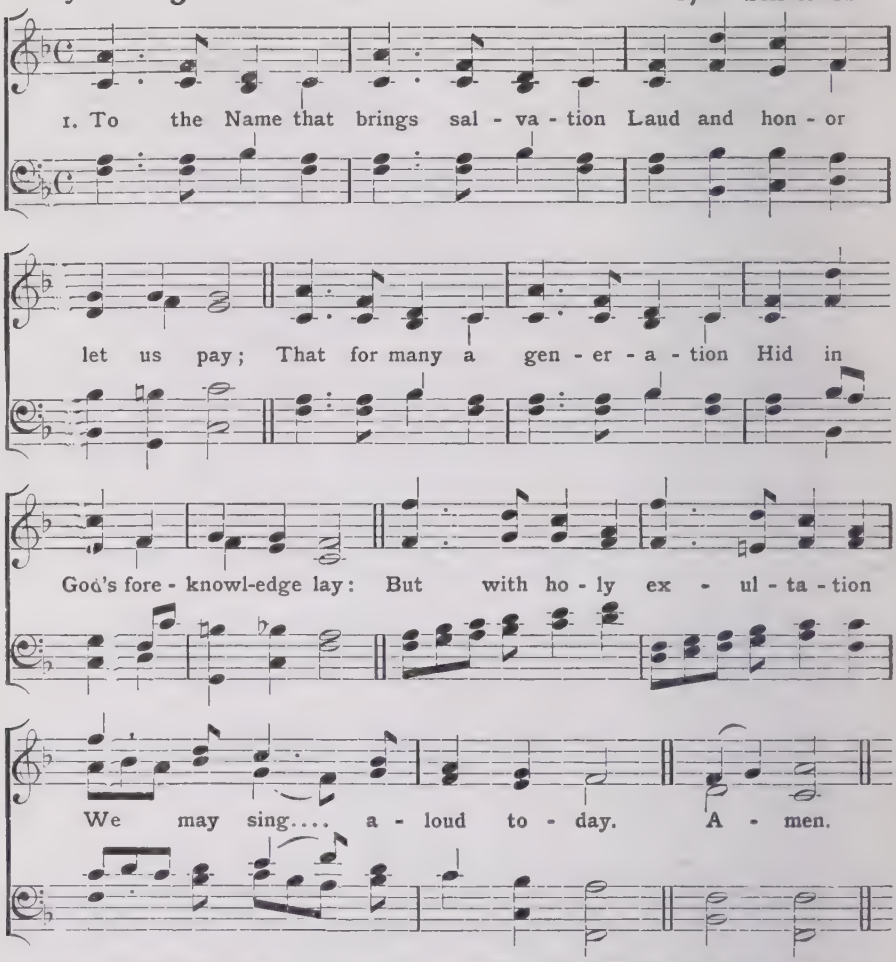
4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy Name
Refresh my soul in death. Amen.

To the Name that brings salvation.

Hymn 123. 87s. Six lines.



2 Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
Name beyond what words can tell;
Name of sweetness, passing measure,
Ear and heart delighting well:
'Tis our safeguard and our treasure,
'Tis our help 'gainst sin and hell.

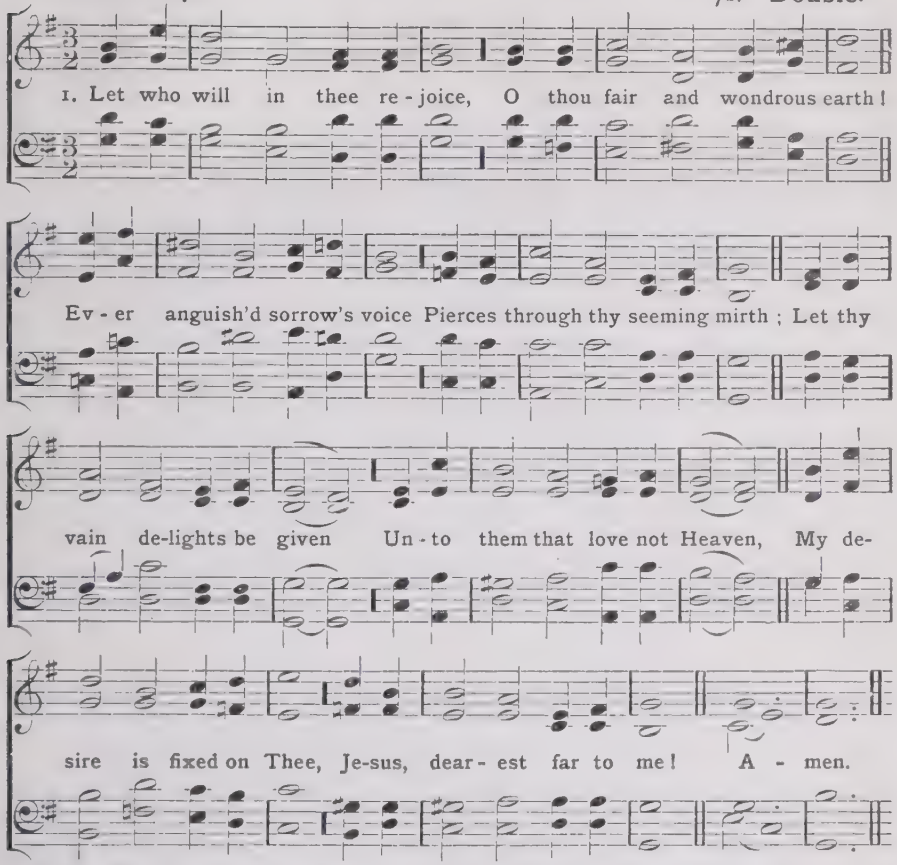
3 'Tis the Name for adoration,
'Tis the Name of victory,
'Tis the Name for meditation
In the vale of misery,
Name for joyful veneration
By the citizens on high.

4 'Tis the Name that whoso preacheth
Finds it music to the ear;
'Tis the Name that whoso teacheth
Finds more sweet than honey's cheer:
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth
Heavenly joy possesseth here.

5 Jesu, we thy Name adoring
Long to see Thee as Thou art;
Of thy clemency imploring
So to write it in our heart,
That hereafter heavenward soaring
We with angels may have part. Amen.

Let who will in thee rejoice.

Hymn 124. 7s. Double.



2 Weary souls, with toil outworn,
Drooping 'neath the long hot light,
Wish that soon the coming morn
Might be quench'd again in night,
That their toil might find a close
In a soft and deep repose;
I but wish to rest in Thee,
Jesus, dearest far to me!

3 Others dare the treacherous wave,
Hidden rock and shifting wind—
Storm and danger let them brave,
Earthly good or wealth to find;
Faith shall wing my upward flight
Far above yon starry height,
Till I find myself with Thee,
Jesus, dearest Friend to me!

4 Many a time ere now I said,
Many a time again shall say,
Would to God that I were dead,
Would that in my grave I lay!
Death's approach who will may fly,
'Twere a joy to me to die,
For he opes the gates to Thee,
Jesus, dearest Friend to me!

5 But not yet the gates of gold
I may see, nor enter in,
Nor the heavenly fields behold,
But must sit, and mourning spin
Life's dark thread on earth below;
Let my thoughts then hourly go
Whither I myself would be,
Jesus, dearest Lord, with Thee! Amen.

Hymns

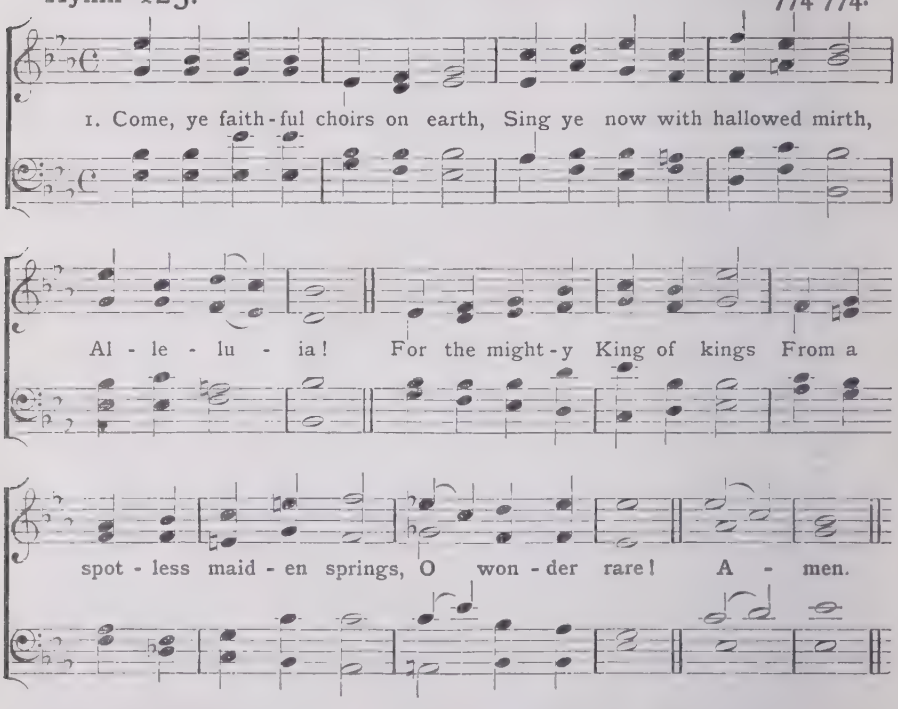
TO

The Blessed Virgin and the Saints.

Candlemas.

Come, ye faithful choirs.

Hymn 125. 774 774.



2 Him the holy Virgin bore,
Wonderful and Counsellor;
Sun sprung from a star:
Sun which never night shall know,
Star whose Ray shall ever glow,
Gleaming afar.

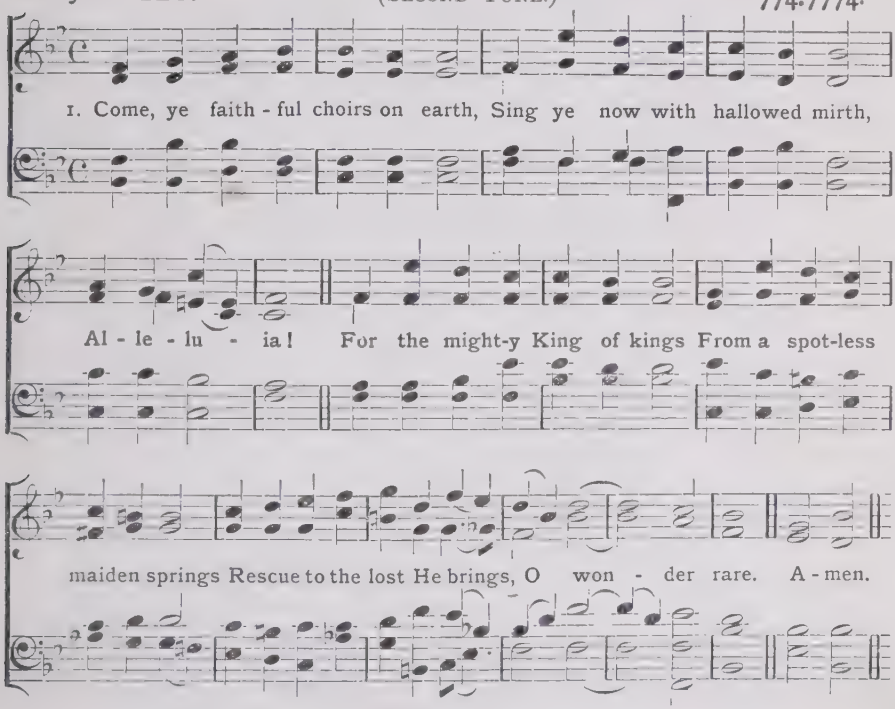
3 As a star puts forth its ray
So her Son in wondrous way
The Virgin bare.
So our faith does us assure,
That the Virgin still is pure:
No stain is there.

4 Lebanon's tall cedar bends;
And like hyssop made, descends,
Our woe to share.
He God's Word and Essence came,
Dwelling in a mortal frame,
The cross to bear.

5 This the Prophet had foreshewn:
This with thankful love we own;
Alleluia!
Him Who doth the world uphold,
Now a Virgin's arms enfold.
Alleluia! Amen.

Come, ye faithful choirs.

Hymn 126. (Second Tune.) 774·7774·



2 Him the holy Virgin bore,
Wonderful and Counsellor;
Sun sprung from a star:
Sun which never night shall know,
Star whose Ray shall ever glow,
And whose beams will brighter grow,
Gleaming afar.

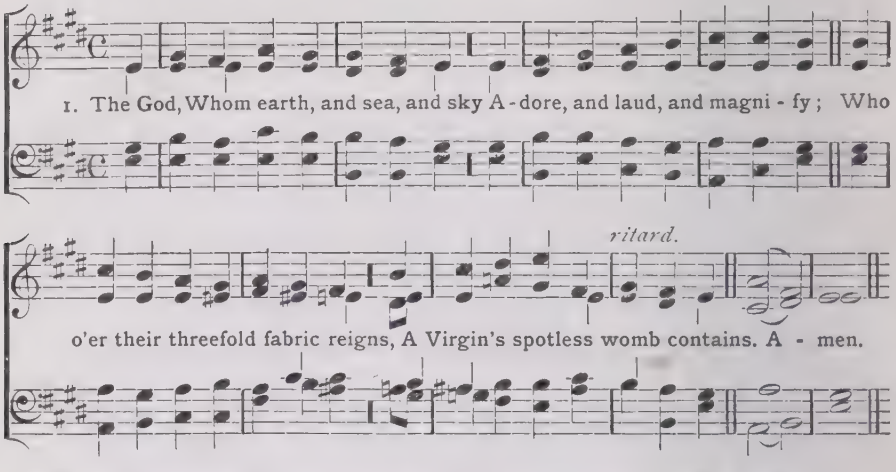
3 As a star puts forth its ray
So her Son in wondrous way
The Virgin bare.
Bright the star doth still endure,
So our faith doth us assure
That the Virgin still is pure:
No stain is there.

4 Lebanon's tall cedar bends;
And like hyssop made, descends,
Our woe to share.
He God's Word and Essence came,
Dwelling in a mortal frame,
Jesus, Saviour, is his Name,
The cross to bear.

5 This the Prophet had foreshewn:
This with thankful love we own;
Alleluia!
Him Whom Holy Writ foretold,
Him Who doth the world uphold,
Now a Virgin's arms enfold.
Alleluia! Amen.

The God, Whom earth, and sea, and sky.

Hymn 127. **L. M.**



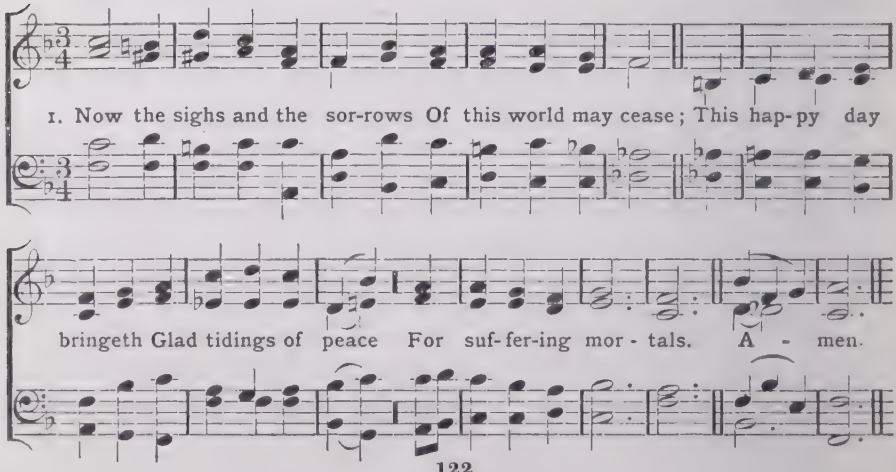
2 The God, whose will by stars and sun
And all things in due course is done,
Is borne upon a Maiden's breast,
By fullest heavenly grace possessed.

3 O happy Mary! raised to be
Mother of grace and clemency;
Protect us at the hour of death,
And bear to heaven our parting breath.

4 All honor, praise, and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee!
And glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

Now the sighs and the sorrows.

Hymn 128. **75655.**



2 Since through one man's transgression
We all of us fell;
From heavenly mansions,
To save us from hell,
He came, the Most Highest.

3 To the one chosen Virgin,
Who God was to bear,
The Angel descendeth
The tale to declare,
Salvation's high herald.

4 Lo! the Word of the Father,
Eternally born,
Assumeth man's body,
On this blessed morn,
That He may redeem us.

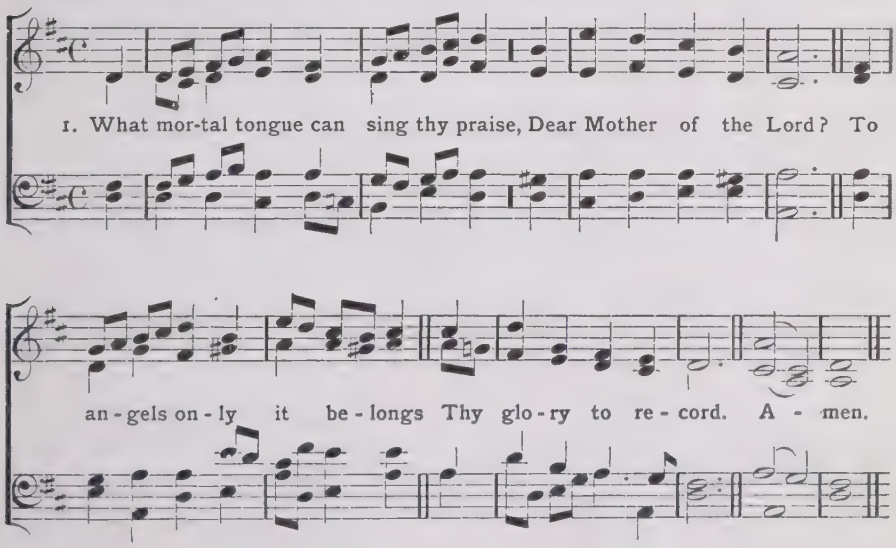
5 He shall offer this Body
Our ransom to be;
His Blood He shall pour forth
His servants to free,
And pour every life-drop.

6 From our country, poor exiles,
We wandered in vain,
And knew not the pathway
By which to regain
True joy everlasting.

7 To the place of our exile
God deigns to descend;
Our way He becometh
Himself, and our end;
We walk here in safety. Amen.

What mortal tongue can sing thy praise?

Hymn 129. C. M.



2 O Virgin, what sweet force was that,
Which from the Father's breast
Drew forth his co-eternal Son
To be thy bosom's guest?

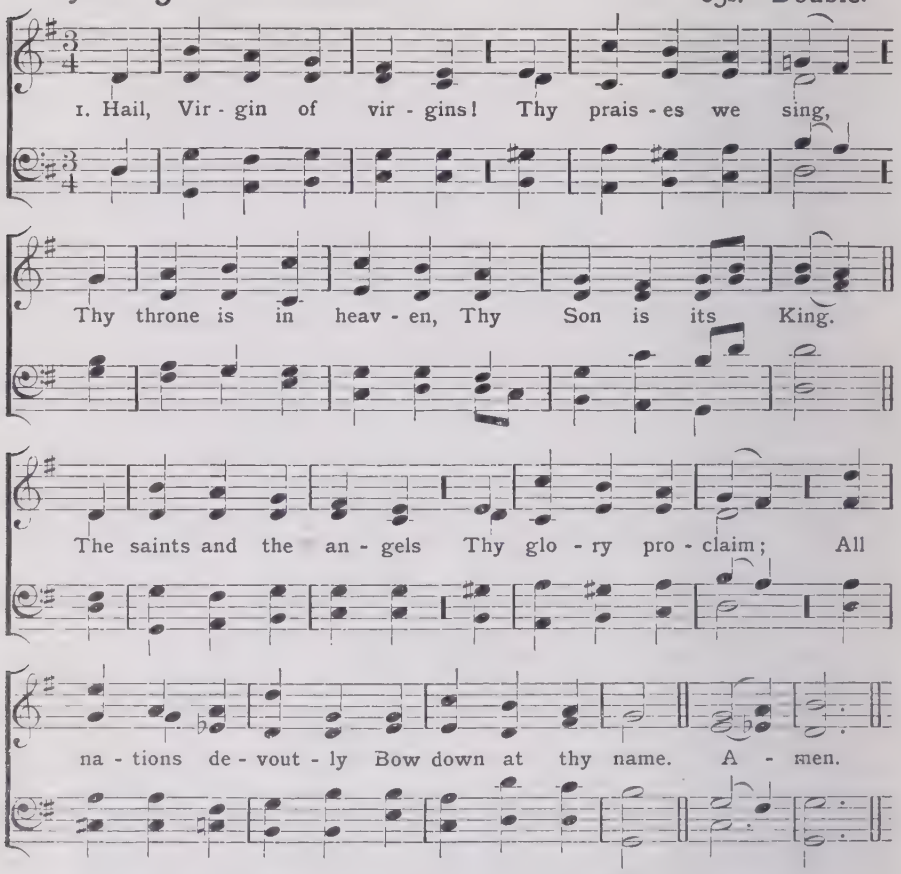
3 'Twas not thy guileless faith alone,
That lifted thee so high;
'Twas not thy pure, seraphic love,
Or peerless chastity;—

4 But oh! it was thy lowliness,
Well pleasing to the Lord,
That made thee worthy to become
The Mother of the Word.

5 Praise to the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Ghost, through Whom
The Word eternal was conceived
Within the Virgin's womb. Amen.

Hail, Virgin of virgins!

Hymn 130. 65s. Double.



2 Let all sing of Mary,
The Mystical Rod,
The Mirror of Justice,
The Handmaid of God.
Let valley and mountain
Unite in her praise,
The sea with its waters,
The sun with its rays.

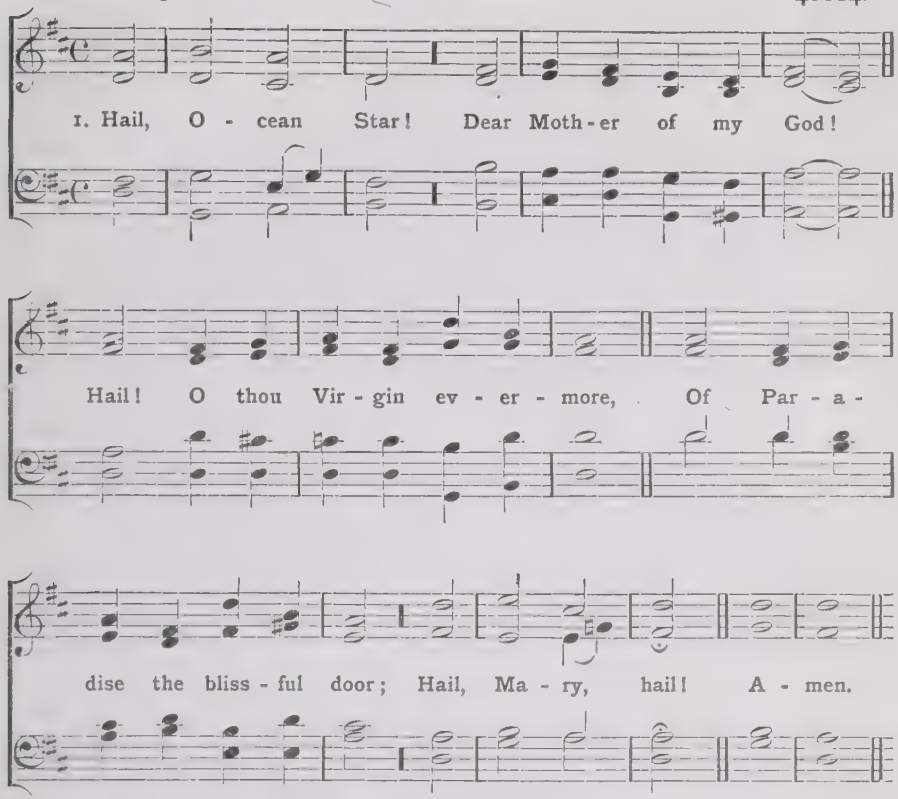
3 Let souls that are holy
Still holier be,
To sing with the angels,
Sweet Mary, of thee.
Let all who are sinners
To virtue return,
That hearts without number
With thy love may burn.

4 Thy name is our power,
Thy love is our light;
We praise thee at morning,
At noon, and at night.
We thank thee, we bless thee,
When happy and free;
When tempted by Satan,
We call upon thee.

5 Oh! be thou our Mother,
And pray to the Lord,
That all may acknowledge
And worship his word.
That good men with courage
May walk in his ways,
And bad men, converted,
May join in his praise. Amen.

Hail, Ocean Star!

Hymn 131. 46884.



2 Oh! by thy joy,
When Gabriel hailed thee blest,
In peace confirm us, one and all,
And make amends for Eva's fall;
Hail, Mary, hail!

3 Break thou the chain
Of those whom sin has bound;
Upon the blind thy radiance pour;
Each ill remove, each bliss implore;
Hail, Mary, hail!

4 Show, show thyself
The Mother that thou art;
Present our prayers before his throne,
Who for our sake became thy Son;
Hail, Mary, hail!

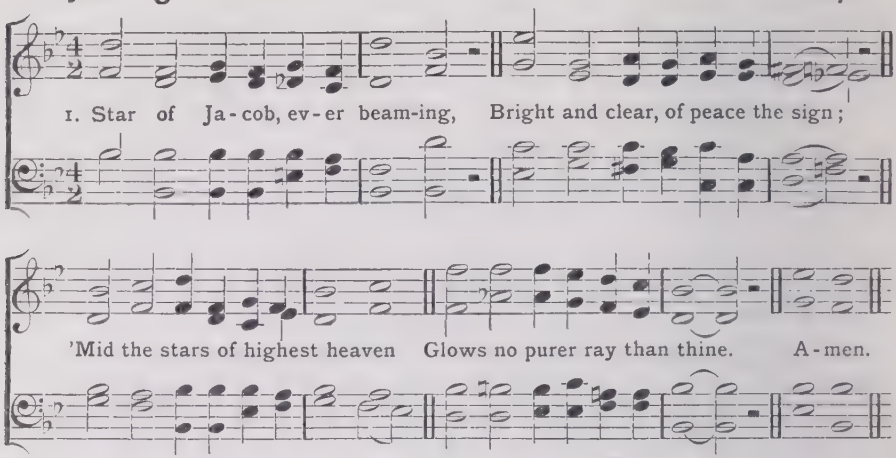
5 O Virgin blest;
O meekest of the meek!
Keep us in virtue's path secure;
Keep us, oh! keep us meek and pure;
Hail, Mary, hail!

6 Be thou our guide
Of all our life, we pray;
Till, near thee, safe at last we rest,
With Christ's eternal vision blest;
Hail, Mary, hail!

7 Through every time,
Through all eternity,
To Thee, O Father, Thee, O Son,
And Thee, O Spirit, Three in One!
One glory be! Amen.

Star of Jacob!

Hymn 132. 87s.



2 All in stoles of snowy brightness,
Unto thee the angels sing;
Unto thee the virgin choirs—
Mother of th' Eternal King!

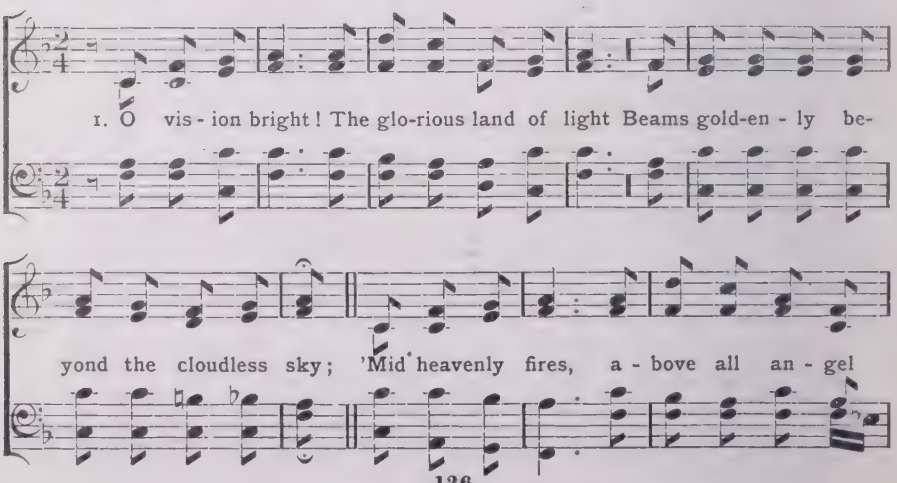
3 Joyful in thy path they scatter
Roses white and lilies fair;
Yet with thy chaste bosom's whiteness,
Rose nor lily can compare.

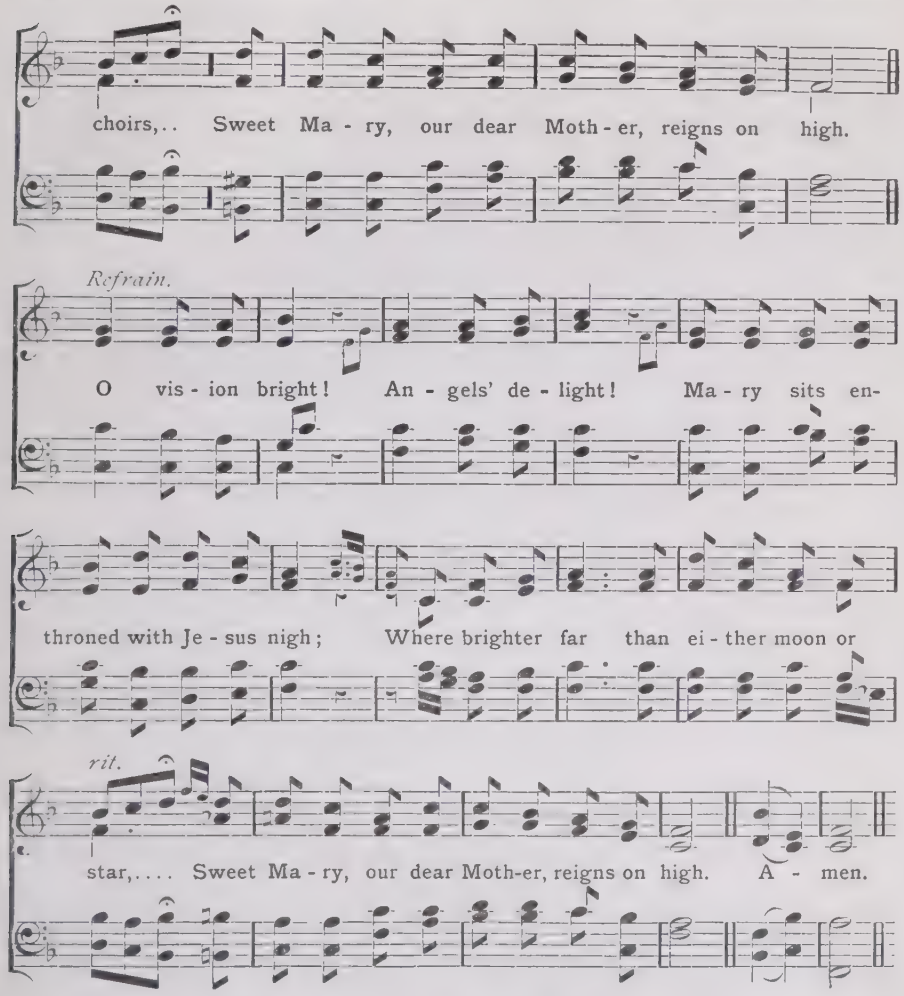
4 Oh! that this low earth of ours,
Answering th' angelic strain,
With thy praises might re-echo,
Till the heavens replied again.

5 Honor, glory, virtue, merit,
Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son!
With the Father and the Spirit,
While eternal ages run. Amen.

O vision bright!

Hymn 133. 10s. 891010.
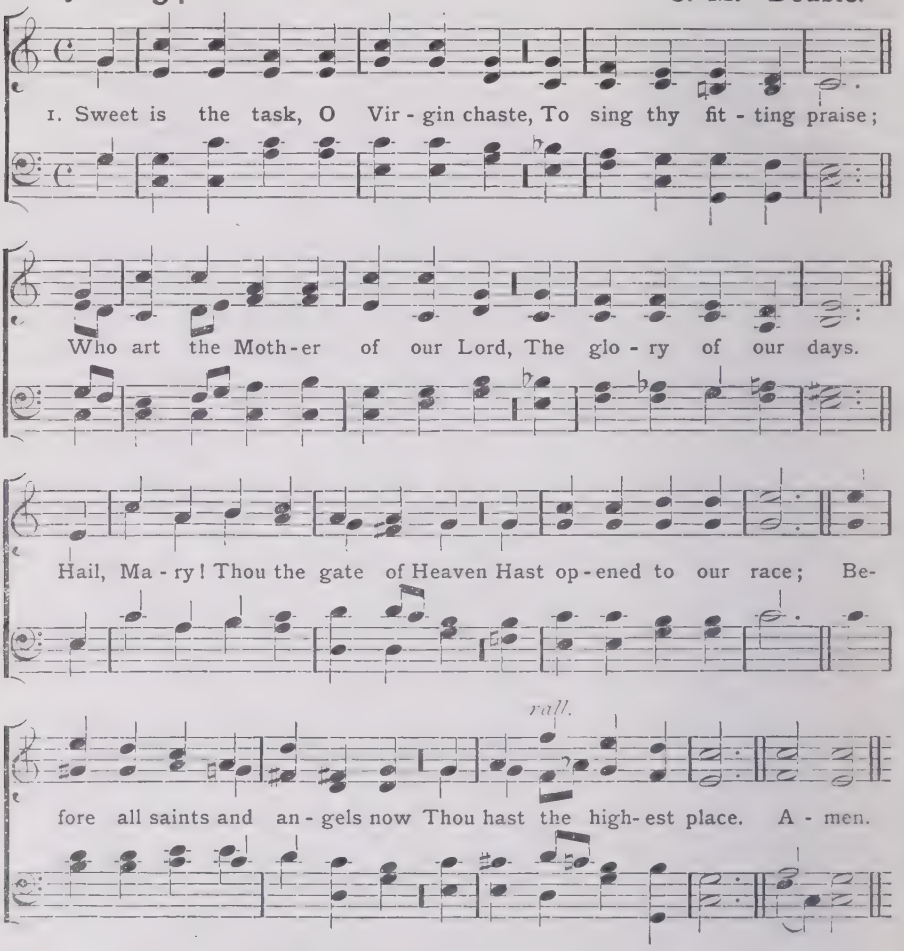




2 O vision bright! In gentle, loving flight
The Dove around his cherished Spouse doth fly:
Where in that height of mercy's gentle might,
Sweet Mary, our dear Mother, reigns on high.

3 O vision bright! Th' eternal, dazzling light
Of Jesus, her dear Son, we may descry;
Her form He bears, her own sweet look He wears:
Sweet Mary, our dear Mother, reigns on high.

4 O vision bright! Life's darkest, coldest night
Is fair as summer dawn when she is nigh:
Then swell the song with all the heavenly throng;
Sweet Mary, our dear Mother, reigns on high. Amen.

Sweet is the task, O Virgin chaste.

Hymn 134. **C. M. Double.**



2 I marvel not when I am told—
So pure a maid wert thou—
An angel should his glorious head
Before thee humbly bow;
For ere he left the throne of God
To look upon thy face,
He learned that thou alone shouldst be
The "Virgin, Full of Grace."

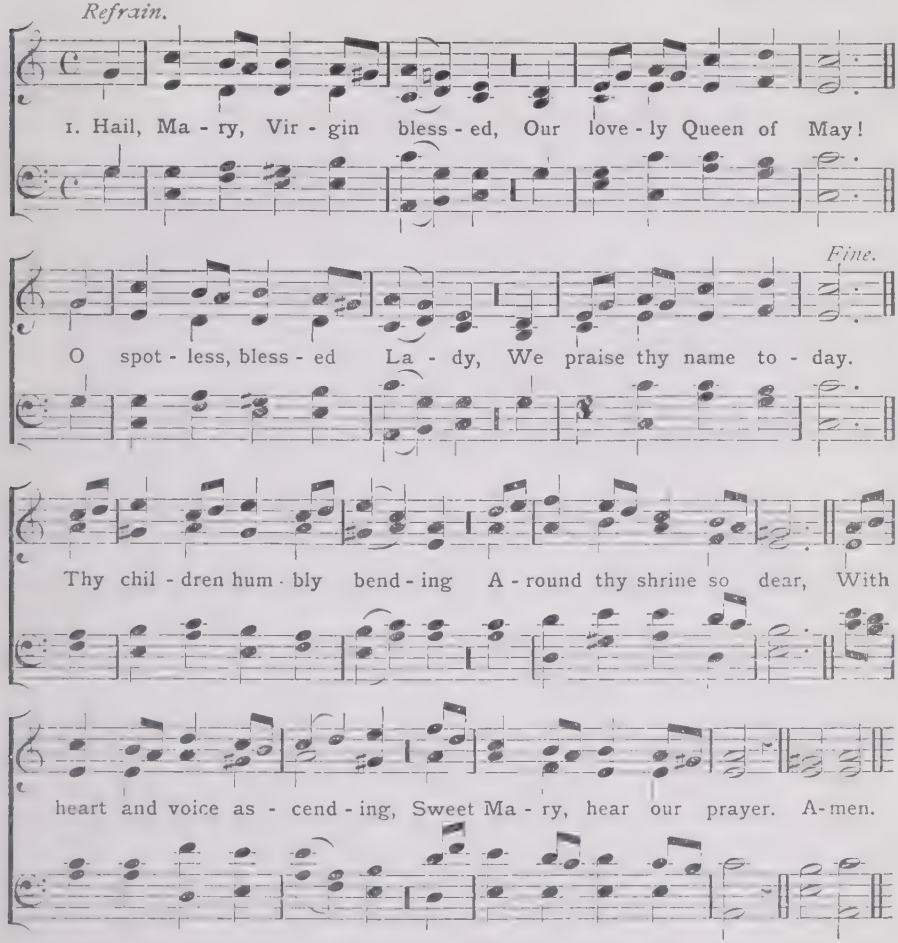
3 In thee their comfort and their joy
The poor and lowly find;
Sweet refuge and repose thou art
To weary heart and mind.
All children love thee, and in haste
Will crowd about thy feet,
And on thine altar love to place
Their gifts of flowers sweet.

Then, Mother dear, my vows receive,
And, when this life is done,
I'll find them in the Sacred Heart
Of Jesus, thy dear Son.
For thou his Mother art, and mine,
And thus my love for thee,
Through his same gift of grace divine,
The like with his shall be. Amen.

Hail, Mary, Virgin blessed.

Hymn 135. **76s. Double.**

Refrain.
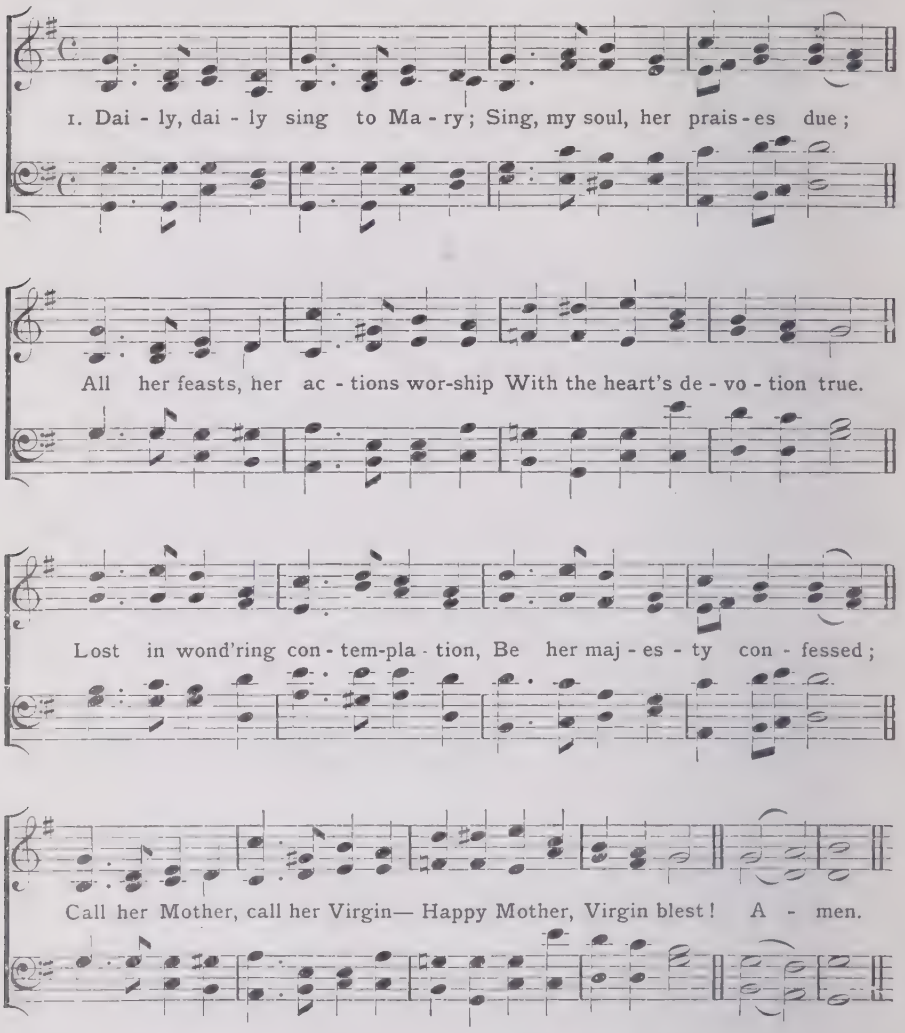


2 Behold earth's blossoms springing
In beauteous form and hue;
All nature gladly bringing
Her sweetest charms to you.
We'll gather fresh bright flowers
To bind our fair Queen's brow;
From gay and verdant bowers
We haste to crown thee now.

3 The rose and lily wreathing
The humble violet fair,
To thee their perfume breathing,
With sweetness scent the air.
The mignonette, the lilac,
And sweet forget-me-not,
The eglantine and myrtle,
To grace your wreath we've brought.

4 The heliotrope, sweet type of love,
And star of Bethlehem, too,
The lily of the valley,
Complete the wreath for you.
And now, our blessed Mother,
Smile on our festal day;
Accept our wreath of flowers,
And be our Queen of May. Amen.

Daily, daily sing to Mary.

Hymn 136. 87s. Double.

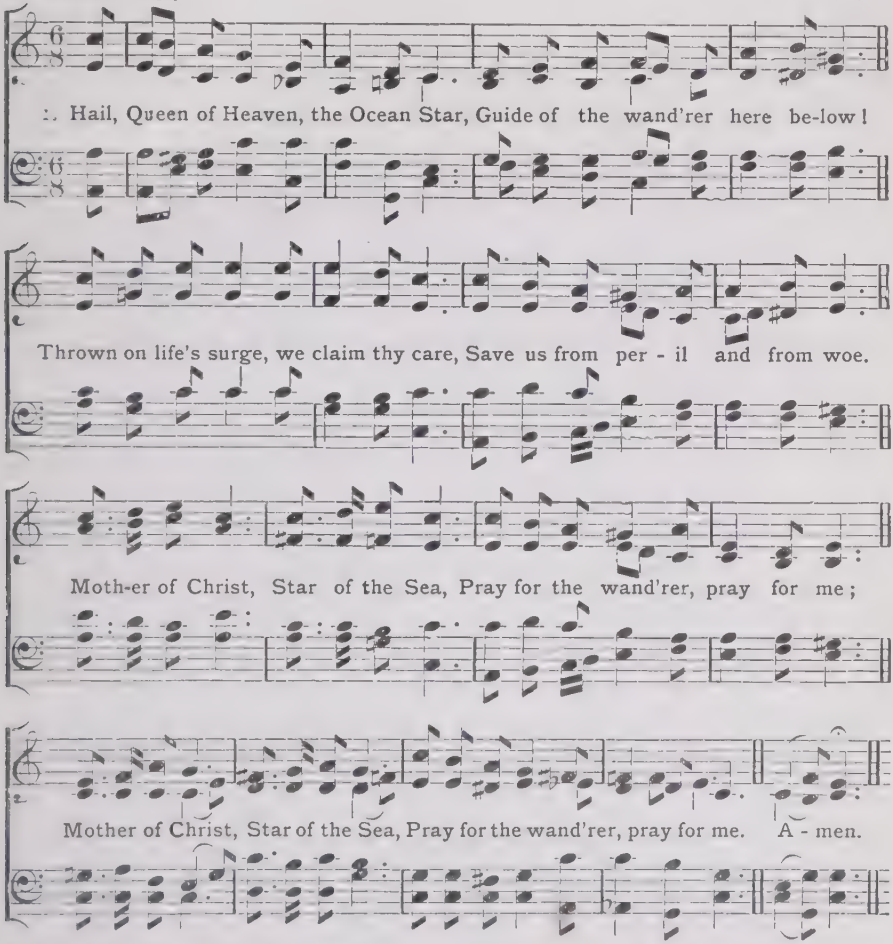


2 She is mighty to deliver;
Call her, trust her lovingly:
When the tempest rages round thee,
She will calm the troubled sea.
Gifts of heaven she has given,
Noble Lady, to our race;
She, the Queen, who decks her subjects
With the light of God's own grace.

3 All my senses, heart, affections,
Strive to sound her glory forth;
Spread abroad the sweet memorials
Of the Virgin's priceless worth.
Sing in songs of praise unending,
Sing the world's majestic Queen;
Weary not, nor faint in telling
All the gifts she gives to men. Amen.

Hail, Queen of Heaven!

Hymn 137. 8s. Six lines.



2 O gentle, chaste, and spotless Maid!
We sinners make our prayers to thee;
Remind thy Son that He has paid
The price of our iniquity.
Virgin most pure, Star of the Sea,
Pray for the sinner, pray for me.

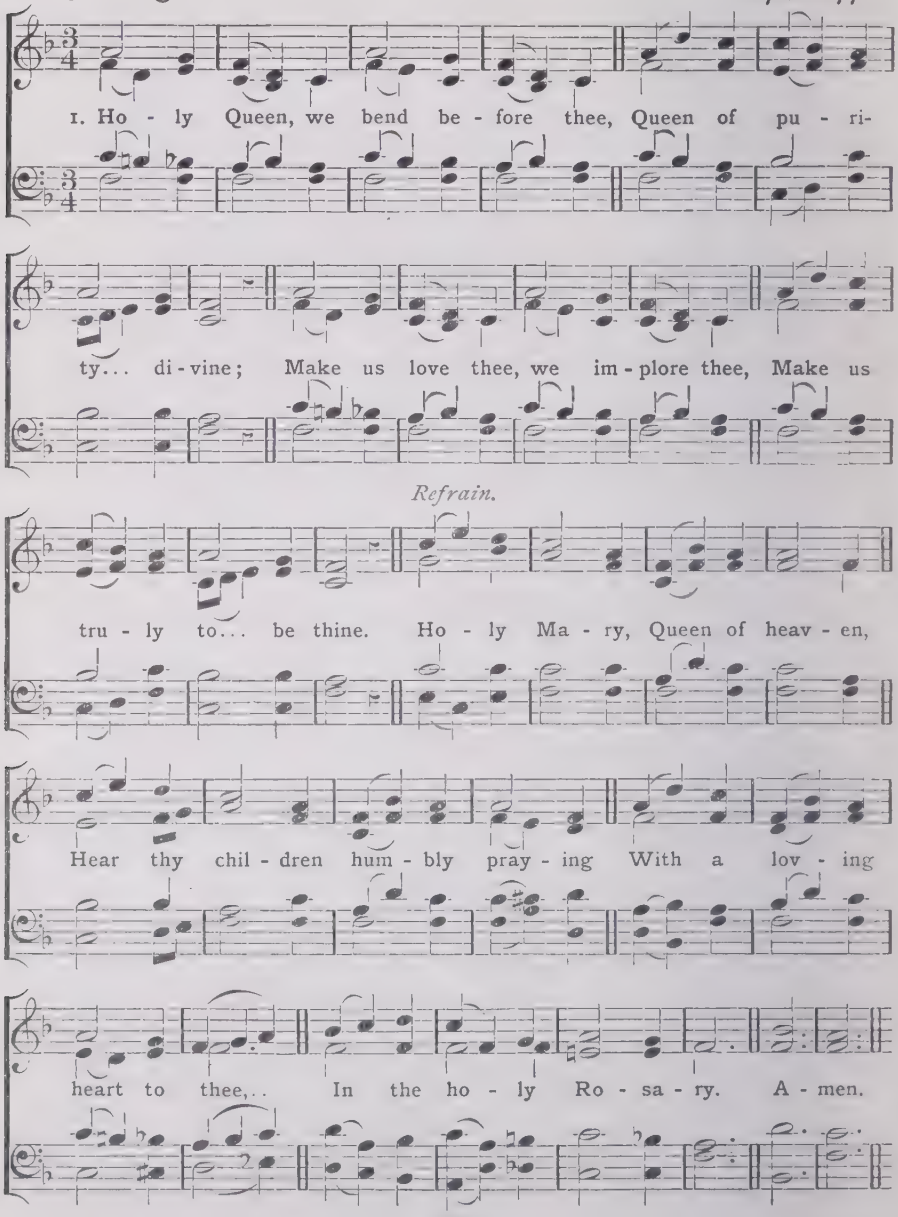
3 Sojourners in this vale of tears,
To thee, blest Advocate, we cry;
Pity our sorrows, calm our fears,
And soothe with hope our misery.
Refuge in grief, Star of the Sea,
Pray for the mourner, pray for me.

4 And while to Him Who reigns above,
In Godhead One, in Persons Three,
The source of life, of grace, of love,
Homage we pay on bended knee;
Do thou, bright Queen, Star of the Sea,
Pray for thy children, pray for me. Amen.

Holy Queen, we bend before thee.

(FOR THE SOCIETY OF THE HOLY ROSARY)

Hymn 138. 87s. 8877.



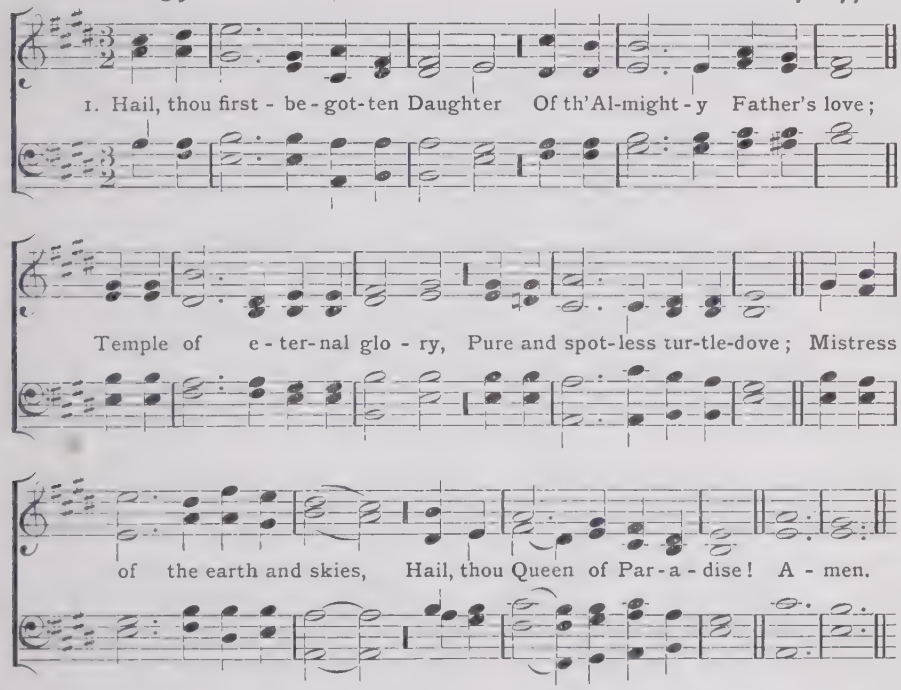
2 Teach, O teach us, Holy Mother,
How to conquer every sin;
How to love and help each other,
How the prize of life to win.

3 Help the poor, the broken-hearted,
Help the sick, all sinners free,
Help the faithful souls departed,
Bring us all to heaven and thee.

4 Now the evening shades are falling,
And the night is coming on;
Bless thy children, to thee calling,
Guard and save us, every one. Amen.

Hail, thou first-begotten Daughter!

Hymn 139. 87s. 77.
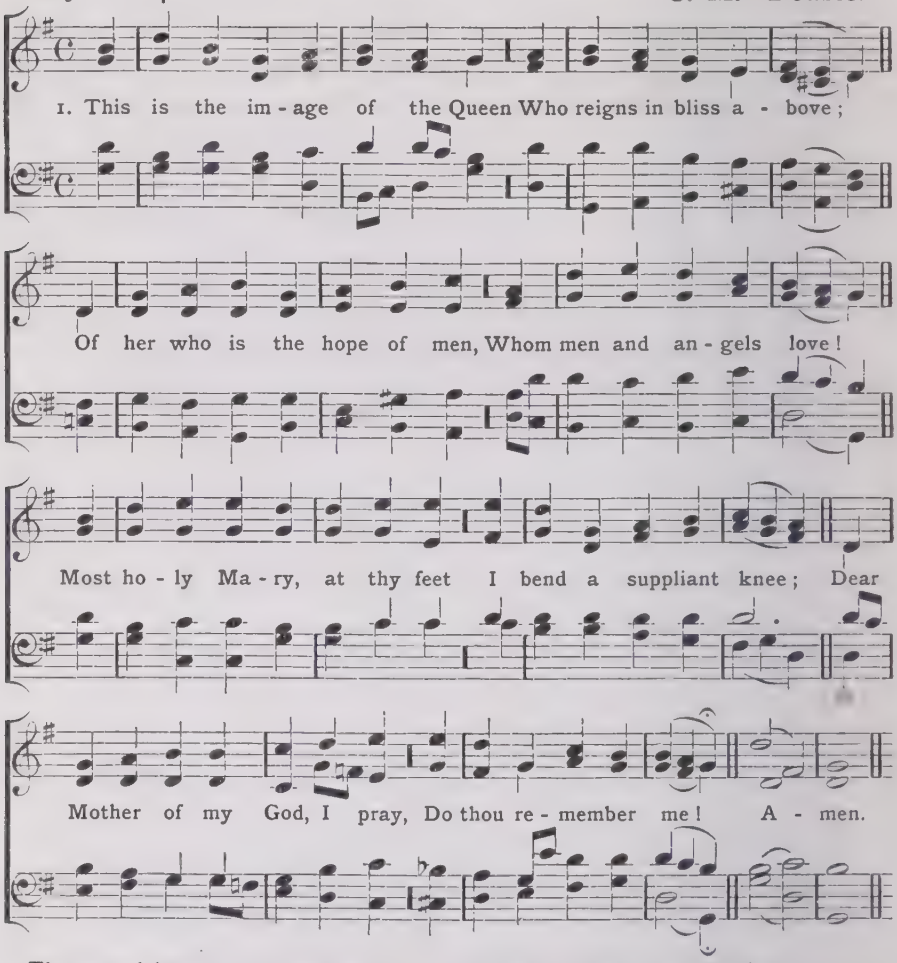


2 Hail to thee, whose deep foundations
On the holy hills are laid:
Joy of endless generations,
Loved before the world was made:
Treasure in salvation's scheme,
Clothed in dignity supreme.

3 Who can count the starry jewels
Set about thy crown of light?
Who can estimate thy greatness,
Who can guess thy glory's height?
All that is of glory known
Thine, but not for thee alone.

4 Thine the power for us, poor sinners,
Grace and pardon to implore
Of thy Son, whose Love hath crowned thee
"Help of Christians" evermore.
Through thee God's most loving plan
Gave a Saviour unto man. Amen.

This is the image of the Queen.

Hymn 140. C. M. Double.



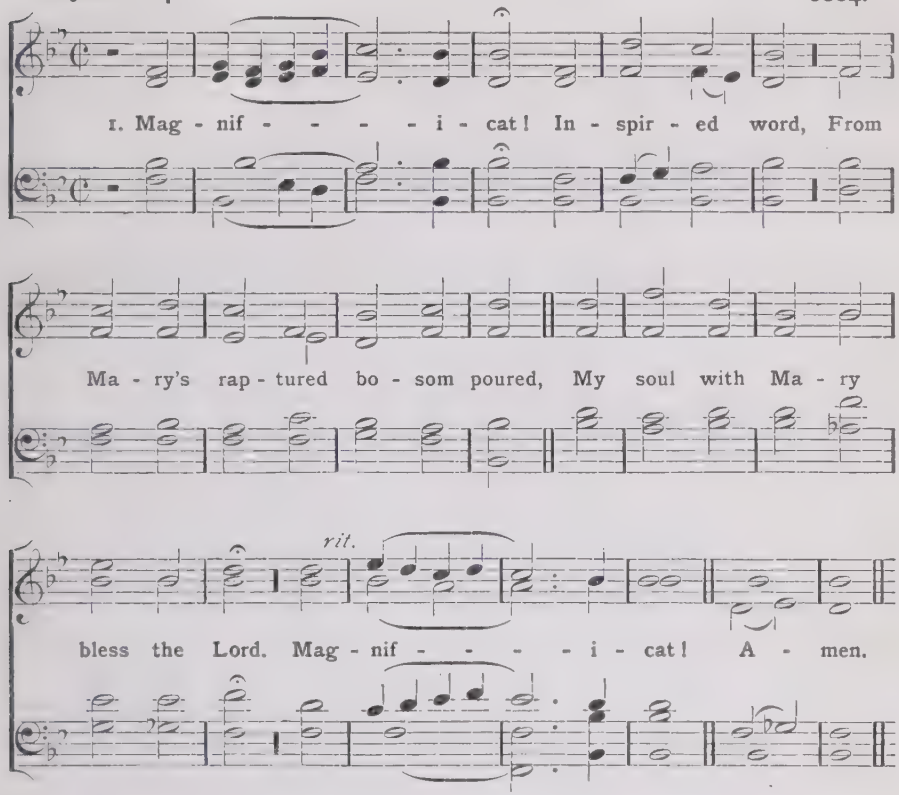
2 The sacred homage that we pay
To Mary's image here,
To Mary's self at once ascends,
Above the starry sphere.
Most holy Mary, at thy feet
I bend a suppliant knee;
In all my joy, in all my pain,
Do thou remember me!

3 How fair soever be the form
Which here your eyes behold,
Its beauty is by Mary's self
Excelled a thousand-fold.
Most holy Mary, at thy feet
I bend a suppliant knee;
In my temptations each and all,
Do thou remember me!

4 Sweet are the flow'rets we have culled
This image to adorn;
But sweeter far is Mary's self,
That rose without a thorn.
Most holy Mary, at thy feet
I bend a suppliant knee;
When on the bed of death I lie,
Do thou remember me. Amen.

Magnificat! Inspired word.

Hymn 141. 8884.



2 Magnificat! Oh! whence is this,
That God should heed my littleness?
Henceforward all my name shall bless.
Magnificat!

3 Magnificat! Praise God alone!
The mercy of my Saviour own;
For He hath mighty wonders done.
Magnificat!

4 Magnificat! His wondrous grace
Is manifest from race to race
Of them who fear before his face.
Magnificat!

5 Magnificat! He hath brought down
The proud man from his lofty throne,
And lifted up the humble one.
Magnificat!

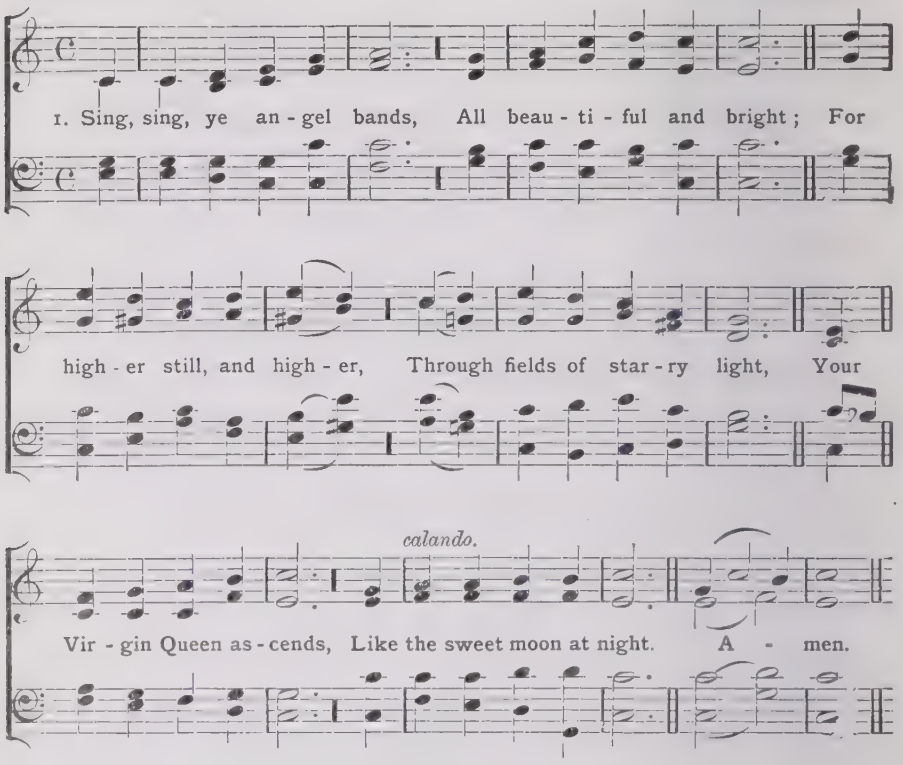
6 Magnificat! Grace for the poor!
The poor who plead at Mercy's door;
The scornful rich shall have no more.
Magnificat!

7 Magnificat! In me behold
Fulfilled the promises of old
To Abr'ham and the Fathers told
Magnificat!

8 Magnificat! The song of praise
To Father, Son, and Spirit raise!
One God throughout eternal days!
Magnificat! Amen.

Sing, sing, ye angel bands.

Hymn 142. **6s. Six lines.**



2 O happy angels! look,
How beautiful she is!
See! Jesus bears her up!
Her hands are locked in his.
Oh! who can tell the height
Of that fair Mother's bliss?

3 On through the countless stars
Proceeds the bright array;
And Love Divine comes forth
To light her on the way,
Through gloom of earthly night,
Into celestial day.

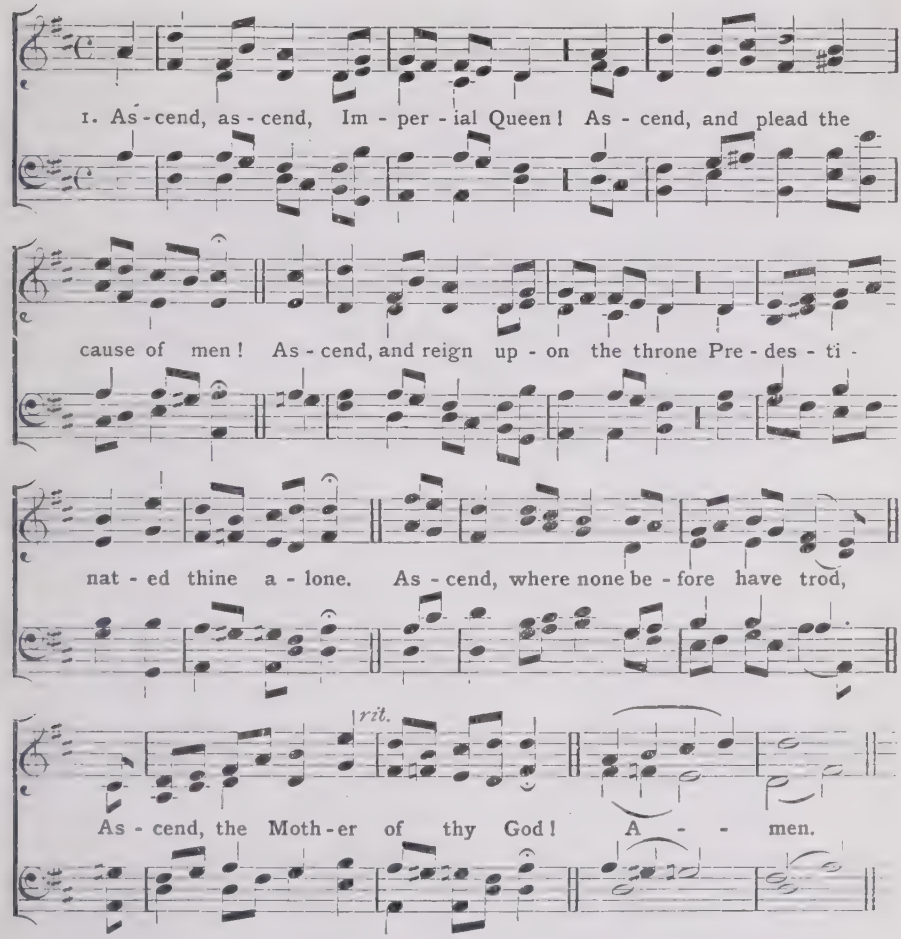
4 Swifter and swifter grows
That wondrous flight of love,
As though her heart were drawn
More veh'mently above;
While joyful angels part
A pathway for the Dove.

5 Hark! hark! through highest heaven
What sounds of mystic mirth!
Mary, by God proclaimed
The Queen of spotless birth.
And diademed with stars
The lowliest of the earth.

6 And shall I lose thee then—
Lose my sweet right to thee?
Oh! no; the Angels' Queen,
Man's Mother still will be;
And thou upon thy throne
Wilt keep thy love for me. Amen.

Ascend, ascend, Imperial Queen.

Hymn 143. 8s. Six lines.



2 O how for thee the Angels sigh,
Eager to waft thee to the sky!
Too long for them the hours appear,
That strive to hold thee captive here,
Where, quench'd in mists of earth below
Thy rays of glory dimly show.

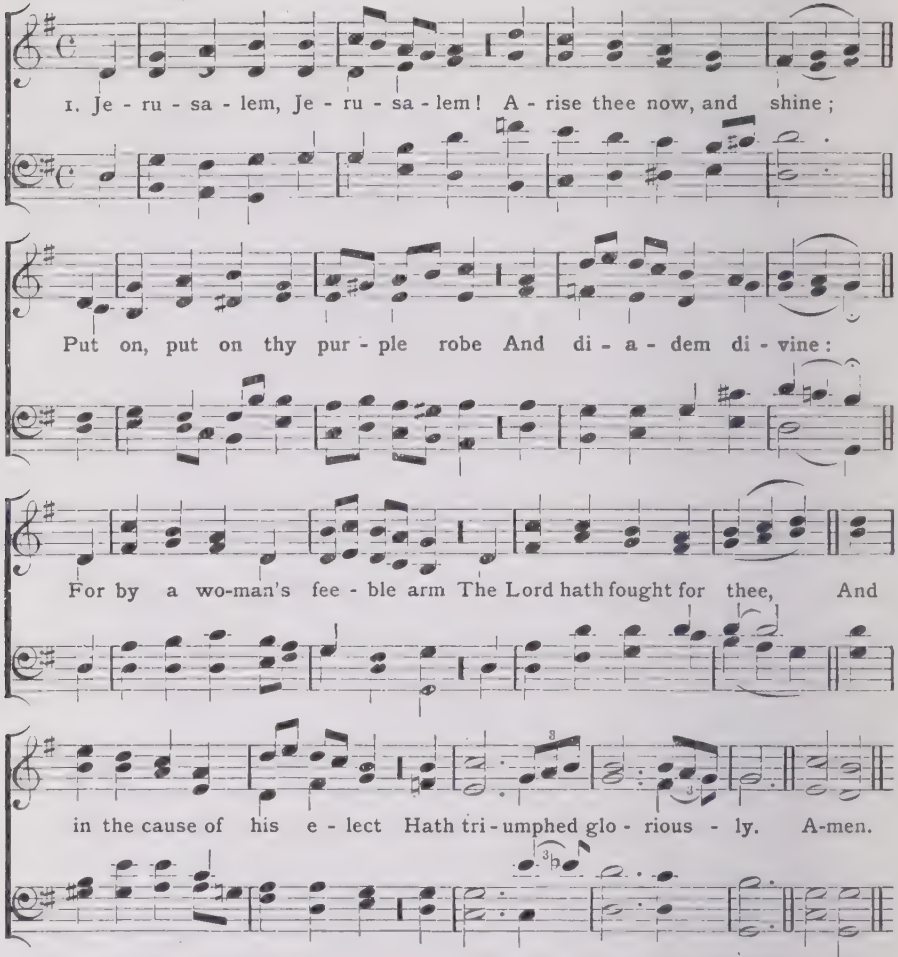
3 Ascend, thou purest one of earth,
A child of grace before thy birth;
Whose path from grace to grace ascends,
And in supremest glory ends.
Ascend, thou Daughter of the King,
We join the angels as they sing.

4 Ascend, ascend, Imperial Queen!
Forsake this limitary scene;
Forsake this lower, darksome place,
Which guilt and misery deface;
A higher world invites thee on
To splendor and dominion.

5 Ascend, ascend, Imperial Queen!
Ascend, and plead the cause of men!
Ascend, and reign upon the throne
Predestinated thine alone.
Ascend, where none before have trod,
Ascend, the Mother of thy God! Amen.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem!

Hymn 144. C. M. Double.



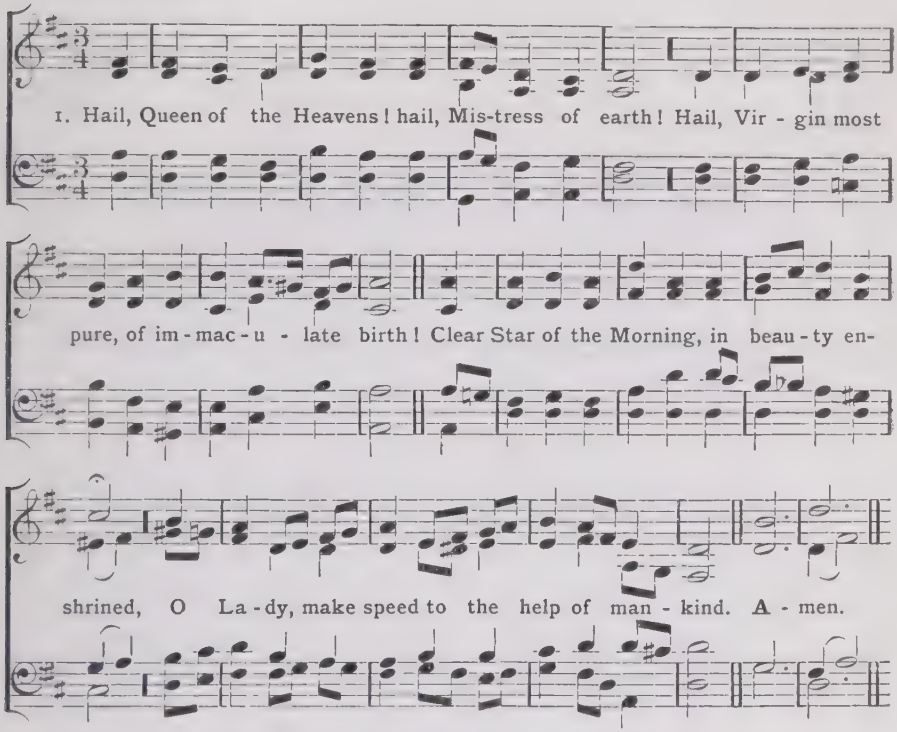
2 Jerusalem, Jerusalem!
Thy streets are paved with gold;
Thy pearly halls and palaces
Are glorious to behold;
Thy walls of jasper are inlaid
With every precious gem;
How pure, how lovely is the sight
Of our Jerusalem!

3 Jerusalem, Jerusalem!
No tear in thee is known;
Thy bright and fragrant courts were
For happiness alone: [made
The Lord alone thy Temple is,
And calls thee by his Name;
The Lamb alone is all the light
Of our Jerusalem!

4 Jerusalem, Jerusalem!
Thou City of the skies!
Dear City of our King and God;
Dear Object of our sighs!
How blest, how blest are thy abodes,
And those who dwell in them.
Thrice welcome here, O Virgin dear,
To thy Jerusalem! Amen.

Hail, Queen of the Heavens!

Hymn 145. IIs.



2 Hail, Virgin most wise! hail, Deity's shrine,
With seven fair pillars and table divine!
Preserved from the guilt which has come on us all,
Exempt in the womb from the taint of the fall.

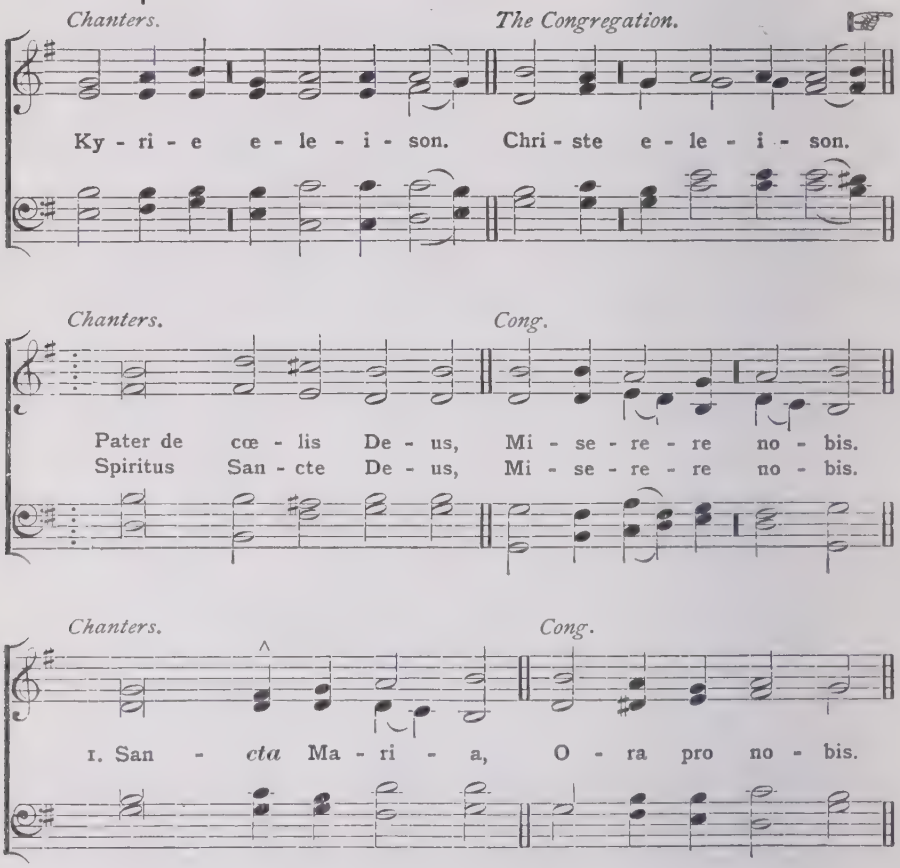
3 O new Star of Jacob! of angels the Queen!
O Gate of the Saints! O Mother of men!
O terrible as the embattled array,
Be thou of the faithful the refuge and stay.

4 Well fitting it was that a Son so Divine
Should preserve from all touch of original sin,
Nor suffer by smallest defect to be stain'd
That Mother whom He for Himself had ordain'd.

5 Hail, Mother most pure! hail, Virgin renown'd!
Hail, Queen with twelve stars as a diadem crown'd!
Above all the angels in glory untold,
Standing next to the King in a vesture of gold.

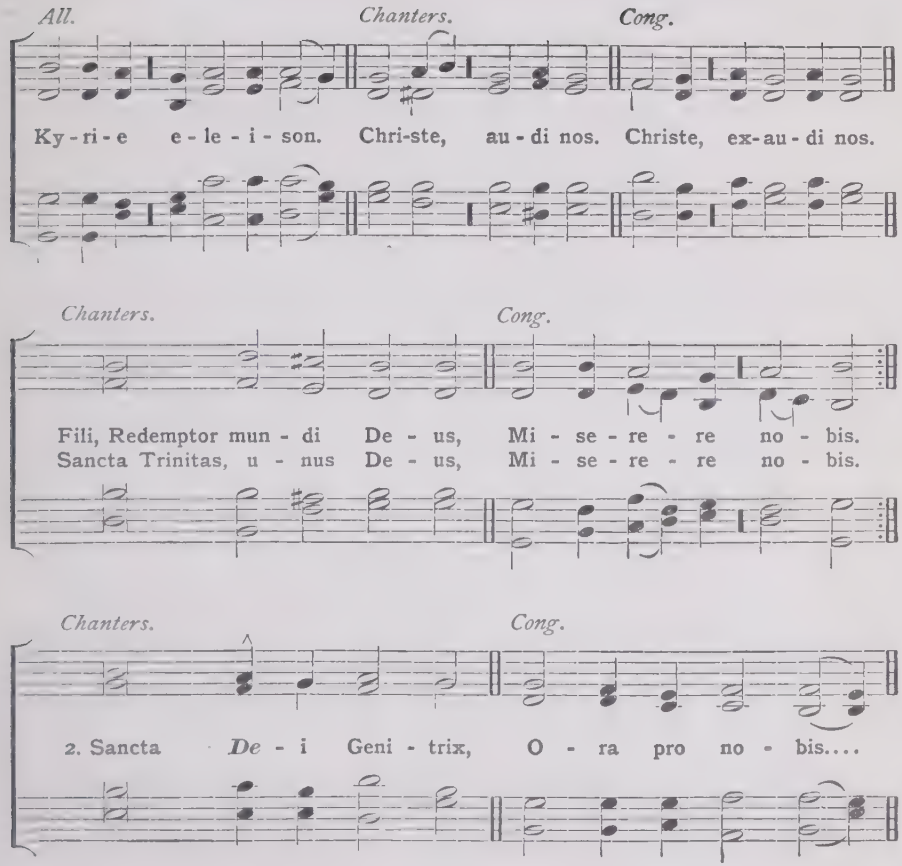
6 These praises and prayers I lay at thy feet,
O Virgin of virgins! O Mary most sweet!
Be thou my true guide through this pilgrimage here,
And stand by my side when my death draweth near. Amen.

No. 146.

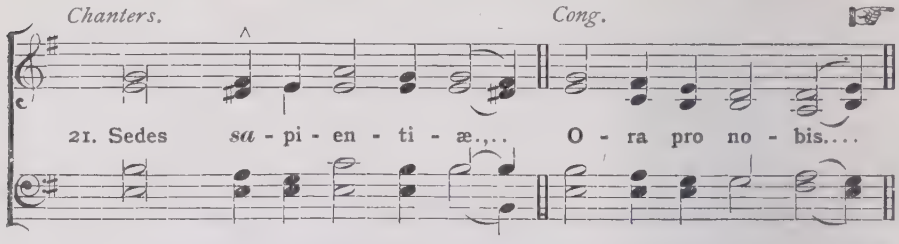


3 Sancta *Vir*go Virginum, Ora pro nobis.
5 Mater di*vi*næ gratiæ, Ora pro nobis.
7 Ma*ter* castissima, Ora pro nobis.
9 Mater in*te*merata, Ora pro nobis.
11 Mater *ad*mirabilis, Ora pro nobis.
13 Mater *Sal*vatoris, Ora pro nobis.
15 Virgo *ve*neranda, Ora pro nobis.
17 *Vir*go potens, Ora pro nobis.
19 Vir*go* fidelis, Ora pro nobis.

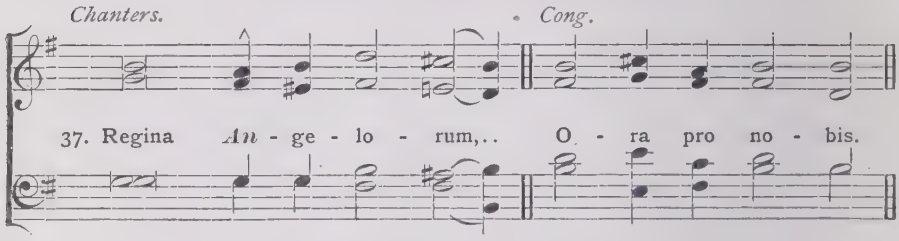
of Loretto.



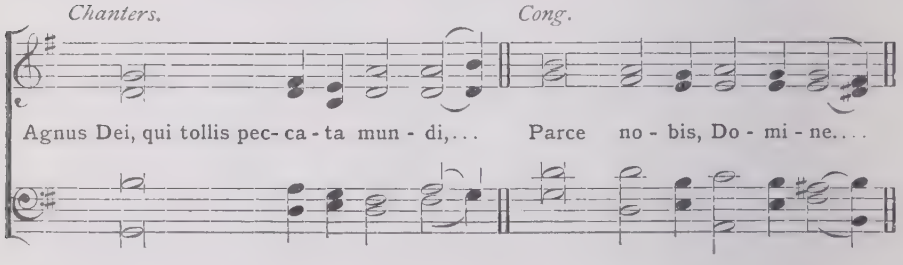
4 Mater Christi, Ora pro nobis.
6 Mater purissima, Ora pro nobis.
8 Mater inviolata, Ora pro nobis.
10 Mater amabilis, Ora pro nobis.
12 Mater Creatoris, Ora pro nobis.
14 Virgo prudentissima, Ora pro nobis.
16 Virgo prædicanda, Ora pro nobis.
18 Virgo clemens, Ora pro nobis.
20 Speculum justitiæ, Ora pro nobis.

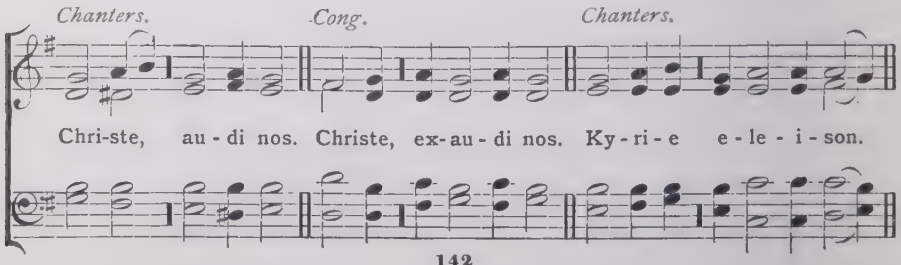


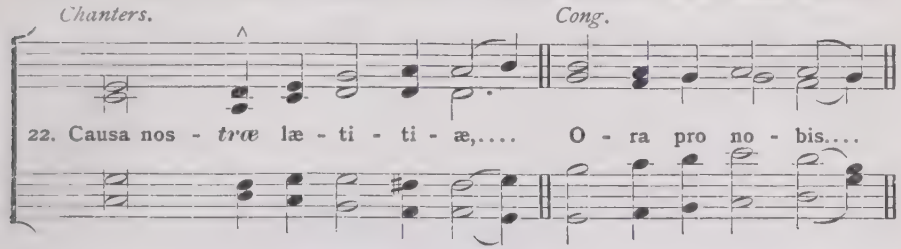
23 Vas spi*ri*tuale, Ora pro nobis.
25 Vas insigne de*vo*tionis, Ora pro nobis.
27 Tur*ris* Davidica, Ora pro nobis.
29 *Do*mus aurea, Ora pro nobis.
31 Ja*nua* cœli, Ora pro nobis.
33 Salus *in*firmorum, Ora pro nobis.
35 Consolatrix *af*flictorum, Ora pro nobis.



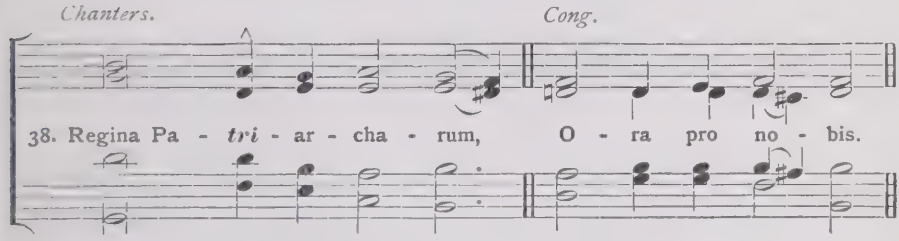
39 Regina *Pro*phetarum, Ora pro nobis.
41 Re*gi*na Martyrum, Ora pro nobis.
43 Re*gi*na Virginum, Ora pro nobis.
45 Regina sine labe origina*li* concepta, Ora pro nobis.
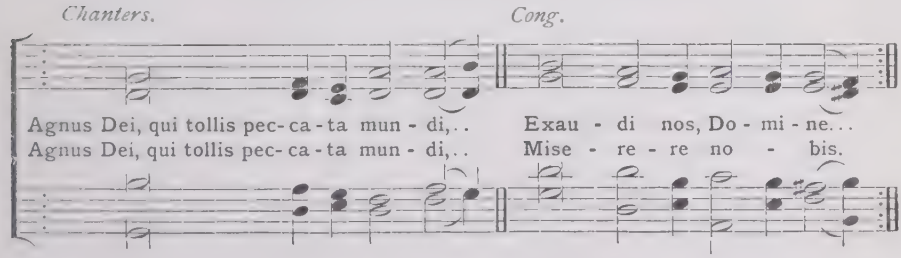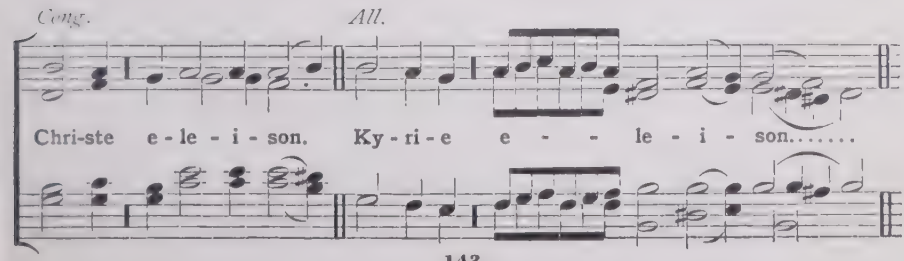






24 Vas *ho*norabile, Ora pro nobis.
26 *Ro*sa mystica, Ora pro nobis.
28 Tur*ris* eburnea, Ora pro nobis.
30 Fœde*r*is arca, Ora pro nobis.
32 Stella *ma*tutina, Ora pro nobis.
34 Refugium *pec*catorum, Ora pro nobis.
36 Auxilium Christ*i*anorum, Ora pro nobis.



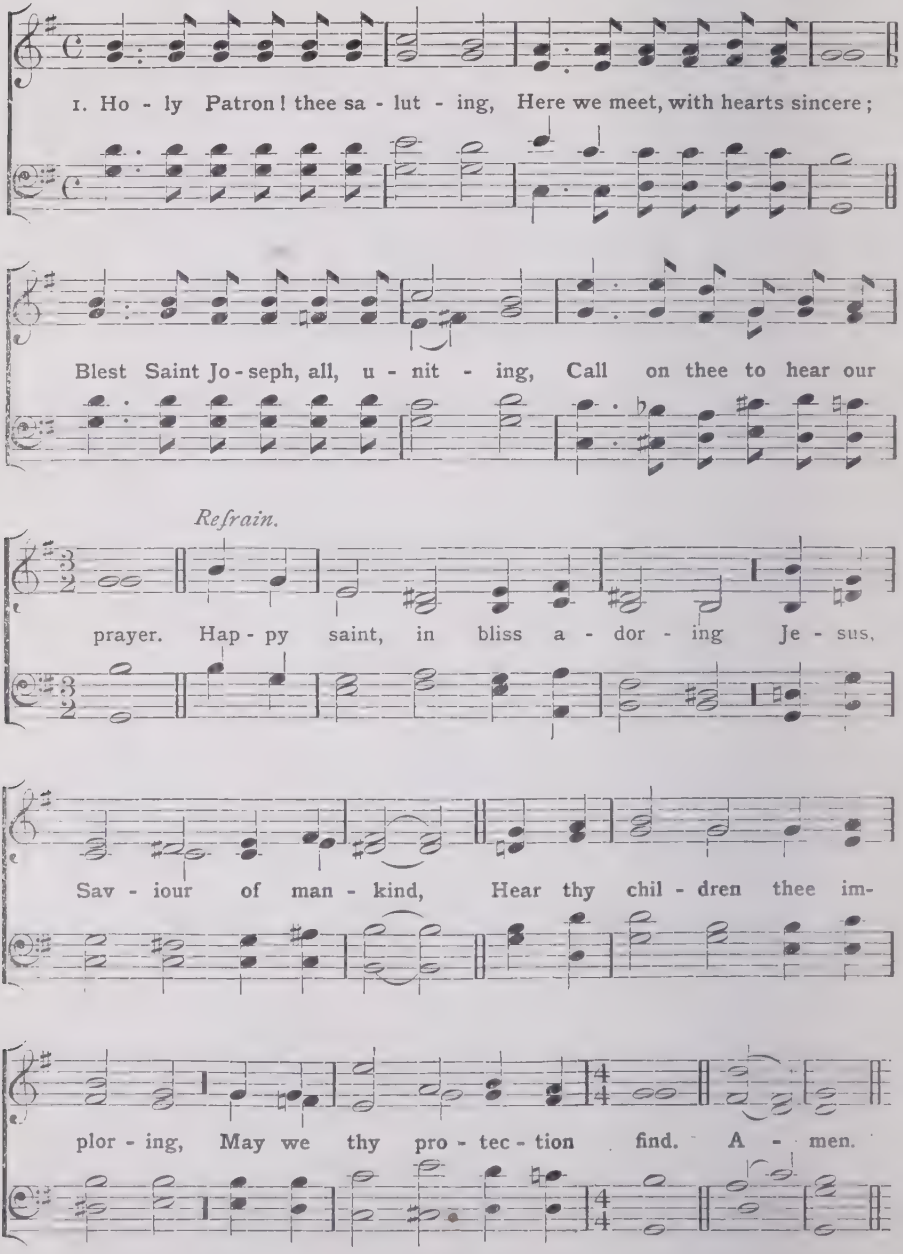
40 Regina A*pos*tolorum, Ora pro nobis.
42 Regina *Con*fessorum, Ora pro nobis.
44 Regina Sanc*to*rum omnium, Ora pro nobis.
46 Regina Sacratissi*mi* Rosarii, Ora pro nobis.





Holy Patron! thee saluting.

Hymn 147. 87s. Double.



2 Worldly dangers for them fearing,
Youthful hearts to thee we bring;
Grant, in virtue persevering,
Vice may ne'er their bosom sting.

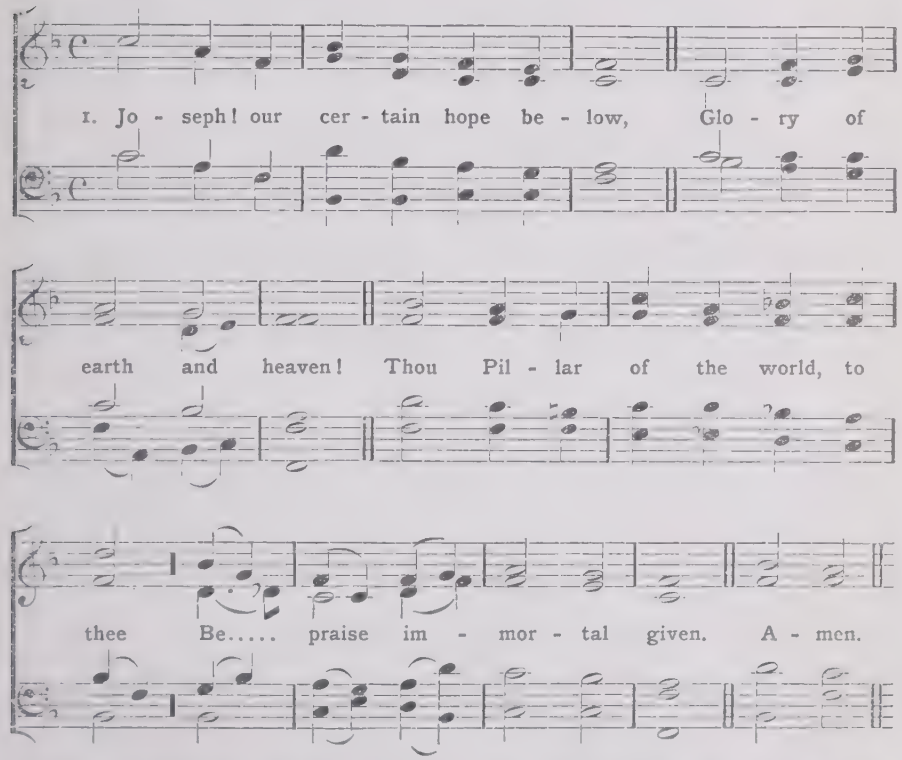
3 Thon who faithfully attended
Him Whom heaven and earth adore;
Who with pious care defended
Mary, Virgin ever pure.

4 May our fervent prayers ascending,
Move thee for our souls to plead;
May thy smile of peace descending,
Benedictions on us shed.

5 Through this life, oh! watch around us,
Fill with love our every breath;
And, when parting fear surrounds us,
Guide us through the toils of death.
Amen.

Joseph! our certain hope below.

Hymn 148. C. M.



2 Thee, as salvation's minister,
The mighty Maker chose;
As Foster-father of the Word;
As Mary's spotless Spouse.

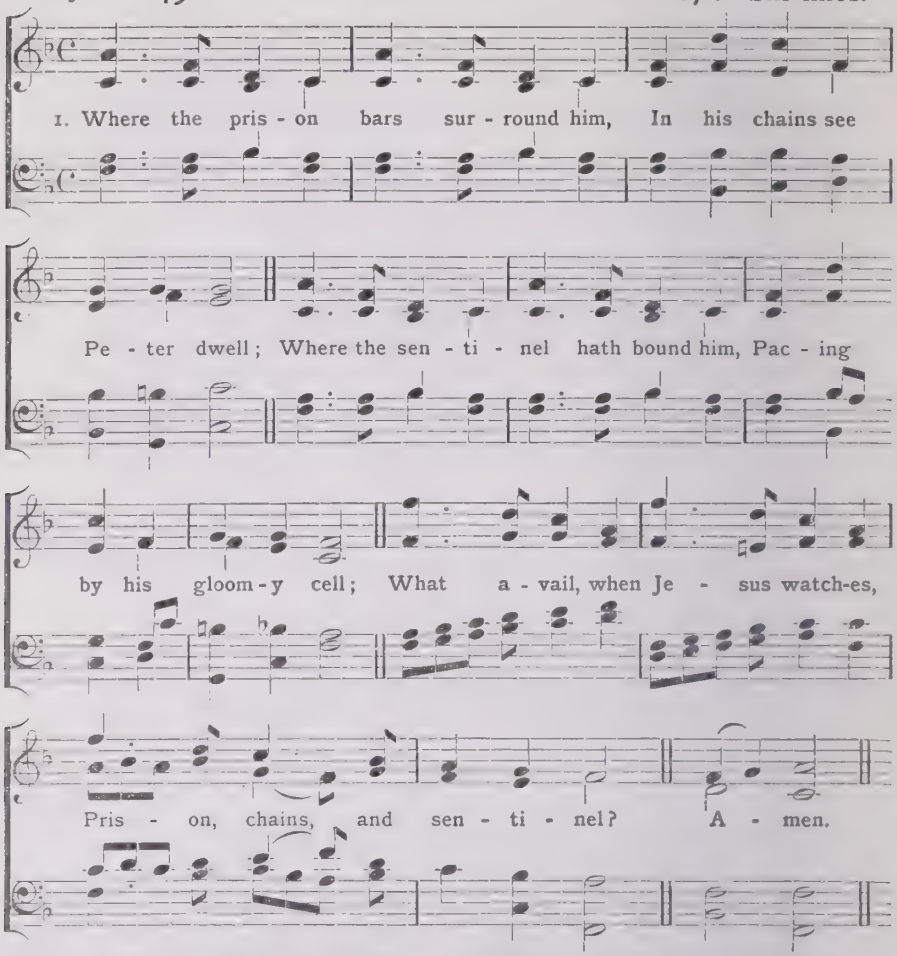
3 With joy thou sawest Him new-born,
Of Whom the prophets sang;
Him in a manger didst adore,
From Whom Creation sprang.

4 The Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Ruler of sky and sea,
Whom heaven, and earth, and hell obey,
Was subject unto thee.

5 Praise to the sacred Trine Who thee
So glorifies on high;
And for thy merits' sake may we
Be sharers in thy joy. Amen.

Where the prison bars surround him.

Hymn 149. 87s. Six lines.



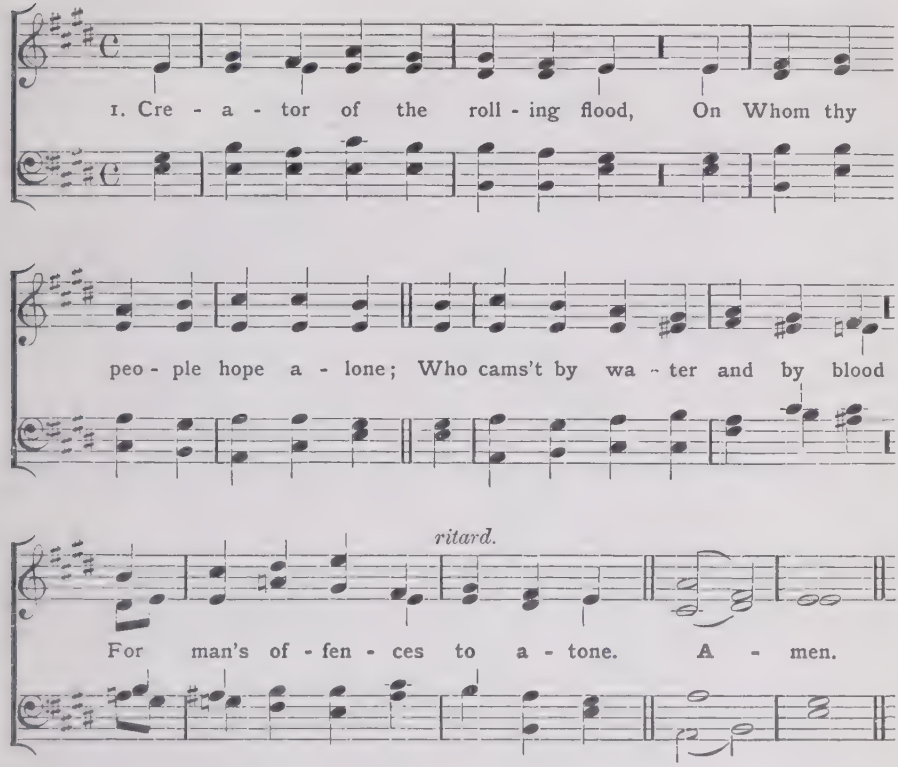
2 Lo! a light, from heaven descending,
Glimmers like a beauteous star;
And an angel, o'er him bending,
Makes the winged night flee afar;
Bursts the iron chains asunder,
And removes the massy bar.

3 We in prison-chains are sleeping,
Chains of sin which angels see;
Dimmest night our souls is steeping:
Christ, our light, our liberty,
Break Thou all our chains and fetters,
Lighten us, and make us free!

4 Highest praise to Thee, the Highest,
Infinite, dread Trinity;
Who awhile our spirits tryest,
Fitting them to dwell with Thee,
And eternally adore Thee,
Everlasting, One in Three. Amen.

Creator of the rolling flood.

Hymn 150. L. M.



2 Who from the labors of the deep
Didst set thy servant Peter free,
To feed on earth thy chosen sheep,
And build an endless Church for Thee;

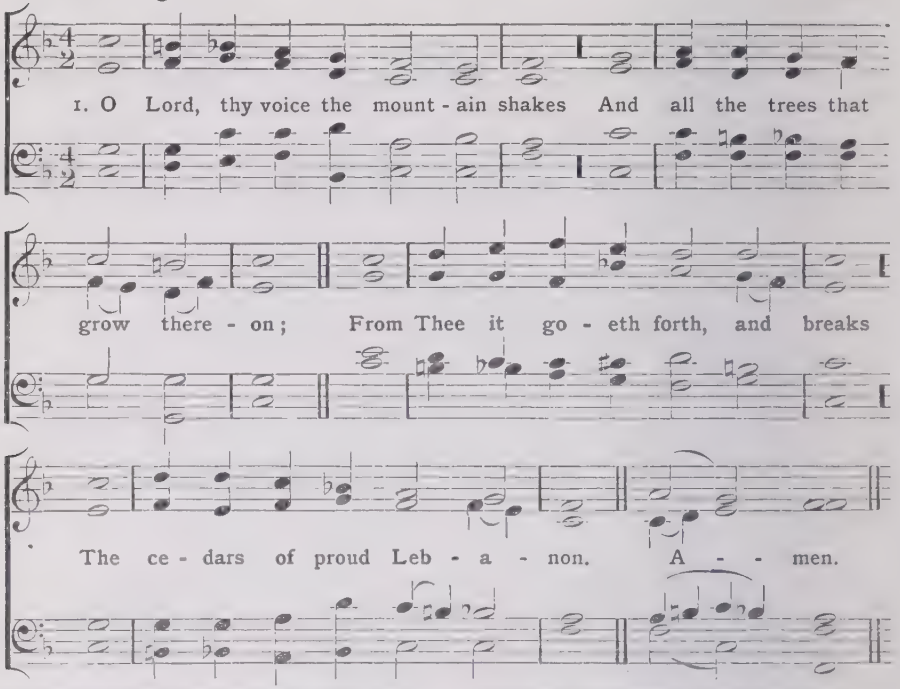
3 Grant us, devoid of worldly care,
And leaning on thy bounteous hand,
To seek thy help in humble prayer,
And firm upon thy Rock to stand.

4 And when, our life-long toil to crown,
Thy call shall set our spirits free,
To cast with joy our burden down,
And rise, O Lord, and follow Thee.

5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom earth and heaven adore,
From men and from the angel-host,
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

O Lord, thy voice the mountain shakes.

Hymn 151. L. M.



2 'Neath it the Spoiler fierce lies low,
The vanquisher is vanquished;
And Saul, who breathed forth death, is now
Himself in gentle triumph led.

3 Lo! forth he spreads beseeching hands,
Prepared beneath thy yoke to go;
And, trembling, asks for thy commands,
What wouldst Thou have thy servant do?

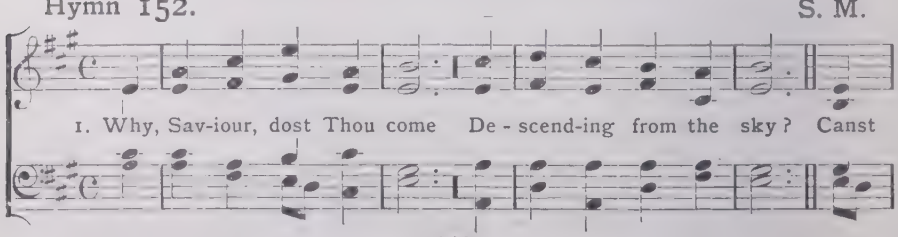
4 O Jesu, nought is hard with Thee:
Thy foe is now the Church's Rock;
The wolf becomes a lamb, and he
Himself yields gladly for the flock.

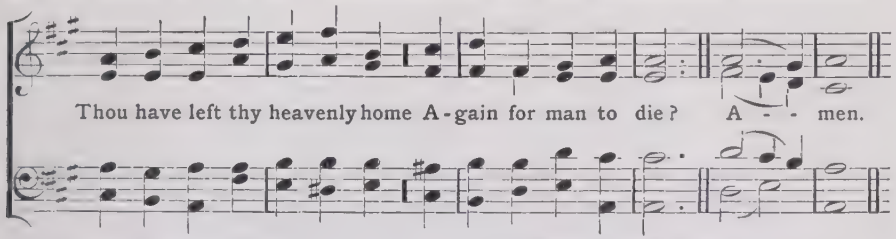
5 Good Shepherd, keep us as of old;
The foe confound, the flock defend;
And, if we wander from thy fold,
Again to thee our bosoms bend.

6 All praise to God, the One and Three,
Who saw us laid in dead of night,
And freed us from that misery,
And called us to his glorious Light.
Amen.

Why, Saviour, dost Thou come.

Hymn 152. S. M.





2 Or see we drawing near
The dreadful day of doom,
When Thou, the Avenger, shalt appear
The guilty to consume!

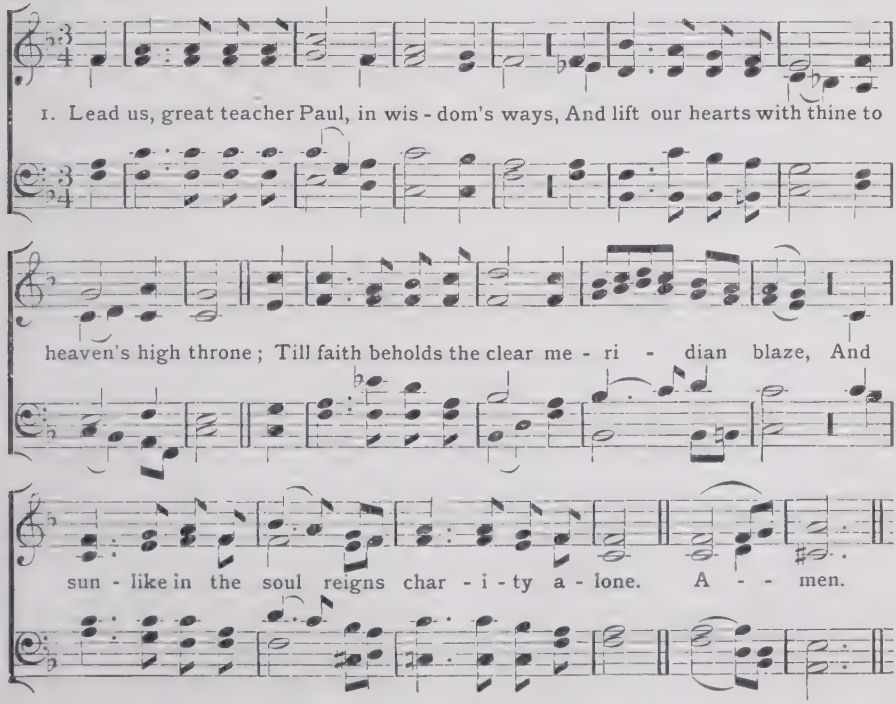
3 On milder vengeance bent,
Thou comest from above,
To bid the hardened heart relent,
And change its wrath to love.

4 The spoiler fallen lies,
Before thy glorious ray,
A Shepherd of the flock to rise,—
The flock he sought to slay.

5 From all the heavenly host,
And all on earth below,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let endless praises flow. Amen.

Lead us, great teacher Paul.

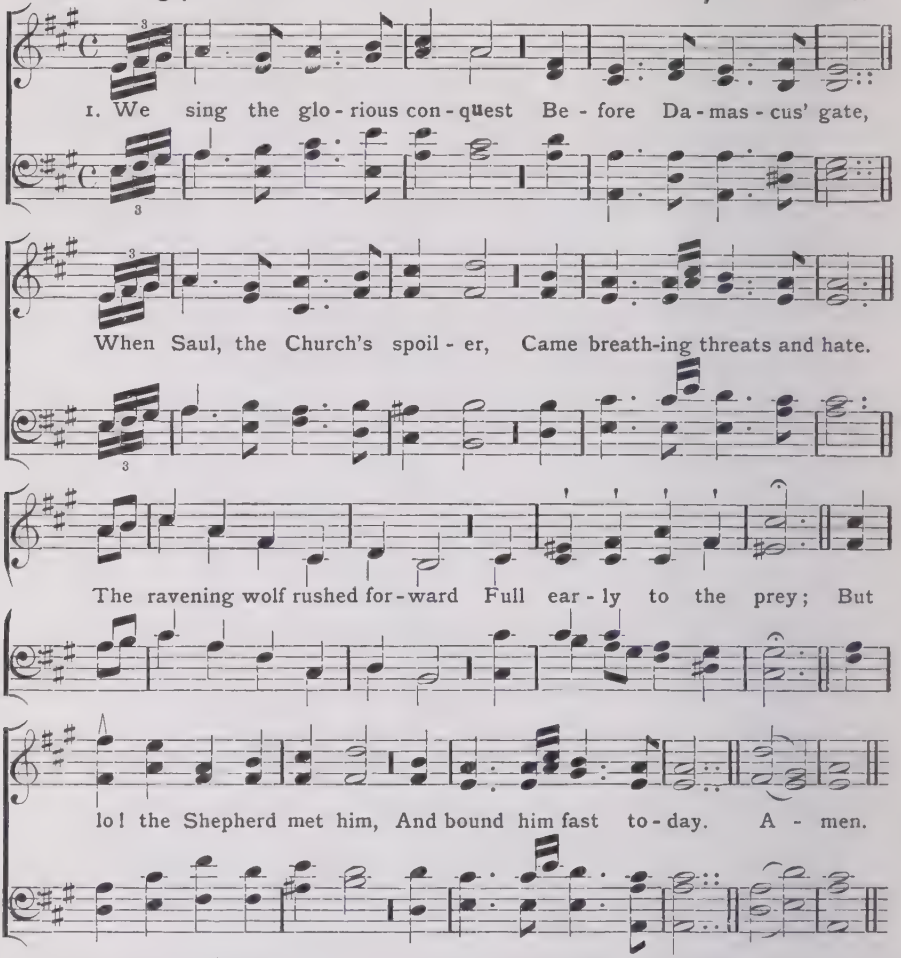
Hymn 153. 10 10 10 12.



2 Praise, blessing, majesty, through endless days,
Be to the Trinity immortal given;
Who in pure Unity profoundly sways
Eternally alike all things in earth and heaven. Amen.

We sing the glorious conquest.

Hymn 154. 76s. Double.
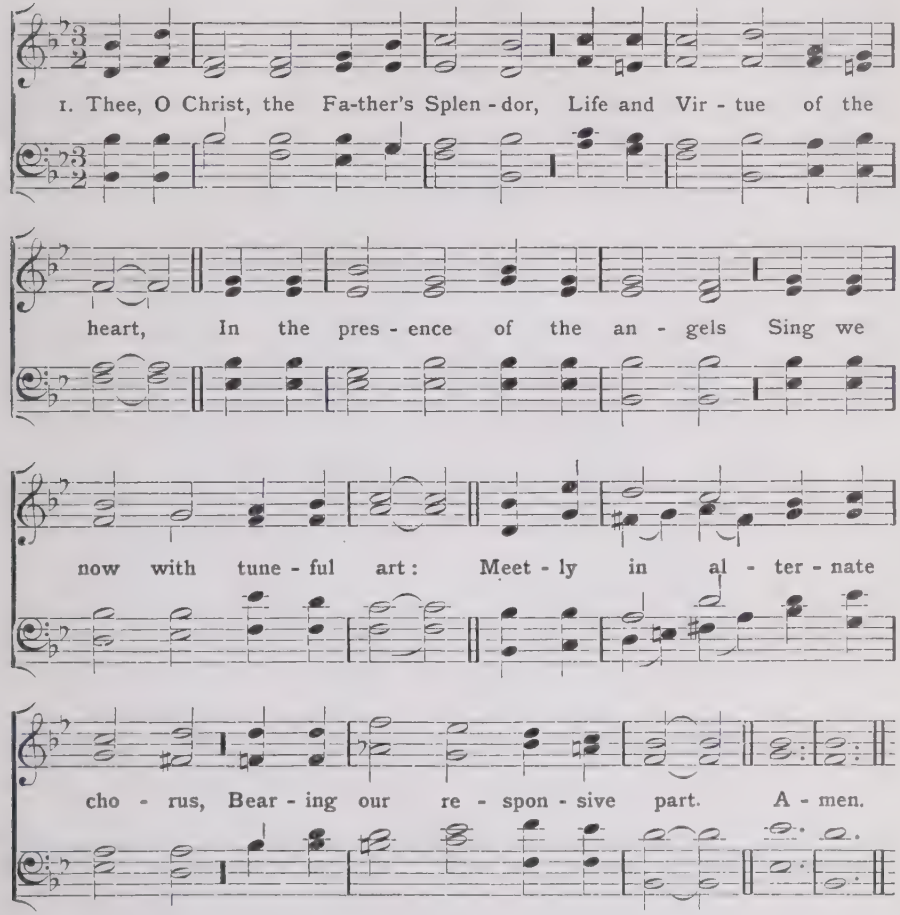


2 O Glory most excelling,
That smote across his path!
O Light that pierced and blinded
The zealot in his wrath!
O Voice that spake within him
The calm, reproving word!
O Love that sought and held him
The bondman of the Lord!

3 O Wisdom, ordering all things
In order strong and sweet,
What nobler spoil was ever
Cast at the Victor's feet?
What wiser master-builder
E'er wrought at thine employ
Than he, till now so furious
Thy building to destroy?

4 Lord, teach thy Church the lesson,
Still in her darkest hour
Of weakness and of danger
To trust thy hidden power.
Thy grace by ways mysterious
The wrath of man can bind,
And in thy boldest foeman
Thy chosen Saint can find. Amen.

Thee, O Christ, the Father's Splendor.

Hymn 155. 87s. Six lines.
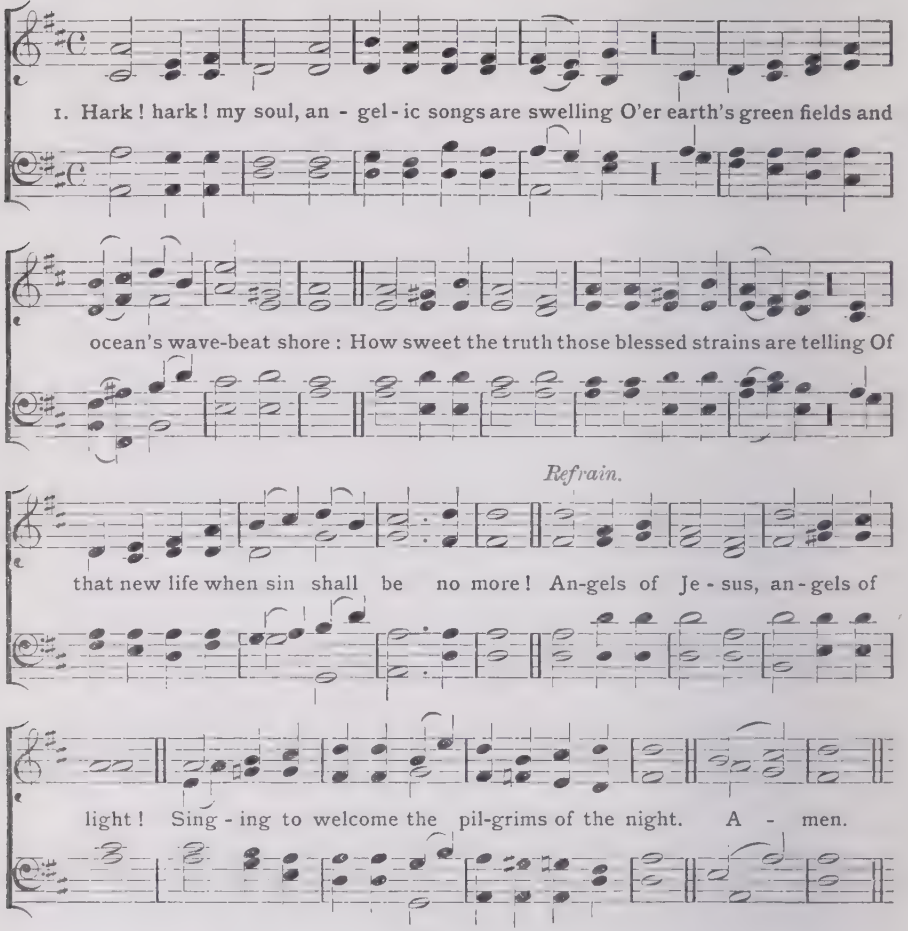


2 Thus we praise with veneration
All the armies of the sky;
Chiefly him, the warrior Primate
Of celestial chivalry:
Michael, who in princely virtue
Cast Abaddon from on high.

3 By whose watchful care repelling,
King of everlasting grace!
Every ghostly adversary,
All things evil, all things base;
Grant us of thine only goodness
In thy Paradise a place.

4 Laud and honor to the Father,
Laud and honor to the Son,
Laud and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One:
Consubstantial, co-eternal,
While unending ages run. Amen.

Hark! hark! my soul.

Hymn 156. 11 10s. 9 11.



2 Darker than night life's shadows fall around us,
And, like benighted men, we miss our mark;
God hides Himself, and grace hath scarcely found us,
Ere Death finds out his victims in the dark.

3 Onward we go; for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.

4 Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

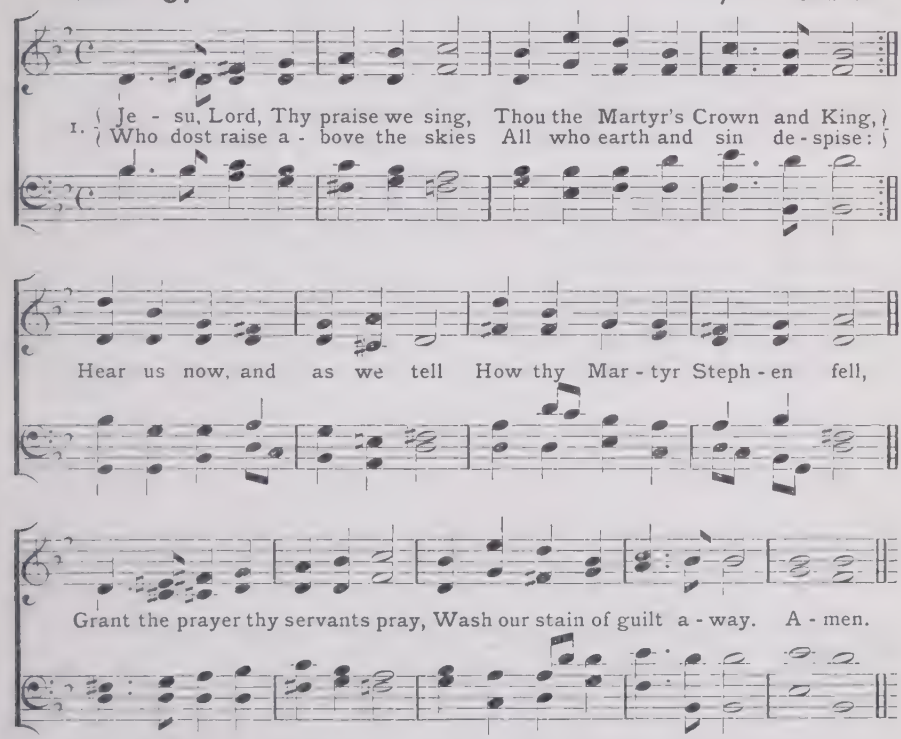
5 Cheer up, my soul, Faith's moonbeam's softly glisten
Upon the breast of Life's most troubled sea;
And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen
To those glad songs which angels mean for thee.

6 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,
Till life's long night shall break in endless love. Amen.

St. Stephen.

Jesu, Lord, thy praise we sing.

Hymn 157. 7s. Double.

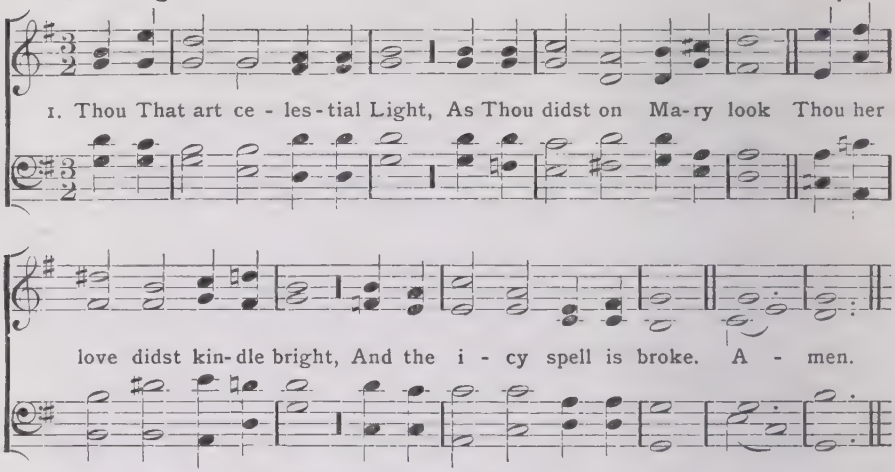


2 'Twas thy Spirit from above
Filled his heart with strength and love;
First to own his Lord in death,
First to gain the crown of faith;
Gazing upward to the skies,
With his parting breath he cries,
Jesu, Lord, my soul receive;
Jesu, Lord, my foes forgive.

3 Lord, for him thy Name we bless,
Grant to us like holiness;
May we ever live to Thee,
And in death have victory:
Then through ages all along,
This shall be our endless song,
Praise the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

Thou That art celestial Light.

Hymn 158. 7s.



2 Pierced with love behold her fly
To anoint those blessèd Feet;
Bathe in tears; with tresses dry;
With unceasing kisses greet.

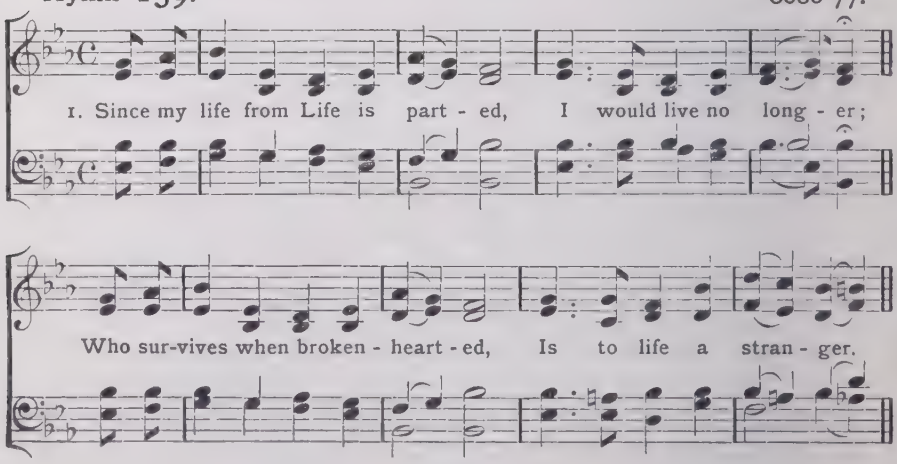
3 Fearless at the Cross she stands;
Pensive watches by the Stone;
Nought she recks yon ruffian bands;
Love has bid all fear begone.

4 Jesu, Very Love Thou art;
Cleanse us from our guilty stain;
Thou with grace canst fill the heart
Thou lost heaven restore again.

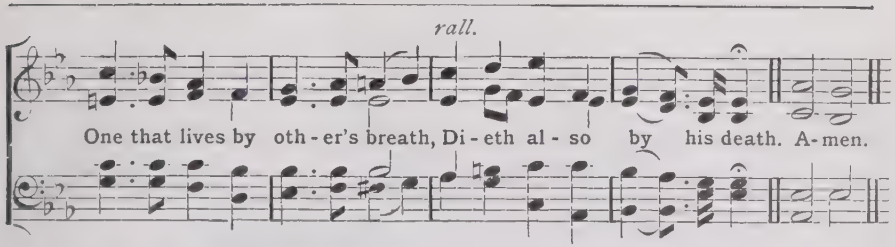
5 To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit ever Blest,
As of old, so aye shall run
Hymns of praise that never rest.
Amen.

Since my life from Life is parted.

Hymn 159. 8686 77.



St. Cæcilia.



2 While He lived my life was beaming,
In the sun of happiness;
Now He's dead this world is seeming
But a world of heaviness.
Oh! let love my life remove,
Since I live not where I love.

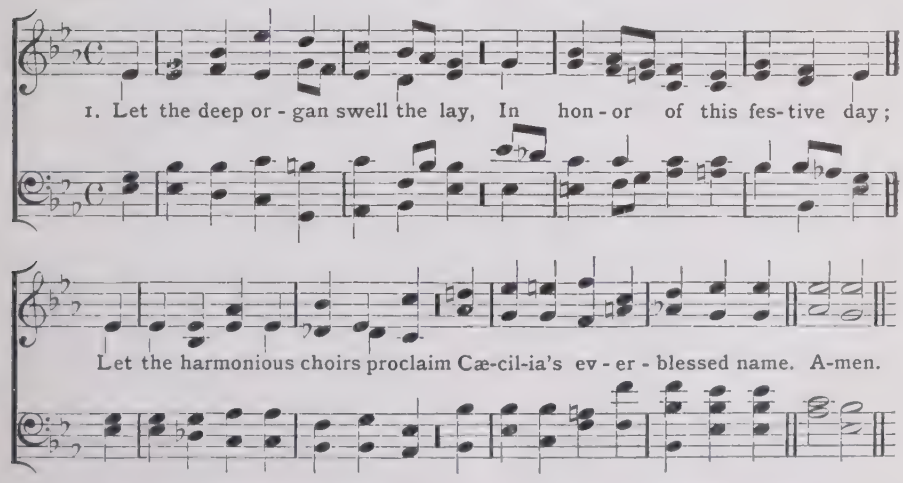
3 Here I weep, alone, forsaken,
For my Love is gone away;
Did I know who had Him taken
I would follow night and day.
Then would count my life no gain,
If I could with Him remain.

4 O true Life! since Thou hast left me,
Mortal life is tedious;
Death it is to live without Thee,
Death of all most odious.
Turn again, or else deny
Life to live, that I may die. Amen.

St. Cæcilia.

Let the deep organ swell the lay.

Hymn 160. **L. M.**



2 Rome gave the virgin-martyr birth,
Whose holy name hath filled the earth;
And from the early dawn of youth,
She fixed her heart on God and truth.
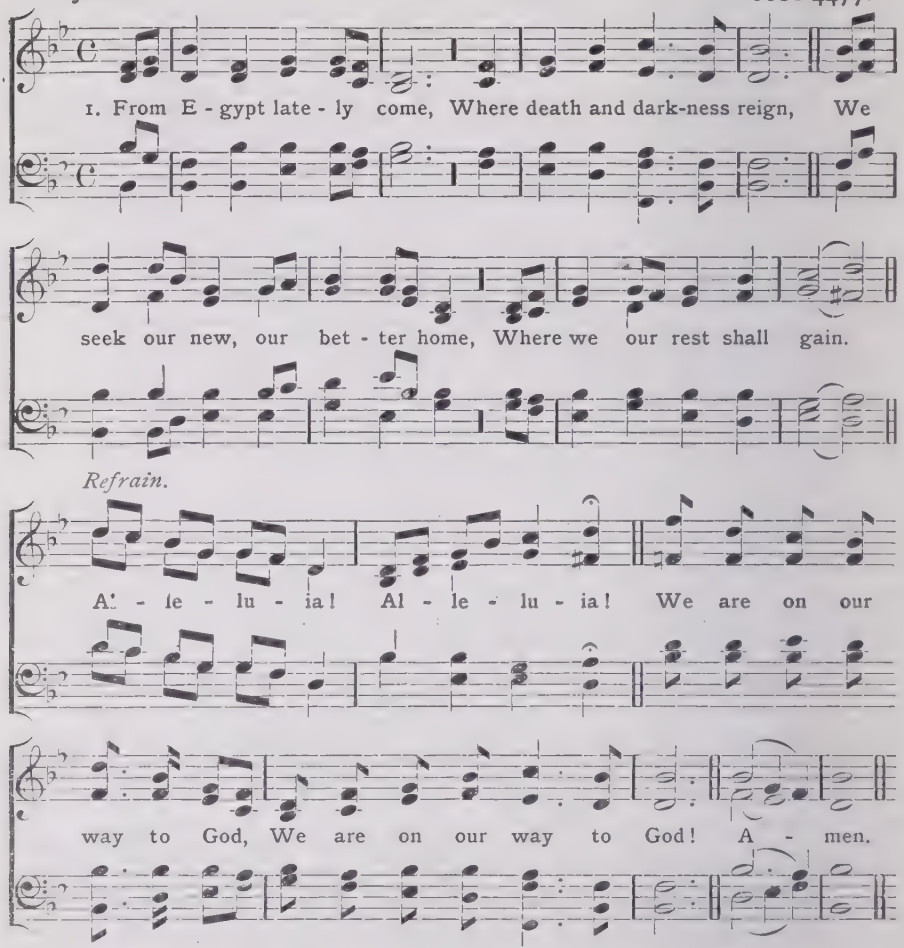
3 Then from the world's bewildering strife,
In peace she spent her holy life—
Teaching the organ to combine
With voice, to praise her Spouse divine.

4 Cæcilia, with a twofold crown
Adorned in heaven, we pray look down
Upon thy fervent votaries here,
And hearken to their humble prayer.

5 O Saviour, may our portion be
With those who gave themselves to Thee,
Through all eternity to sing
All praise to Thee, the Martyr's King.
Amen.

From Egypt lately come.

Hymn 161. 6686 4477.



2 To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste with songs of joy,
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.

3 There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict's o'er;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.

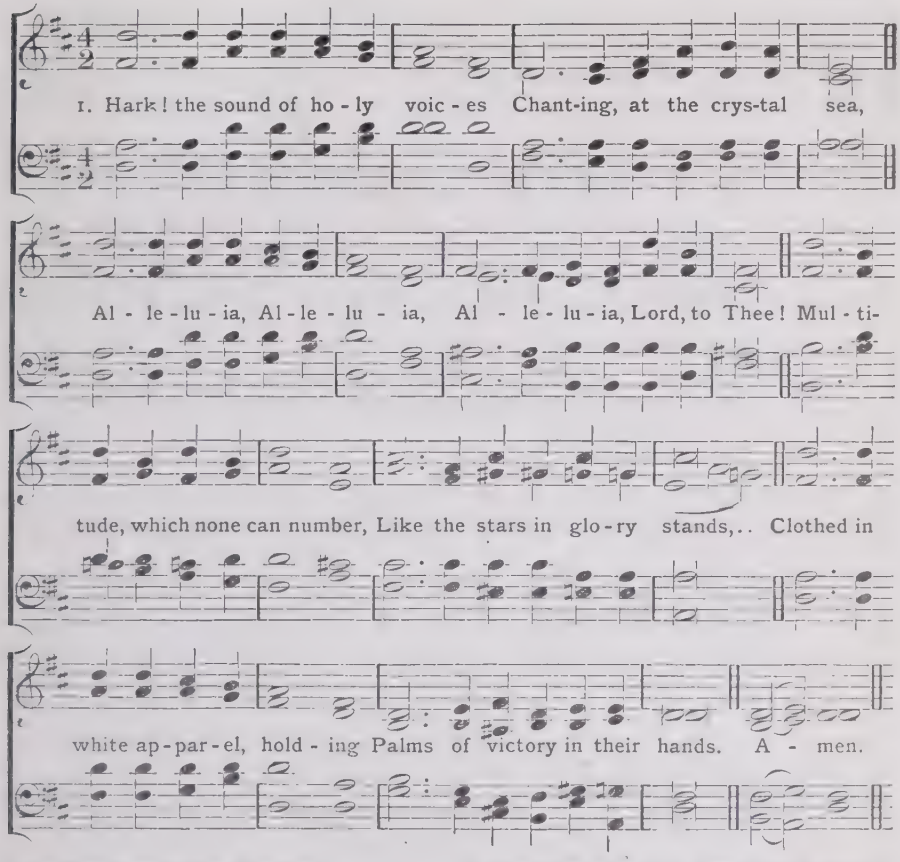
4 There in celestial strains
Enraptured millions sing;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God Himself is King.

5 We soon shall join the throng,
Their pleasures we shall share;
And sing the everlasting song
With all the ransomed there.

6 How sweet the prospect is!
It cheers the pilgrim's breast;
We're journeying through a wilderness,
But soon shall gain our rest. Amen.

Hark! the sound of holy voices.

Hymn 162. **87s. Double.**



2 Patriarch and holy Prophet,
Who prepared the way of Christ,
King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor,
Martyr, and Evangelist,
Saintly Maiden, godly Matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.
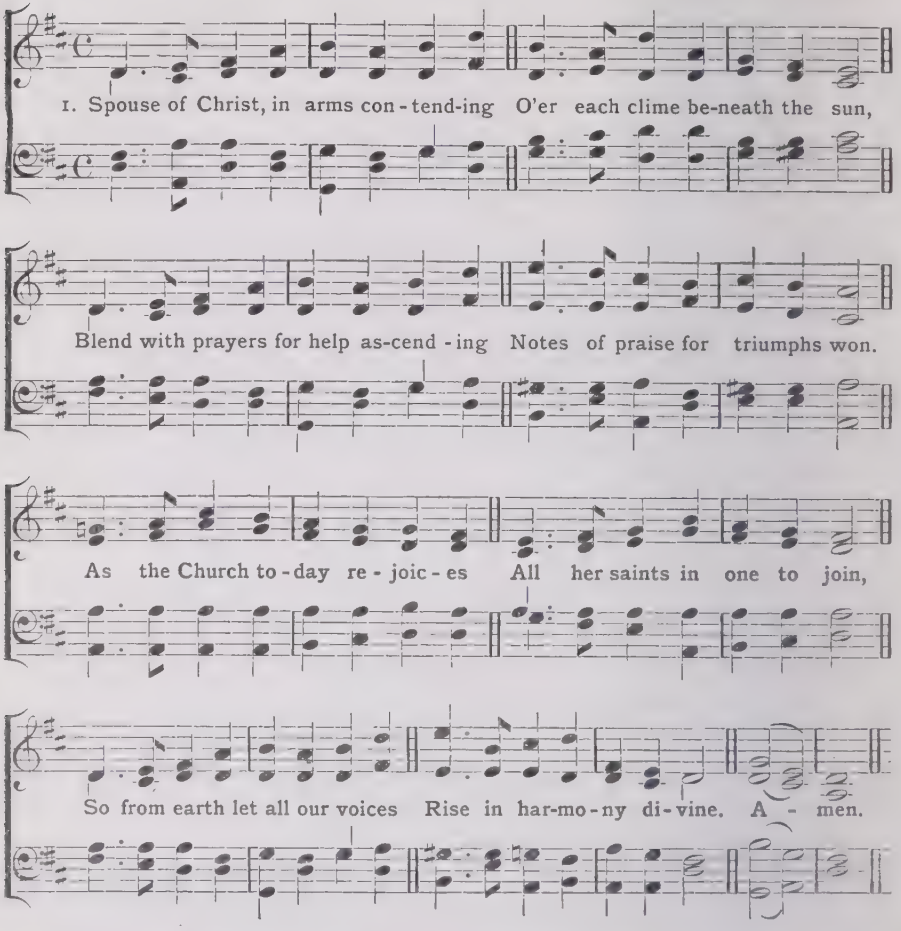
3 They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus:
Tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered death and Satan,
By the might of Christ the Lord.

4 Marching with thy Cross their banner,
They have triumphed following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King:
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

5 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light;
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the Beatific Vision
Of the Blessed Trinity. Amen.

Spouse of Christ.

Hymn 163. 87s. Double.



2 King of all the ransomed nation,
Who for us the victory won,
Who wast slain for our salvation,
Thee we praise, Eternal Son.
Mary leads the sacred story,
Mary with her Heavenly Child,
Sharer with Him now in glory,
Maid and Mother undefiled.

3 Angels next in due gradation
Of their nine-fold ministry,
Hymn the Father of creation,
Maker of the stars on high.
John, whose warning voice hath sounded,
More than prophet owned to be;
Patriarchs with seers surrounded
Swell the hymn of victory.

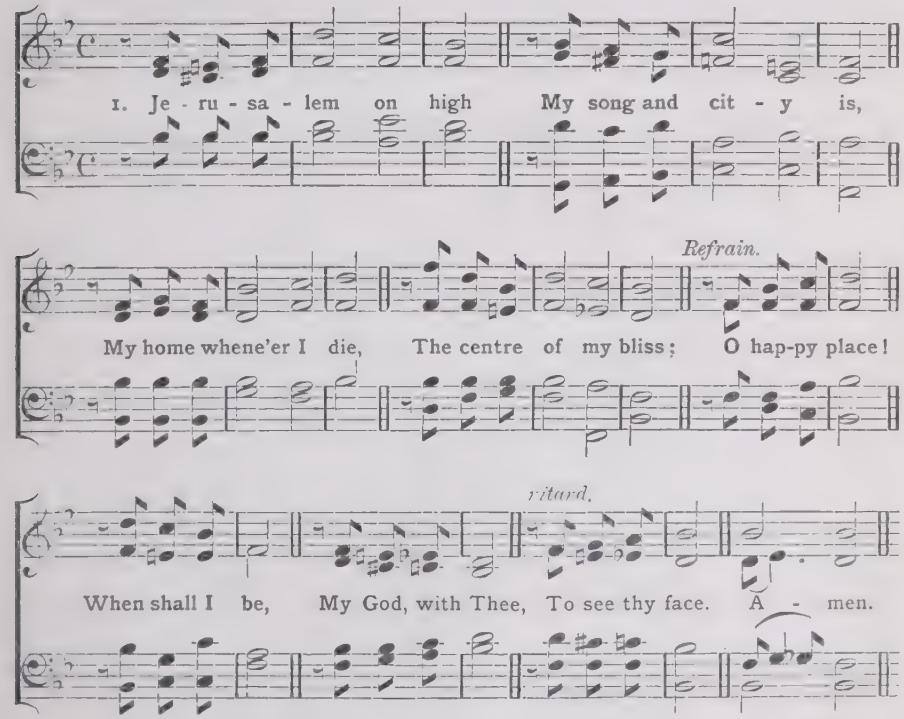
4 All their earthly toils completed,
Hark! the Twelve the anthem swell,
And on thrones of glory seated
Judge the tribes of Israel.
They who nobly died believing,
Martyrs purpled in their gore,
Crowns of life by death receiving,
Rest in joy for evermore.

5 Priests and Levites, Gospel Preachers,
And Confessors numberless,
Bishop meek, and holy Teachers,
Bear the palm of righteousness.
Lo! in bridal pomp, fair Virgins
To the Lamb all consecrate,
Haste with lilies and with roses
On the Bridegroom's steps to wait.

6 All who, sin and death defying,
Jesus faithfully confest,
Living on, yet daily dying,
Numbered now among the blest;
All are one together praising
God's Eternal Majesty;
Thrice-repeated anthems raising
To the All-Holy Trinity. Amen.

Jerusalem on high.

Hymn 164. 6s. 4s.



2 There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live:
There angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give.

3 No tears from any eyes
Drop in that holy choir;
But death itself there dies,
And sighs themselves expire.
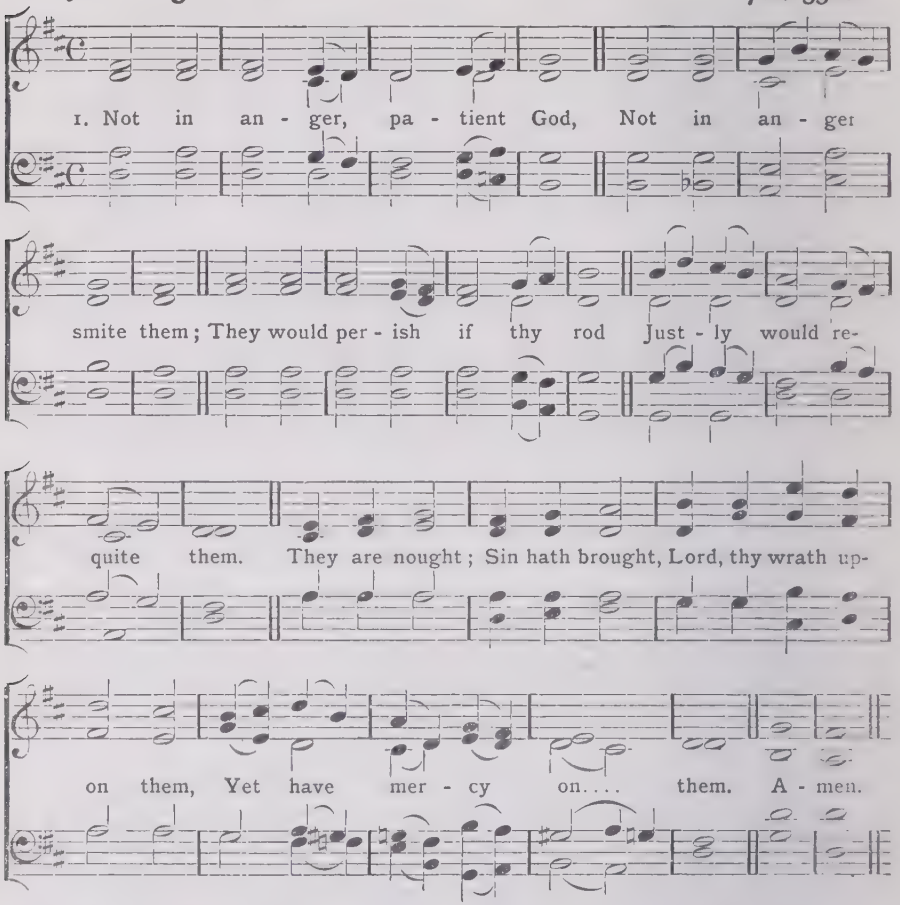
4 The Lord's Apostles there,
I might with joy behold;
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold.

5 The bleeding martyrs, they
Within those courts are found,
Clothed in their white array,
Their scars with glory crowned.

6 Sweet place, sweet place of peace!
Why do I longer stay?
Dear Lord, these bonds release,
And thither guide my way. Amen.

Not in anger, patient God.

Hymn 165. 76s. 3366.



2 Weary are they of the pain,
Weary with their sorrow;
Sighing, longing to obtain
Release on the morrow.
Why dost Thou tarry now?
Come, sweet Lord, befriend them,
Help in pity send them.

3 O long-suffering Father! hear
The prayers from earth ascending,
Pleading for those souls so dear,
On Thee all depending
For release, rest and peace—
Wilt Thou friendless leave them,
And of hope bereave them?

4 No! the power to set them free
Unto prayer is given;
Wherefore grant them liberty—
Take, sweet Lord, to Heaven
Souls thy Cross hath saved from loss,
Hearts on fire all burning—
Only for Thee yearning.

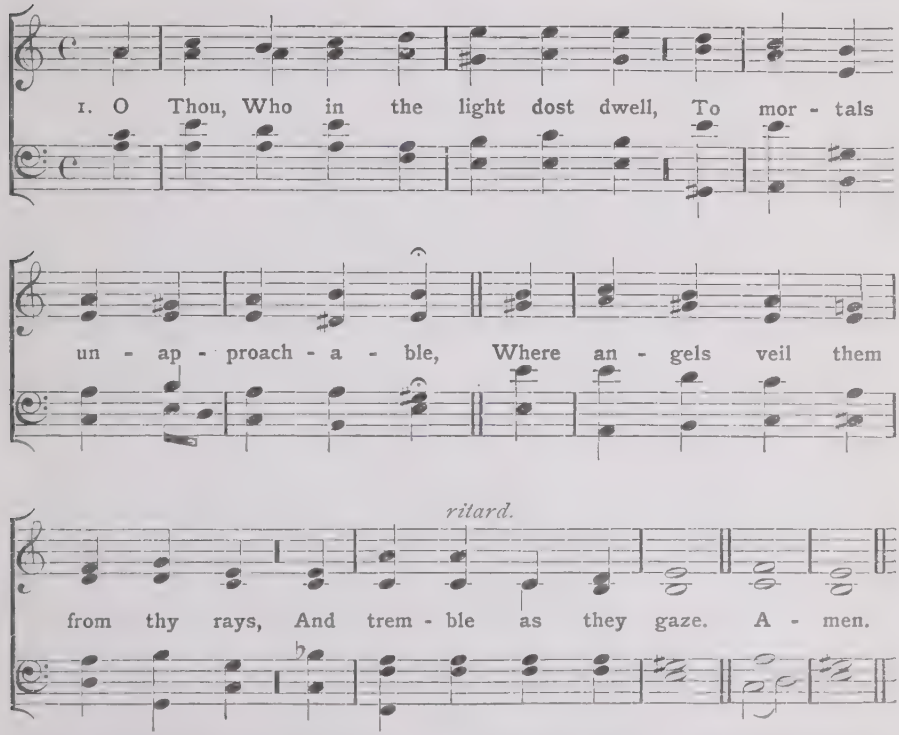
5 Hark, O God! to hymns we raise
Here, and they in Heaven!
And Thee, the Son and Spirit praise
Who their bonds have riven.
Evermore we adore
Thee, whose grace hath stirred us,
And whose pity heard us. Amen.

Hymns for Occasional Use.

Sunday.

O Thou, Who in the light dost dwell.

Hymn 166. 8886.



2 Here we in depths of darkness lie,
Poor exiles from our home on high;
But bright shall dawn thine endless day,
And chase our gloom away.

3 That day Thou hast in store with Thee,
Resplendent with thy majesty,
But faintly shadowed here below
By sun in noontide glow.
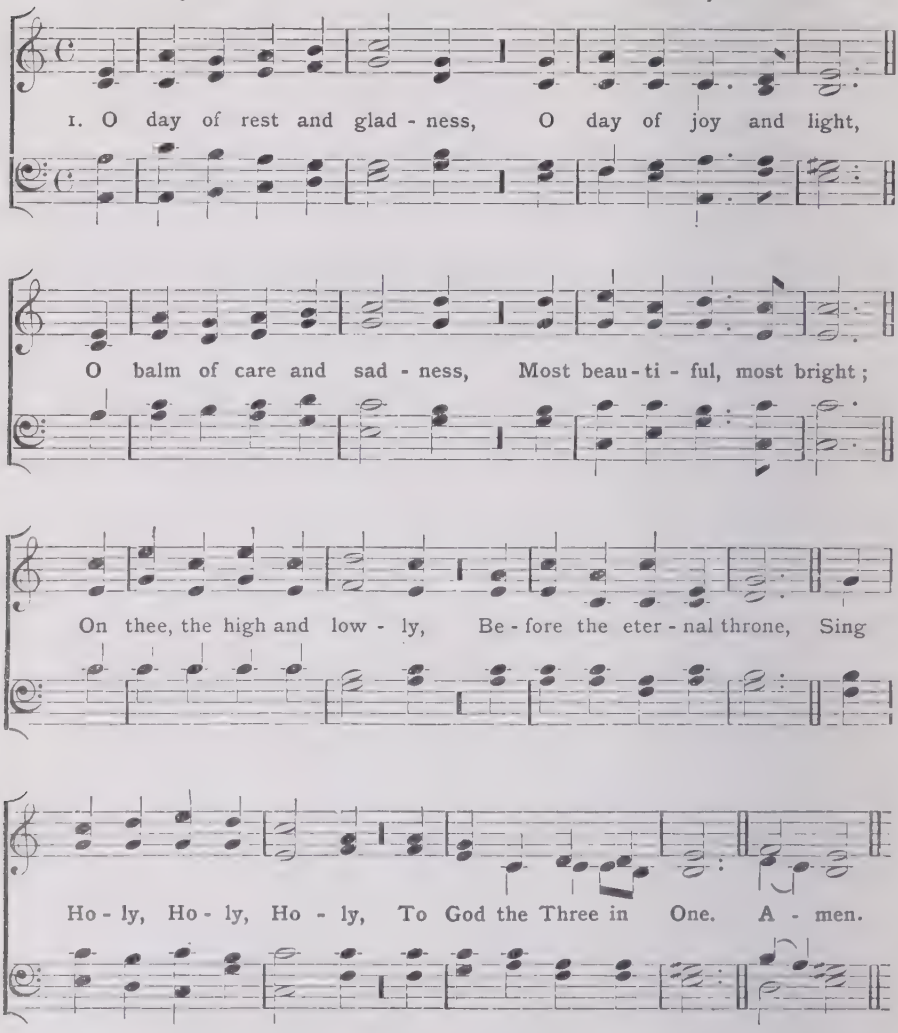
4 Why lingers, then, the golden dawn?
O why delay, thou glorious morn?
When shall we cast this flesh aside,
And in that light abide?

5 Our souls, O God, would fain take wing
From out their dark enveloping;
And see Thee, praise Thee, and adore
And love Thee evermore.

6 Blest Three in One, Thou Source of grace,
O fit us for that happy place;
And guide us safe through this our night
To see thine endless light. Amen.

O day of rest and gladness.

Hymn 167. 76s. Double.



2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

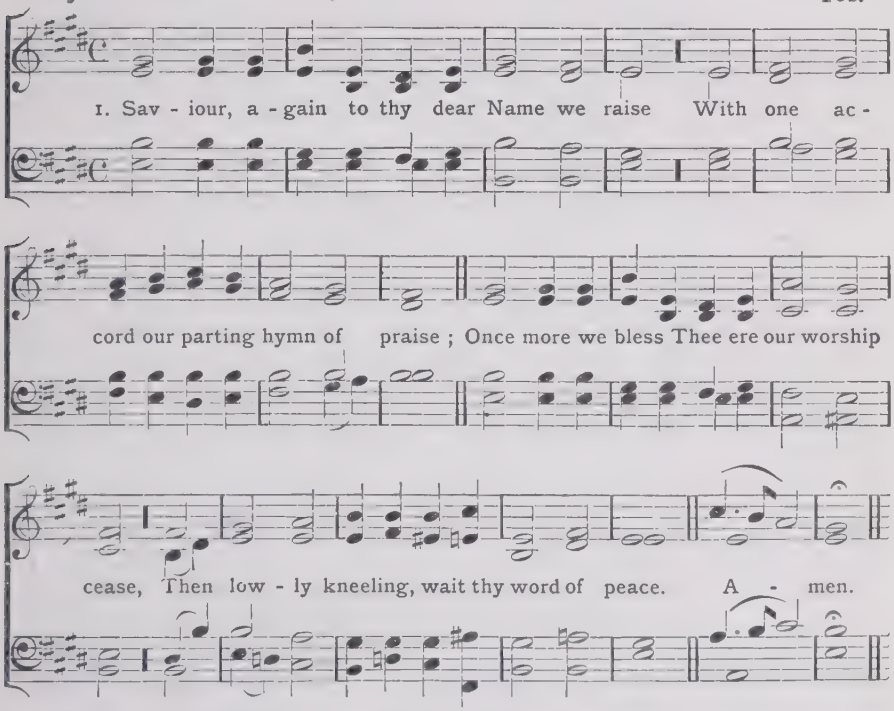
3 Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land;
A day of sweet refection,
A day of holy love,
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly Manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls;
Where Gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the Rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One. Amen.

Saviour, again to thy dear Name we raise.

Hymn 168. 10s.
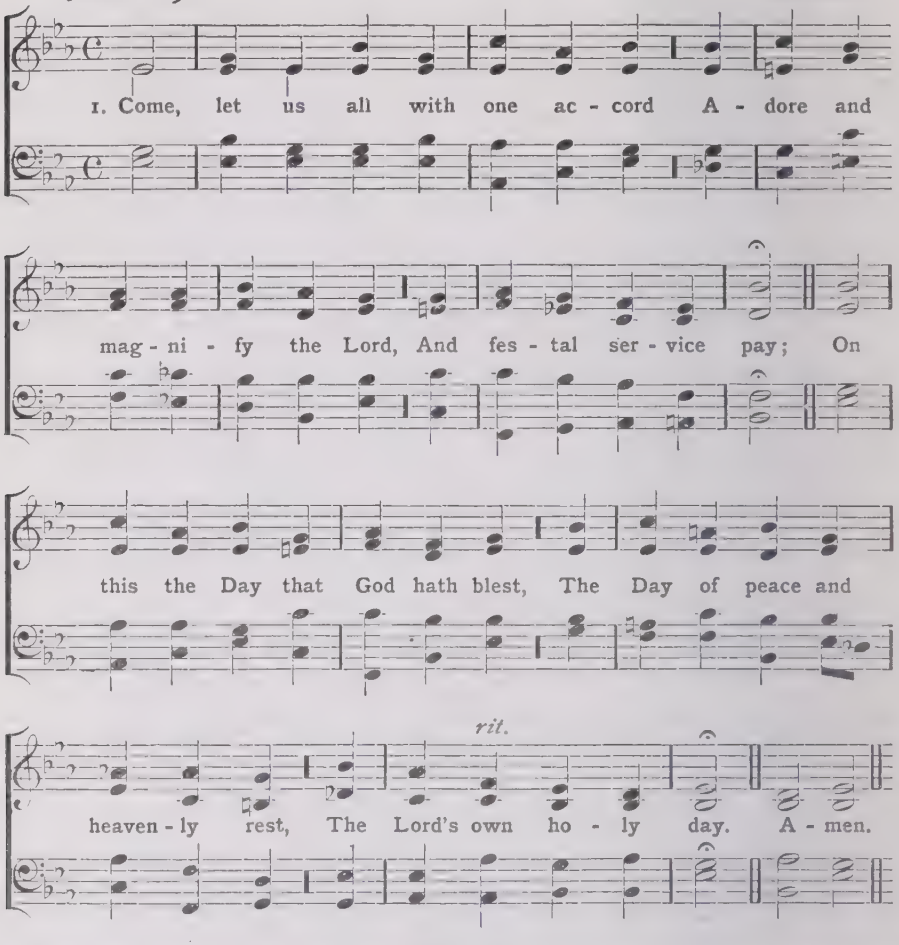


2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee begun, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy Name.

3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our peace in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace. Amen.

Come, let us all with one accord.

Hymn 169. 886 886.



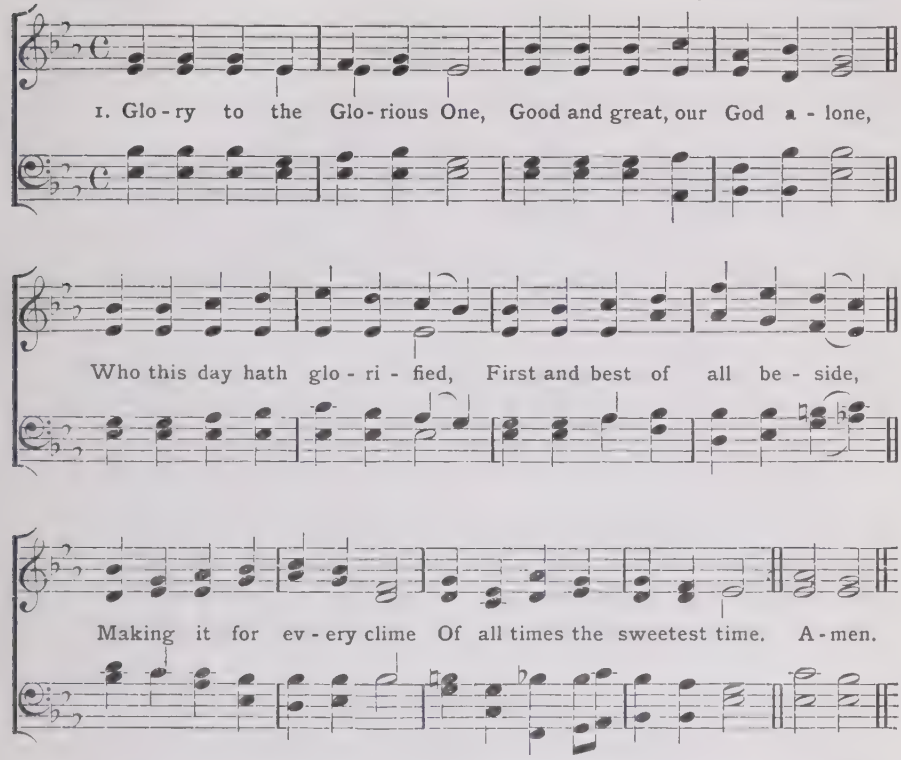
2 That saw primæval darkness break,
And that more glorious life awake
That lasteth evermore;
That saw hell's legion postrate fall,
And Christ triumphant over all
His own to heaven restore.

3 This day the peace that flows from heaven
Was unto the Apostles given,
When doors were closed at night;
This day the Holy Spirit's flame
Upon the Church's teachers came,
And filled their souls with light.

4 So let us come with joy to praise
Our God Who blesses all our days
With grace, and peace, and love:
So when our day of life is done,
The crown of life that we have won
We may receive above. Amen.

Glory to the Glorious One.

Hymn 170. 7s. Six lines.



2 On this day the Son of God
Left his three days' dark abode;
In the greatness of his might,
Rising to the upper light.
On this day the Church puts on
Glory, beauty, joy, and crown.

3 On this day of days the Lord,
Faithful to his ancient word,
On his burning chariot borne,
Shall in majesty return.
King of kings, He comes in might
From his heavenly home of light.

4 Coming with his Cross to save,
With his Cross to spoil the grave,
He shall speak and earth shall hear;
Rending rocks shall quake with fear;
And the waking dead shall come
From the silence of the tomb.

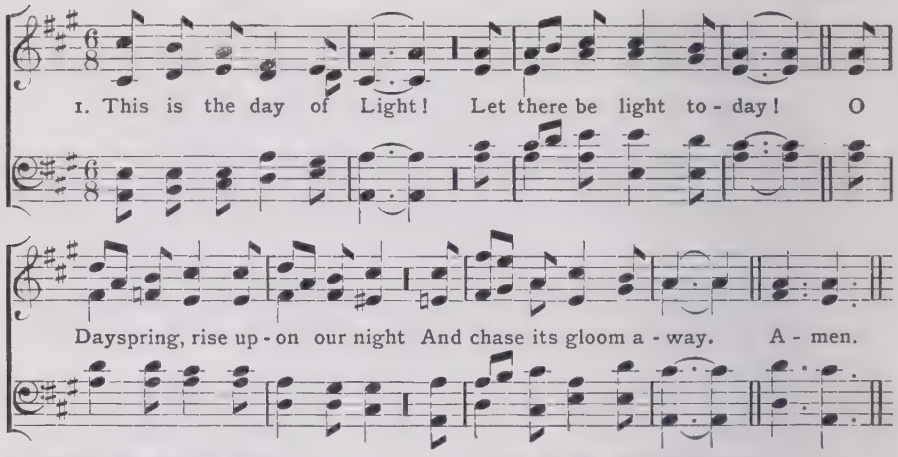
5 Shaken heavens and shattered earth
Then shall rise to second birth!
Then the glory to his own!
Then the kingdom and the crown!
Then the sinner's hope shall close,
Then begin his endless woes.

6 Death, it cometh,—oh beware!
Judgment cometh,—oh prepare!
Steadfast, steadfast let us stand,
For the Judge is nigh at hand;
Steadfast let us rest at night,
Steadfast wake at morning light.

7 Honor, might, and glory be,
Gracious God and Lord, to Thee!
To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One;
Thus we now thy mercy praise,
And through everlasting days. Amen

This is the day of Light.

Hymn 171. S. M.



2 This is the day of Rest!
Our failing strength renew:
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of Peace!
Lord, now thy word fulfill,
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease;
The waves of strife be still.

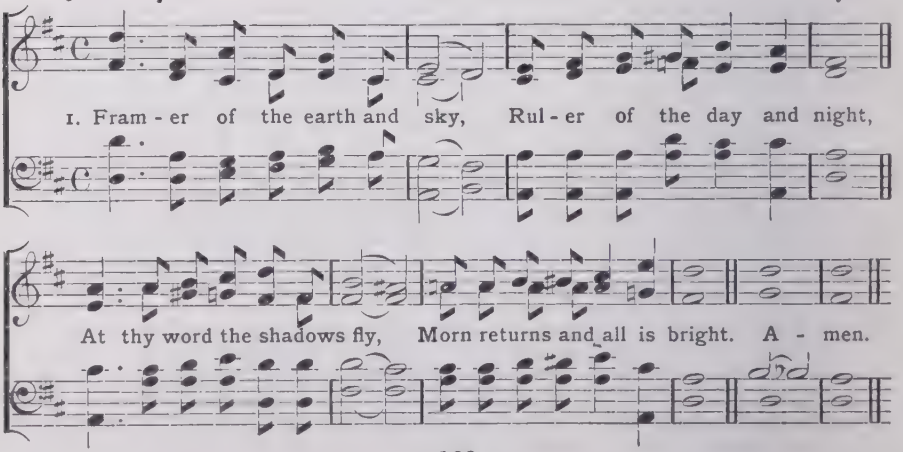
4 This is the day of Prayer!
Let earth to heaven draw near:
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the First of days:—
Send forth thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death! Amen.

Morning.

Framer of the earth and sky.

Hymn 172. 7s.



2 Through the midnight hours forlorn,
Thou the Lord of night art near;
Taught by Thee the bird of morn
Tells that day will soon appear.

3 Tossed upon the stormy tide,
Seamen hail the morning's ray;
He, who thrice his Lord denied,
Found repentance with the day.

4 Let us then our hearts arouse;
Morning calls us to awake,
Bids us haste to pay our vows,
And our meek confessions make.

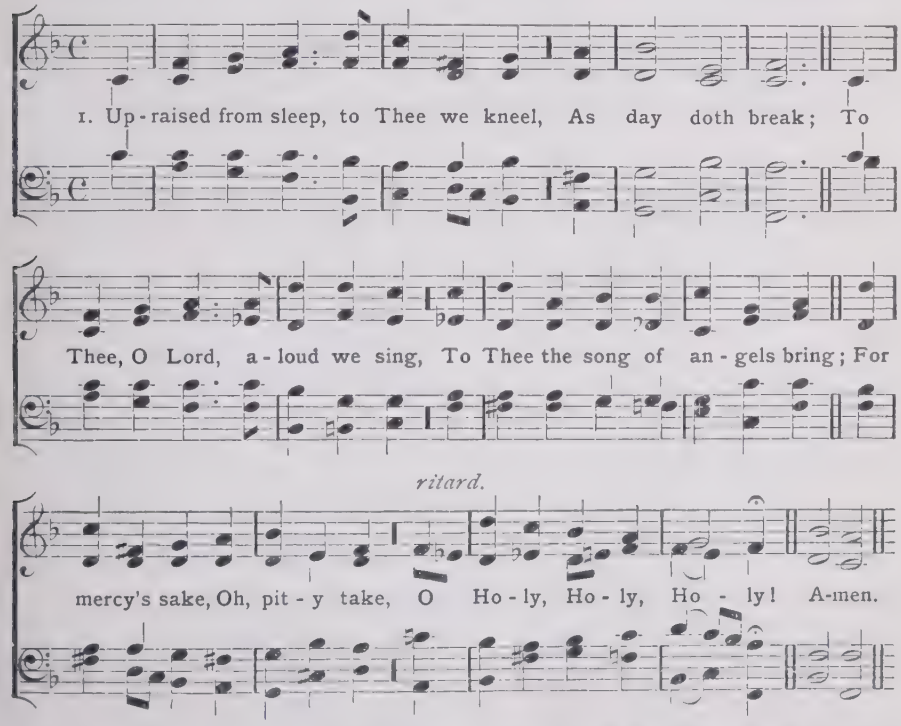
5 Jesu, Master, when we fall
Turn on us thy healing Face;
With that look our souls recall
Unto penitential grace:

6 Sin's deep wounds in us repair;
In our darkened bosoms shine:
Thine the early morning prayer,
Morning hymns of glory thine.

7 Glory to the Father be,
Equal glory to the Son
With the Spirit; Blessèd Three,
In eternal glory One. Amen.

Upraised from sleep.

Hymn 173. 8488 447.

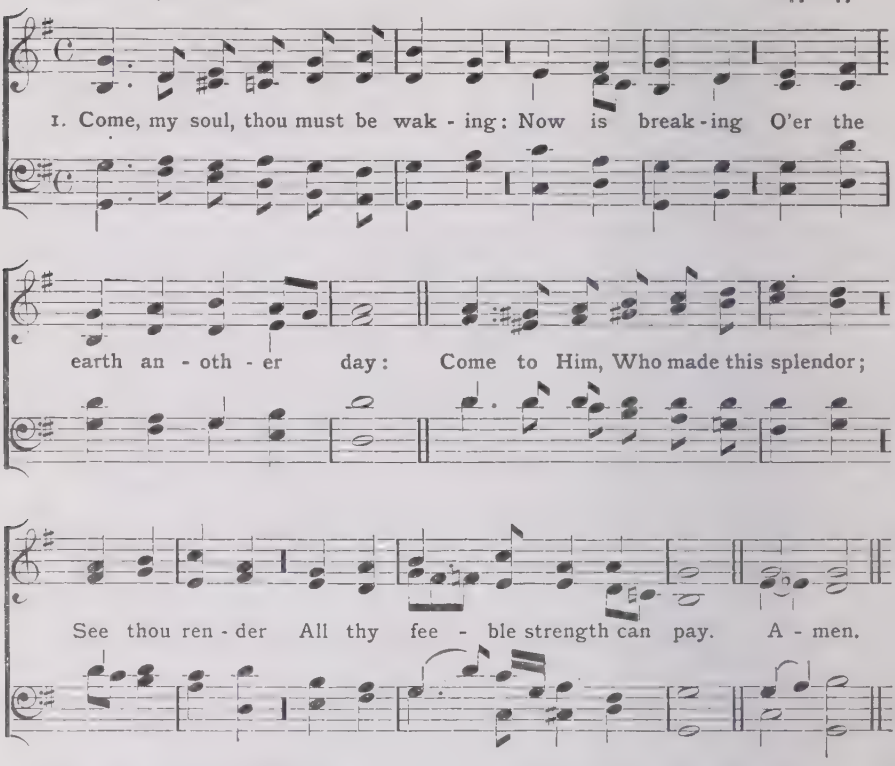


2 Thou, Lord, hast from my couch of rest
Uplifted me;
Oh, light my mind; oh, light my heart,
And ope my lips to take their part
In praising Thee,
Blest Trinity,
O Holy, Holy, Holy!

3 The Judge will on a sudden come,
To bring to light
The deeds of each, that secret lie;
But unalarmed we still will cry
Amid the fright,
At dead of night,
O Holy, Holy, Holy! Amen.

Come, my soul, thou must be waking.

Hymn 174. 8478 47.



2 Gladly hail the sun returning;
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers:
For the night is safely ended;
God hath tended
With his care thy helpless hours.

3 Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavor,
When the aim is good and true;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

4 Think that He thy ways beholdeth;
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within:
He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

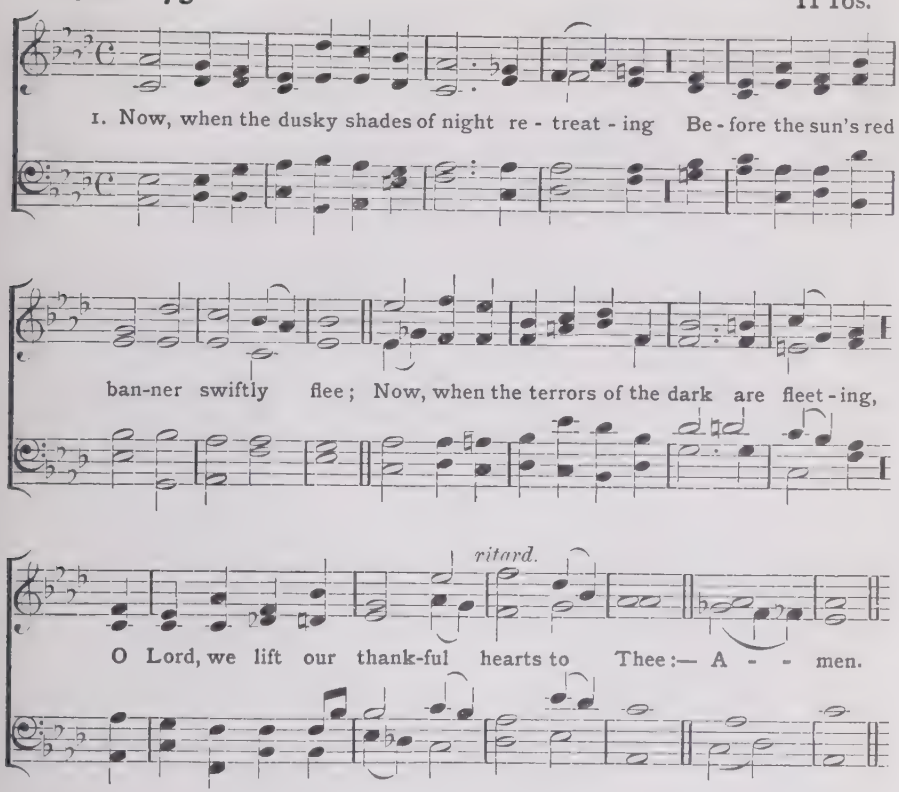
5 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

6 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But his Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.

7 Glory, honor, exaltation,
Adoration,
Be to the Eternal One:
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Laud and merit,
While unending ages run. Amen.

Now, when the dusky shades of night.

Hymn 175. 11 10s.



2 To Thee, whose Word, the fount of life unsealing,
When hill and dale in thickest darkness lay,
Awoke bright rays across the dim earth stealing,
And bade the eve and morn complete the day.

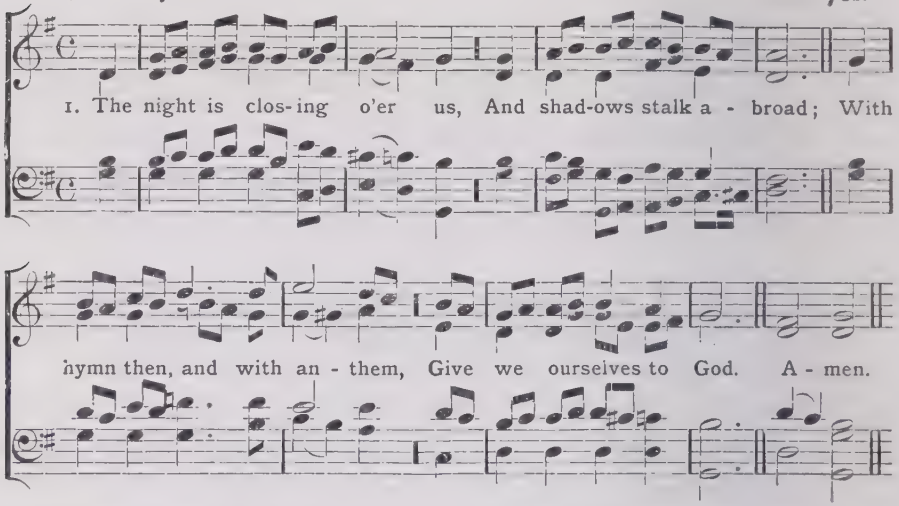
3 Look from the height of heaven, and send to cheer us
Thy light and truth, and guide us onward still;
Still let thy mercy, as of old, be near us,
And lead us safely to thy Holy Hill.

4 So, when that morn of endless light is waking,
And shades of evil from its splendors flee,
Safe may we rise, this earth's dark vale forsaking,
Through all the long bright day to dwell with Thee.

5 Be this by Thee, O God Thrice Holy, granted,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, ever Blest;
Whose glory by the heaven and earth is chanted,
Whose Name by men and angels is confest. Amen.

The night is closing o'er us.

Hymn 176. 76s.



2 And Thou, O Sun of angels,
Watch o'er us from above;
We fear no midnight terrors,
Protected by thy love.

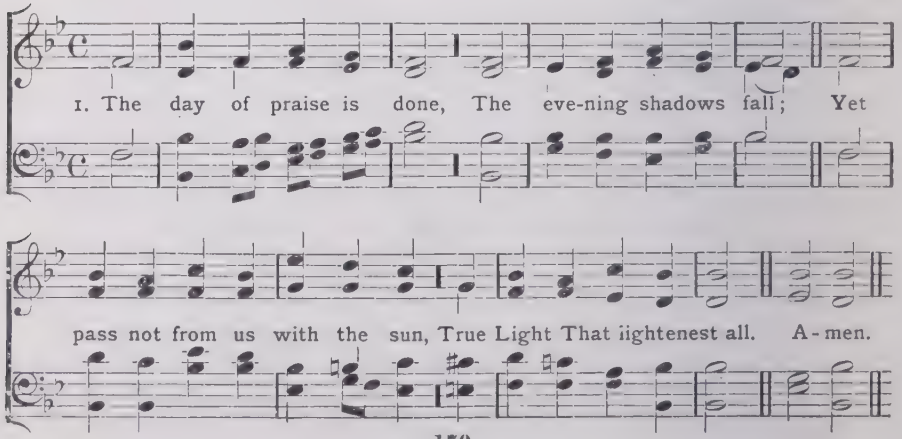
3 True Light shine forth, let darkness
Far from our souls be thrust;
That peace to all flow richly,
Who Thee, the Saviour, trust:

4 So, when as Judge Thou sittest,
In robes of light arrayed,
We all may joy before Thee,
Untroubled, undismayed.

5 To Thee be praise, Lord Jesu,
Sun of the angel-host;
With God the Eternal Father,
And God the Holy Ghost. Amen.

The day of praise is done.

Hymn 177. S. M.



2 Around thy throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the skies
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire;
But oh! the strains, how full and clear
Of that Eternal Choir!

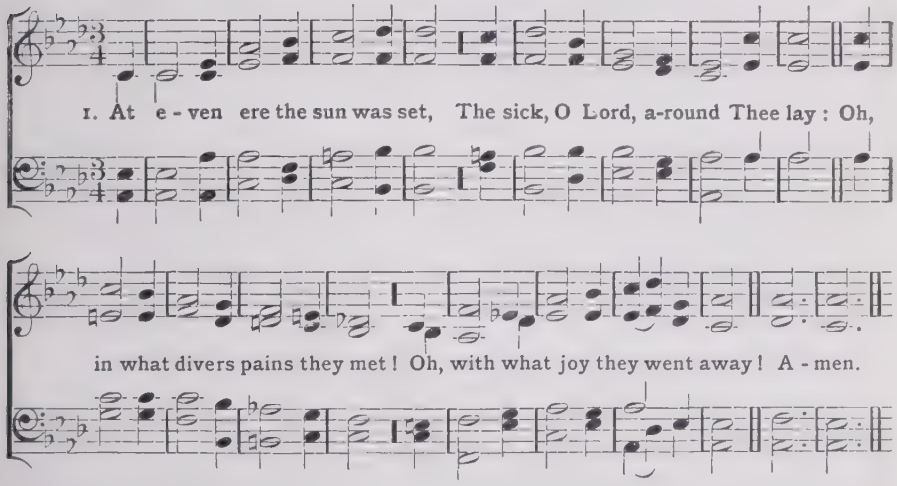
4 Yet, Lord, to thy dear will,
If Thou attune the heart,
We in thine angels' music still
May bear an humble part.

5 'Tis thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our daily life a psalm
Of glory to thy Name.

6 Shine Thou within us, then,
A Day that knows no end,
Till songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend. Amen.

At even ere the sun was set.

Hymn 178. L. M.



2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near:
What if thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel:
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee;
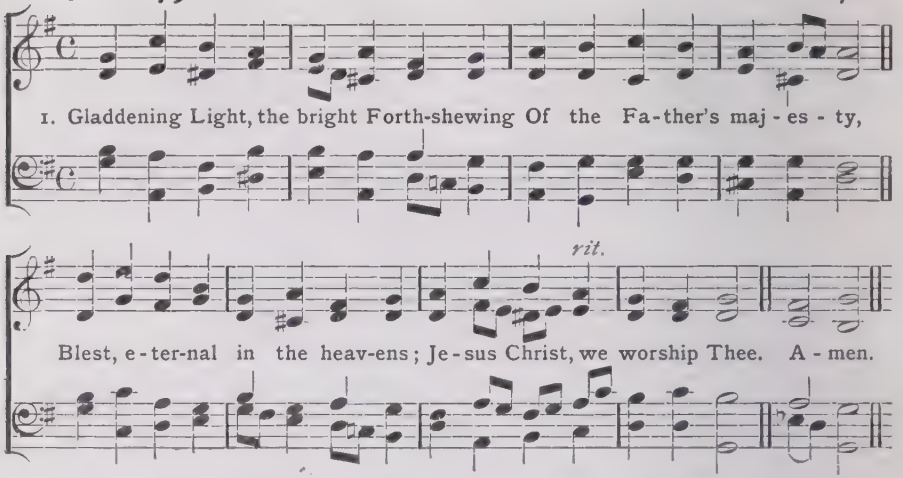
5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they, who fain would love Thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

6 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man,
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

7 Thy touch still has its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in thy mercy heal us all. Amen.

Gladdening Light.

Hymn 179. 87s.



2 Now the sun to rest is sinking;
Stars above us shed their rays;
Thee with thine Eternal Father
And the Holy Ghost we praise.

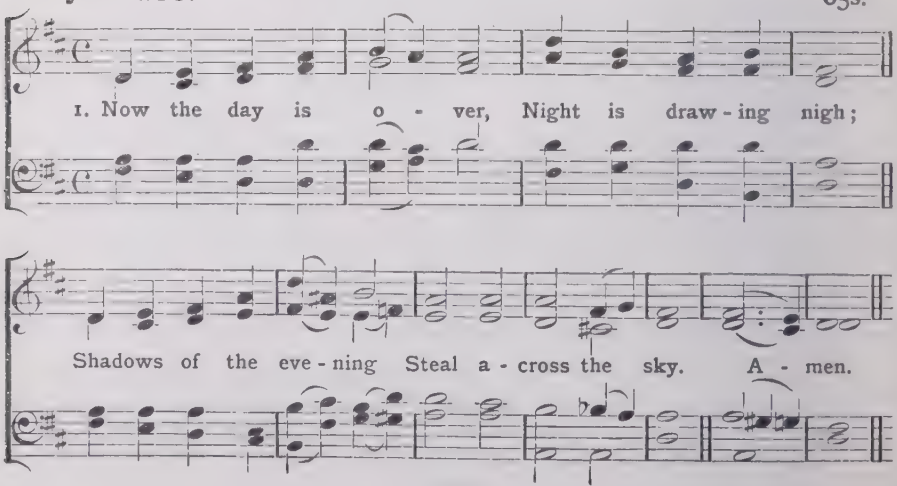
3 Worthy art Thou of the anthems
Holiest lips can raise to Thee,
Son of God; for Thou hast brought us
Life and immortality.

4 Pardon all our past transgressions,
Give us strength for days to come;
Guide and guard us with thy blessing
Till thine angels bear us home.

5 Therefore shall the whole creation
With glad hymns for evermore
Praise and laud and magnify Thee,
And thy glorious Name adore. Amen.

Now the day is over.

Hymn 180. 65s.



2 Jesu, grant the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessings
May our eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children
Vision bright of Thee:
Guard the sailors tossing
On the angry sea.

4 Comfort every sufferer,
Watching late in pain,
Those who plan some evil
From their sins restrain.

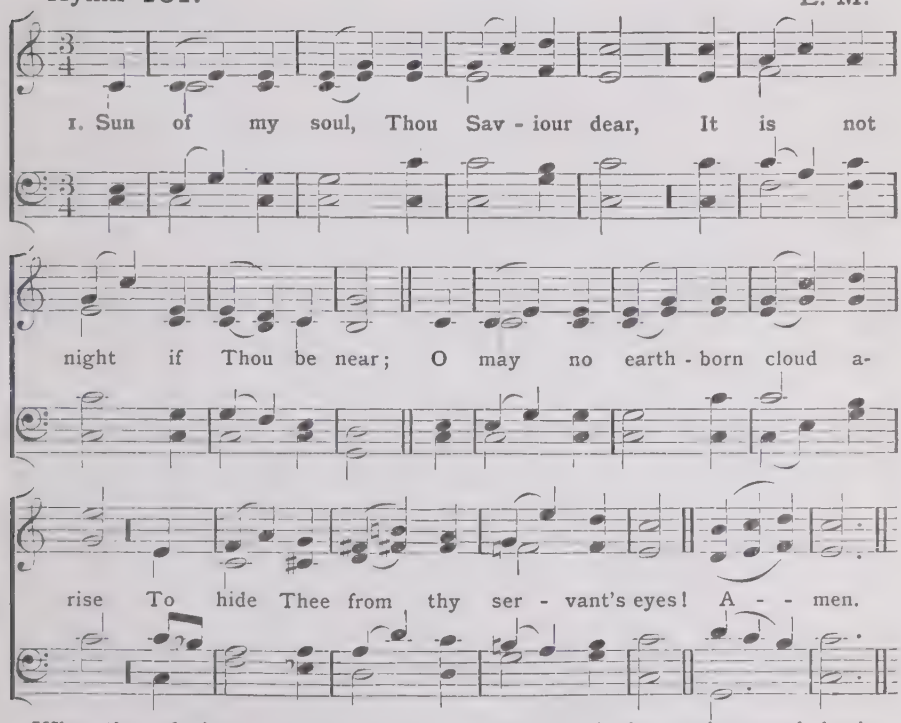
5 Through the long night-watches,
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Standing round my bed.

6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

7 Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, Blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run. Amen.

Sun of my soul.

Hymn 181. L. M.



2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

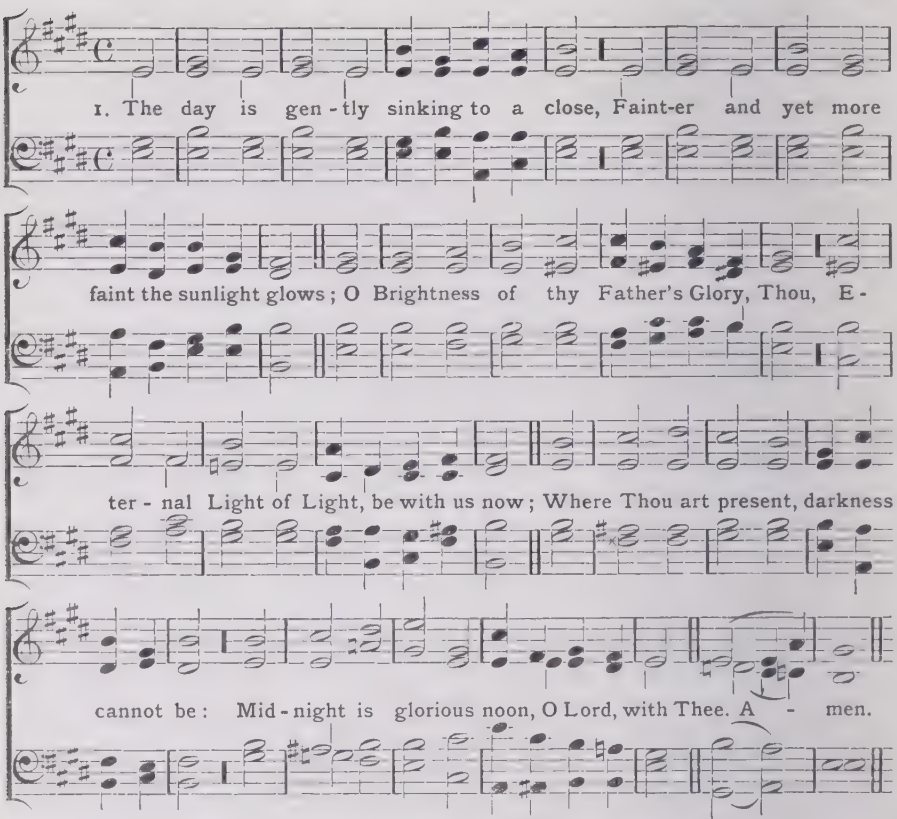
3 Abide with me from morn to eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere thro' the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.
Amen.

Hymn 182. The day is gently sinking. 10s. Six lines.
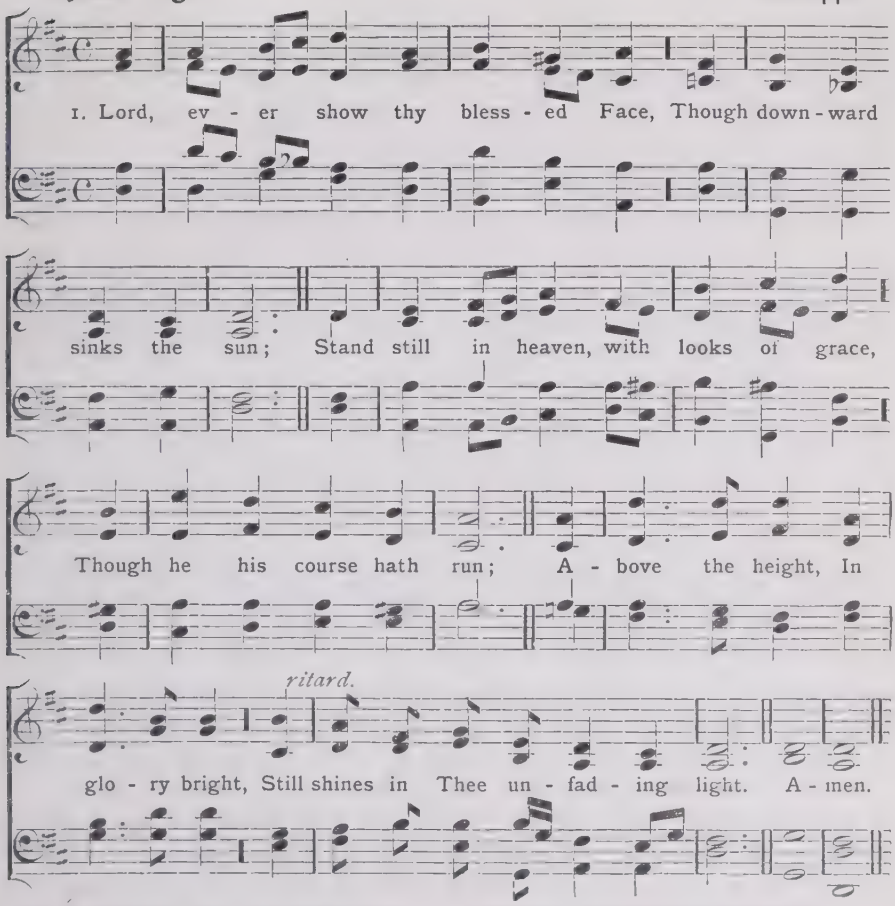


2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,
Onward to darkness and to death we tend;
O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our Guide,
Be Thou our Light in death's dark eventide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

3 Thou, Who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And human hopes and human succors fail:
When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."

4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,
May we arise, awakened by thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide. **Amen.**

Lord, ever show thy blessed Face.

Hymn 183. 86s. 448.
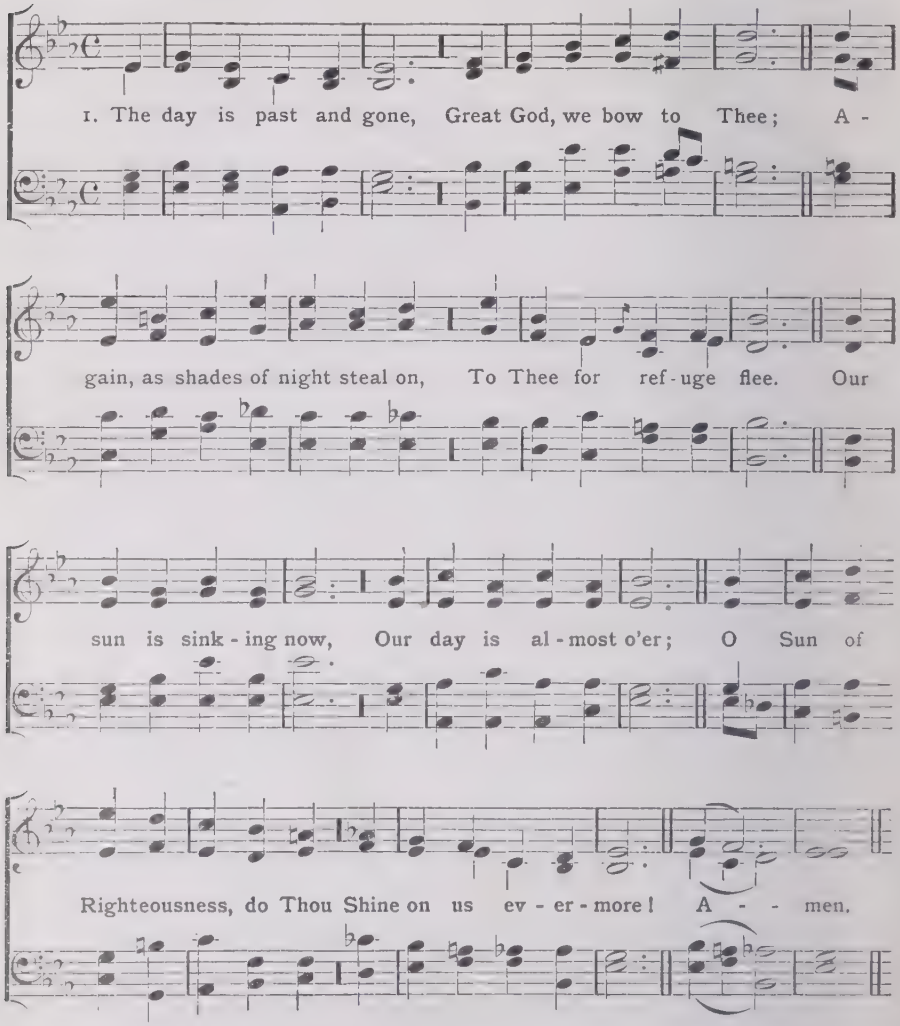


2 As speeds the moon her silent way
Outpouring softer beams;
So shed on us a gentle ray,
The peace of holy dreams;
That thoughts snow-white,
May hallow night,
No longer dark beneath thy light.

3 When calmly laid in quiet rest,
Sweet slumber on our eyes,
Let angels hover round each breast,
Our guard till morning rise:
Sin takes to flight,
And drops the fight;
For Thou art peace as well as light.

4 As sighs our last departing breath,
And friends in sorrow weep,
Oh, grant us, Lord, a tranquil death,
Like this, a restful sleep;
Then, through thy might
Raise us all-bright,
To view Thee robed in quenchless light. Amen.

The day is past and gone.

Hymn 184. S. M. Double.

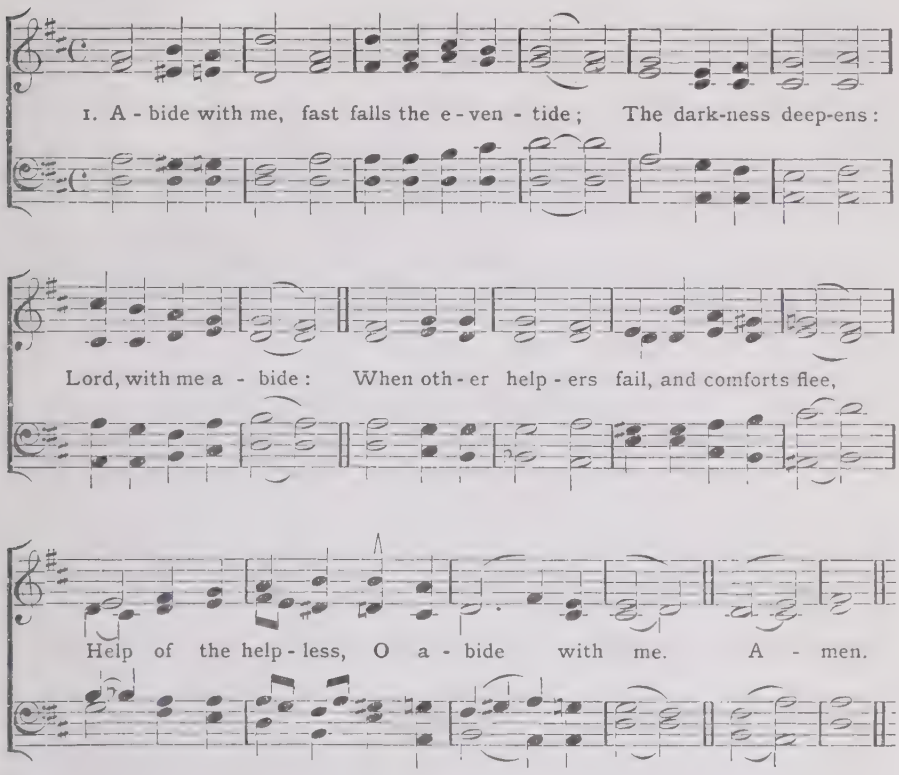


2 O when shall that day come,
Ne'er sinking in the west:
That country and that holy home,
Where none shall break our rest?
Where all things shall be peace,
And pleasure without end,
And golden harps, that never cease,
With joyous hymns shall blend;

3 Where we, preserved beneath
The shelter of thy wing,
For evermore thy praise shall breathe,
And of thy mercy sing;
And with the angel-host
Praise, honor, and adore
Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore. Amen.

Abide with me.

Hymn 185. 10s.



2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, Who changest not, abide with me.

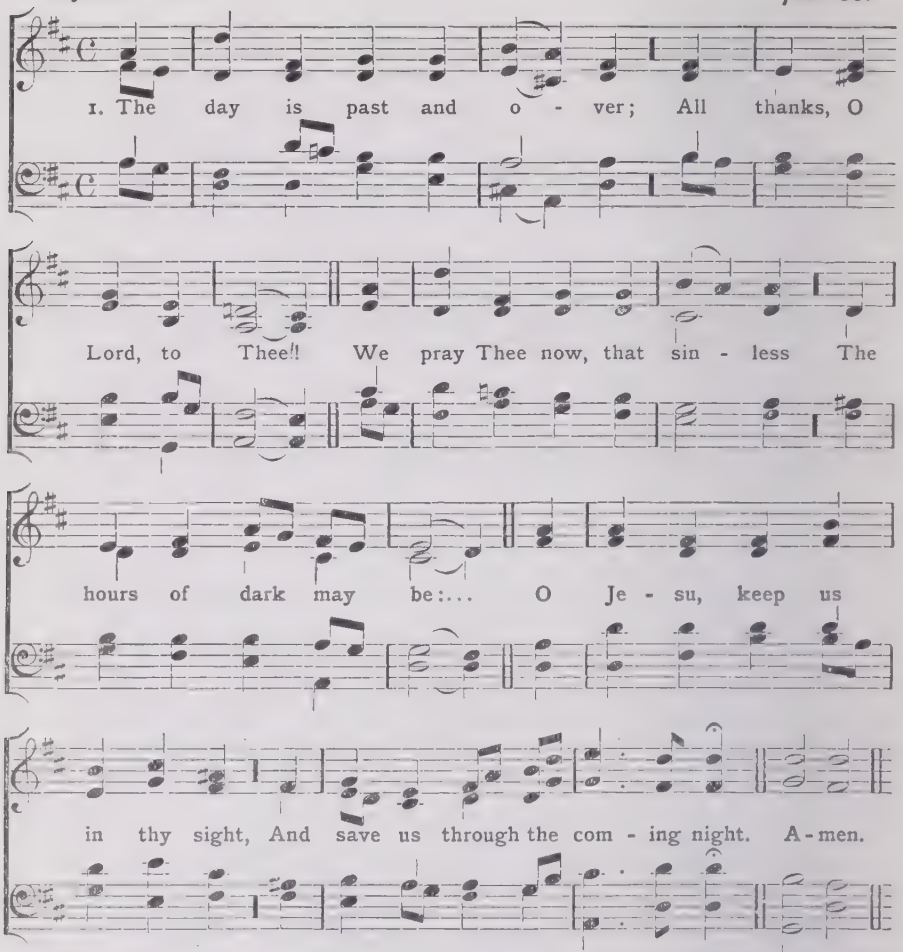
3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

4 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting; where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and draw me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. Amen.

The day is past and over.

Hymn 186. 76s. 88.



2 The joys of day are over;
We lift our hearts to Thee;
And ask Thee, that offenceless
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesu, make their darkness light,
And save us through the coming night.
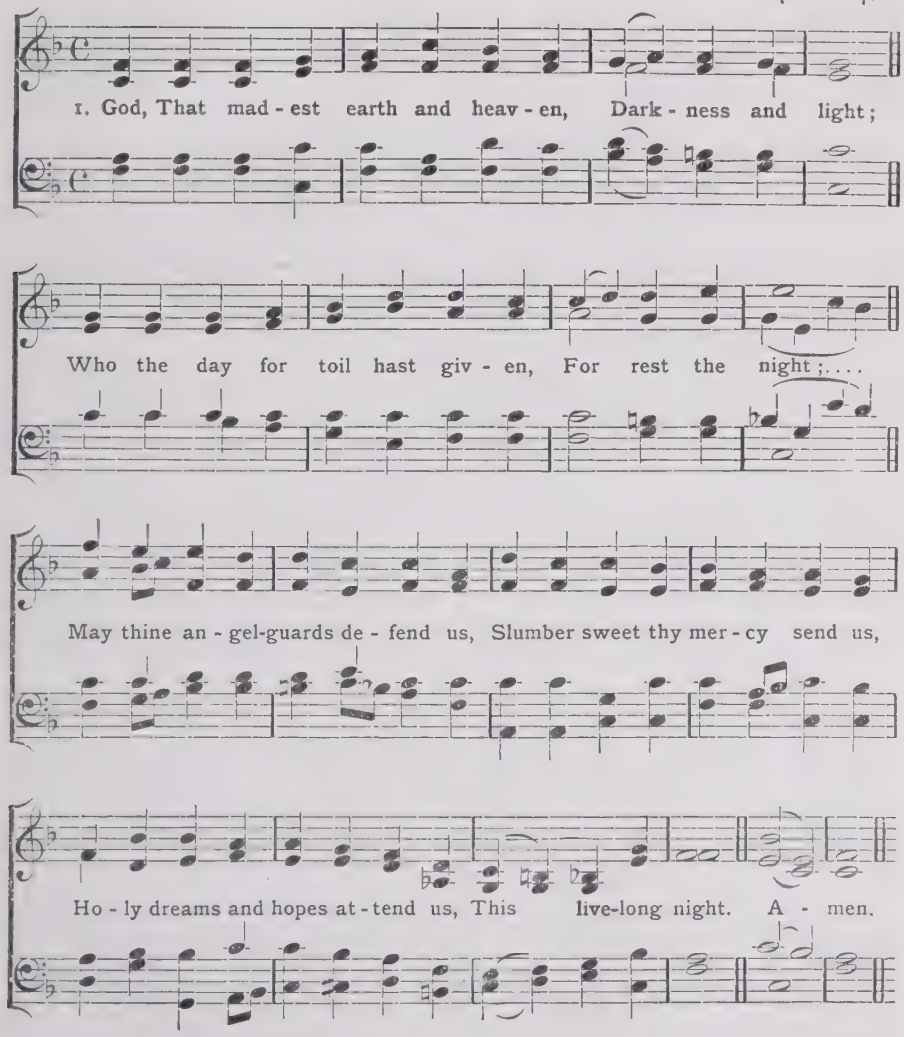
3 The toils of day are over;
We raise our hymn to Thee;
And ask, that free from peril,
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesu, keep us in thy sight,
And guard us through the coming night.

4 Our eyes enlighten, Saviour,
Or sleep in death shall we;
And he, our wakeful tempter,
Shall cry triumphantly:
"He could not make their darkness light,
Nor guard them thro' the hours of night."

5 Be Thou our soul's preserver,
O God, for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which we have to go;
O loving Jesu, hear our call,
And guard and save us from them all.
Amen.

God, That madest earth and heaven.

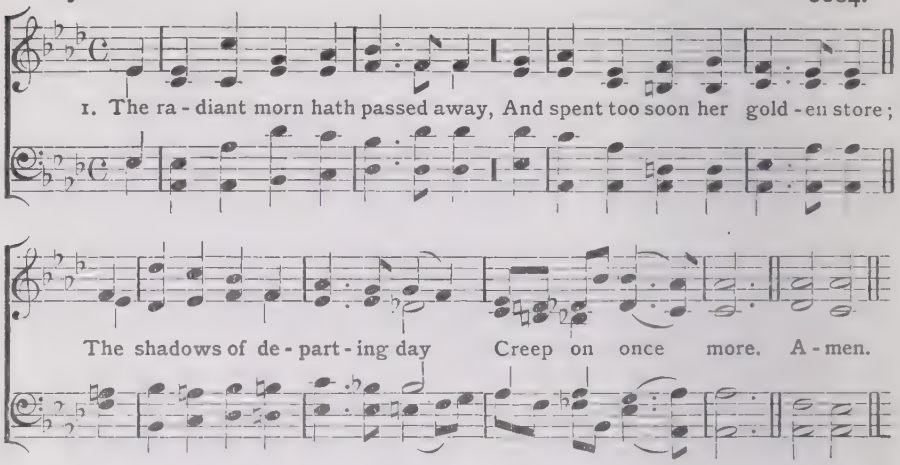
Hymn 187. 84s. 8884.



2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And when we die,
May we in thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie;
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, O God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high. Amen.

The radiant morn hath passed away.

Hymn 188. 8884.



2 Our life is but a fading dawn,
Its glorious noon is quickly past;
Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,
Safe home at last.

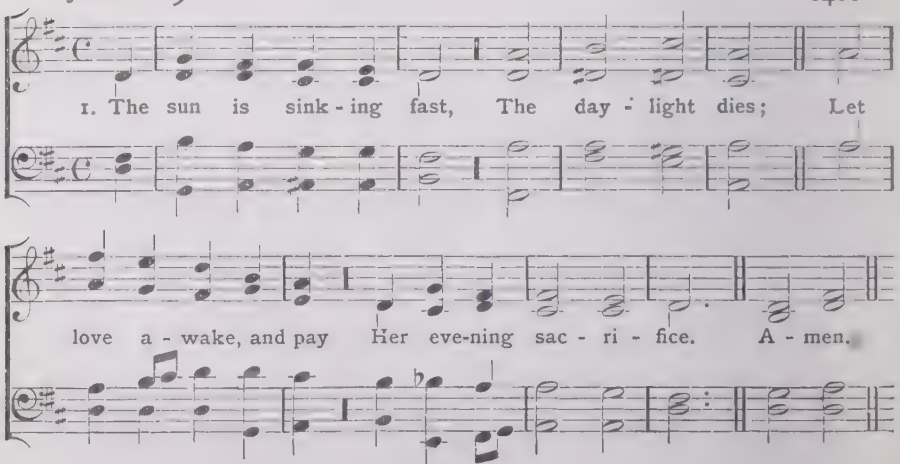
3 Oh, by thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky;

4 Where life, and light, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain.

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless [white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, Eternal Light of light
Art Lord of all. Amen.

The sun is sinking fast.

Hymn 189. 6466.



2 As Christ upon the Cross
His Head inclined,
And to his Father's hands
His parting soul resigned;

3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into his sacred charge,
In Whom all spirits live.

4 So now beneath his eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast:

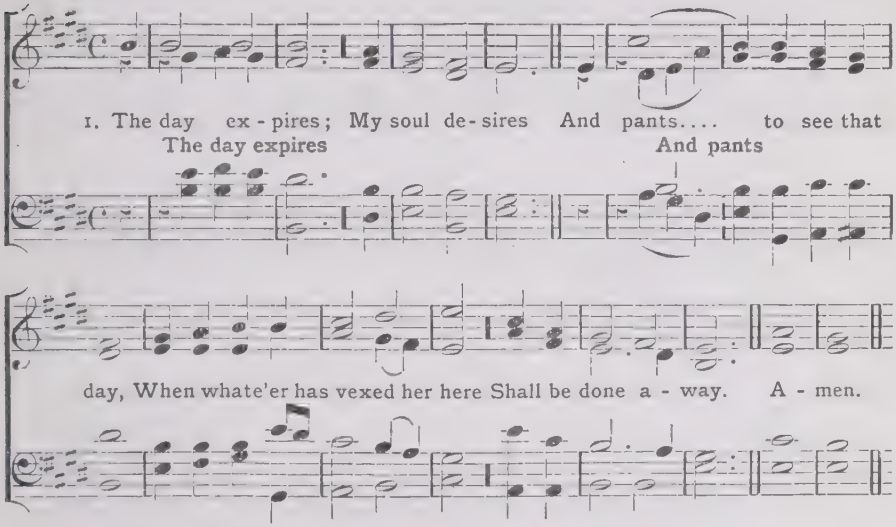
5 Save that his will be done,
Whate'er betide:
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

6 Thus would I live, yet now
Not I, but He,
In all his power and love,
Henceforth alive in me.

7 O Blessed Trinity,
One Lord Divine!
Thine may I ever be,
And Thou for ever mine! Amen.

The day expires.

Hymn 190. 44675.



2 The night is here,
Oh! be Thou near;
Christ, make it light within;
Drive away from out my heart
All the night of sin.

3 All things that move
Below, above,
With sleep Thou now hast blest;
Work Thou still in me while I
Calmly in Thee rest.

4 When shall the sway
Of night and day
Give o'er to rule man thus?
When that brightest day of days
Once shall dawn on us.

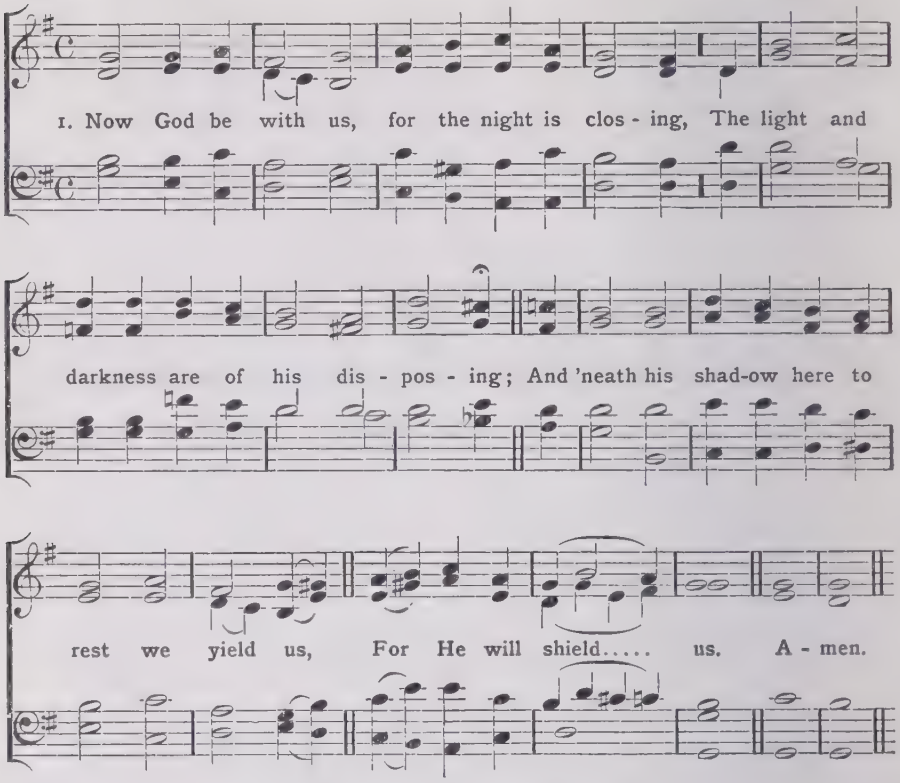
5 Ah! never then
Her light again
My joyous soul shall miss,
For the Lamb shall be my light,
Filling me with bliss.

6 Oh! were I there!
Where all the air
With lovely sounds doth ring,
And with thy saints, my dearest Lord,
Evermore may sing.

7 Lord Jesus, Thou
My rest art now;
Oh, help me that I come
Radiant with thy light to shine
In thy glorious home! Amen.

Now God be with us.

Hymn 191. 11 11 11 5.



2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Father, o'er us;
In soul and body Thou from harm defend us,
Thine angels send us.

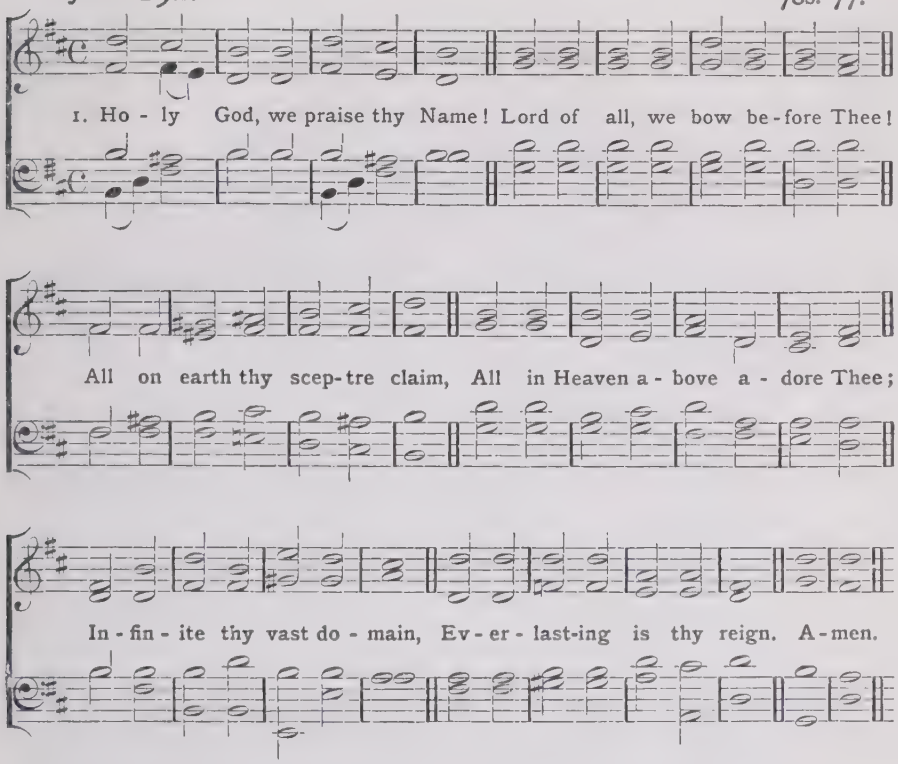
3 Let pious thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us;
Our earliest thoughts be thine when morning wakes us:
All sick and mourners we to Thee commend them,
Do Thou befriend them.

4 We have no refuge; none on earth to aid us
But Thee, O Father, Who thine own hast made us:
Keep us in life; forgive our sins; deliver
Us now and ever.

5 Praise be to Thee through Jesus our salvation,
God, Three in One, the Ruler of creation,
High throned, o'er all thine eye of mercy casting,
Lord everlasting. Amen.

Holy God, we praise thy Name.

Hymn 192. 78s. 77.



2 Hark! the loud celestial hymn
Angel choirs above are raising!
Cherubim and Seraphim,
In unceasing chorus praising,
Fill the heavens with sweet accord:
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

3 Lo! the Apostolic train
Join, thy sacred Name to hallow!
Prophets swell the loud refrain,
And the white-robed Martyrs follow!
And from morn to set of sun,
Thro' the Church the song goes on.

4 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three we name Thee,
While in essence only One
Undivided God, we claim Thee;
And adoring bend the knee,
While we own the mystery.

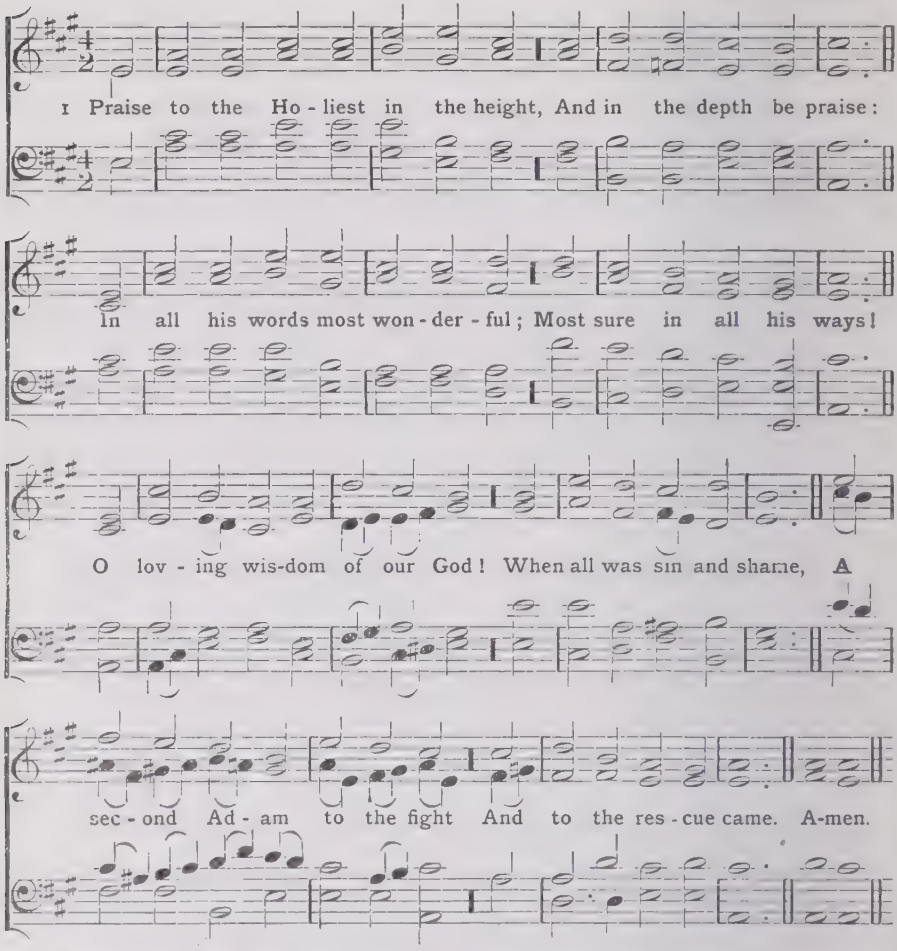
5 Thou art King of Glory, Christ!
Son of God, yet born of Mary;
For us sinners sacrificed,
And to death a tributary;
First to break the bars of death,
Thou hast open'd Heaven to Faith.

6 From thy high celestial home,
Judge of all, again returning,
We believe that Thou shalt come,
On the dreadful Doomsday morning,
When thy voice shall shake the earth,
And the startled dead come forth.

7 Spare thy people, Lord! we pray,
By a thousand snares surrounded;
Keep us without sin to-day,
Never let us be confounded.
Lo! I put my trust in Thee,
Never, Lord, abandon me. Amen.

Praise to the Holiest.

Hymn 193. C. M. Double.



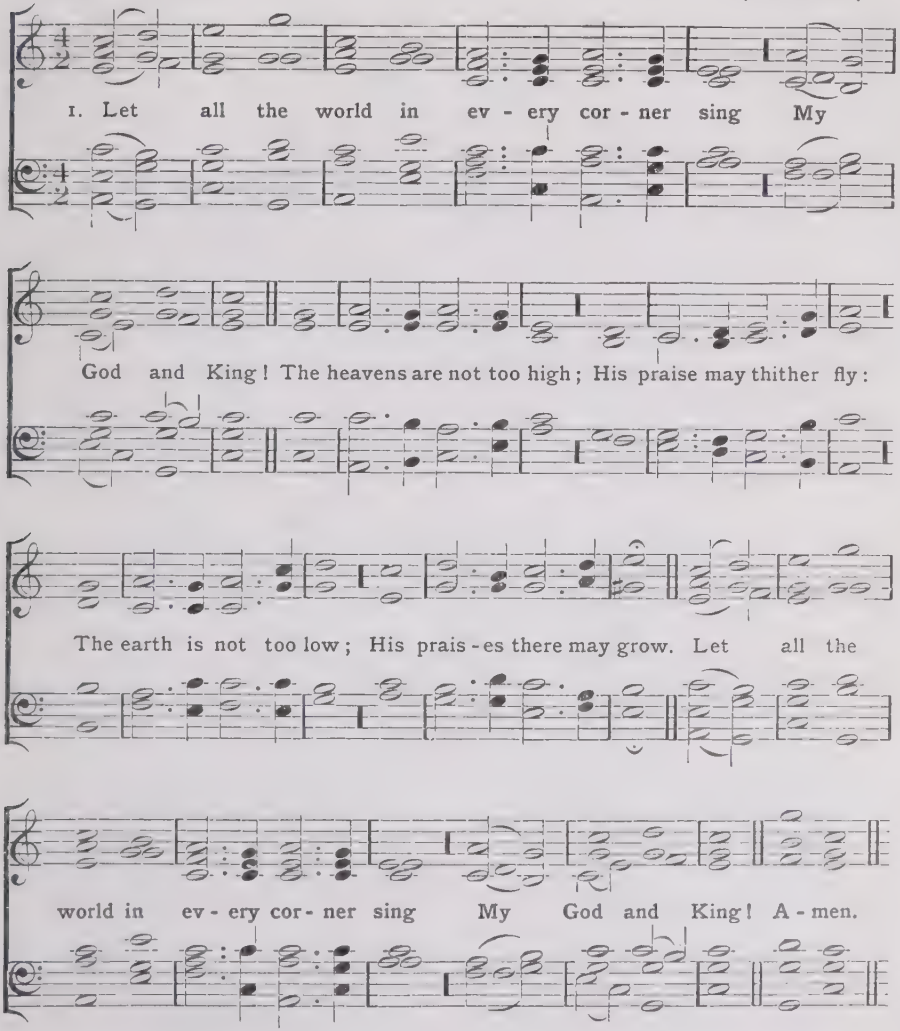
2 O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against their foe,
Should strive and should prevail;
And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's Presence and his Very Self
And Essence all-divine.

3 O generous love! that He Who smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
For man should undergo;
And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach his brethren and inspire
To suffer and to die.

4 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all his words most wonderful;
Most sure in all his ways.
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
Be praise from all who dwell on earth,
And from the heavenly host. Amen.

Let all the world.

Hymn 194. 104.6666.104.

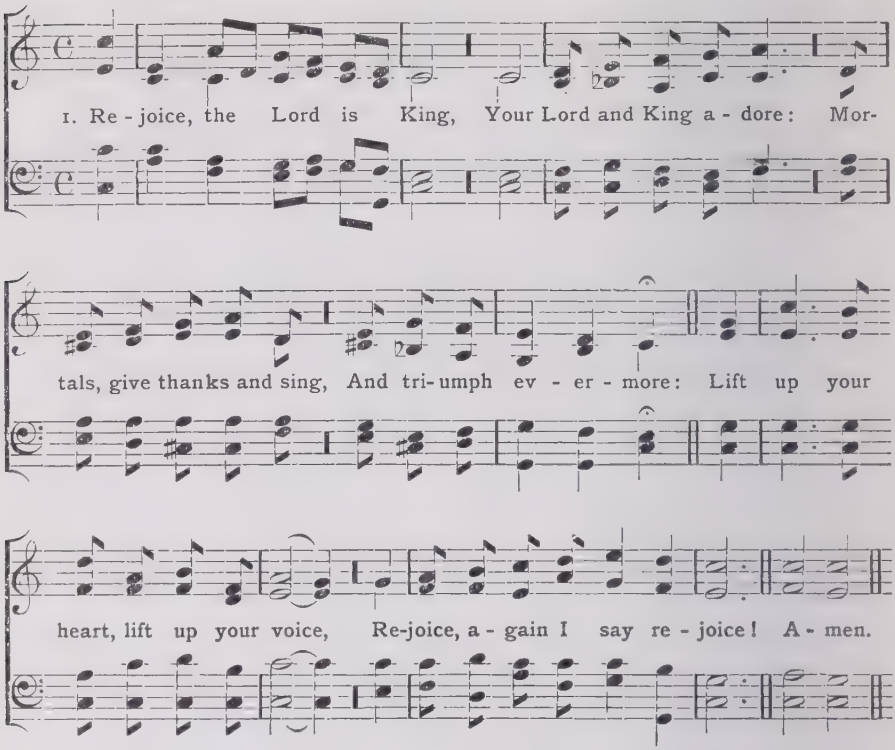


2 Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!
The Church with psalms must shout;
No door can keep them out:
But, above all, my heart
Must bear the longest part.
Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!

3 Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!
The Father, with the Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
One everlasting Lord,
Be evermore adored!
Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King! Amen.

Rejoice, the Lord is King.

Hymn 195. 6s. 88.



2 Jesus, our Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love:
When He had purged our stains
He took his seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

3 His kingdom cannot fail:
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

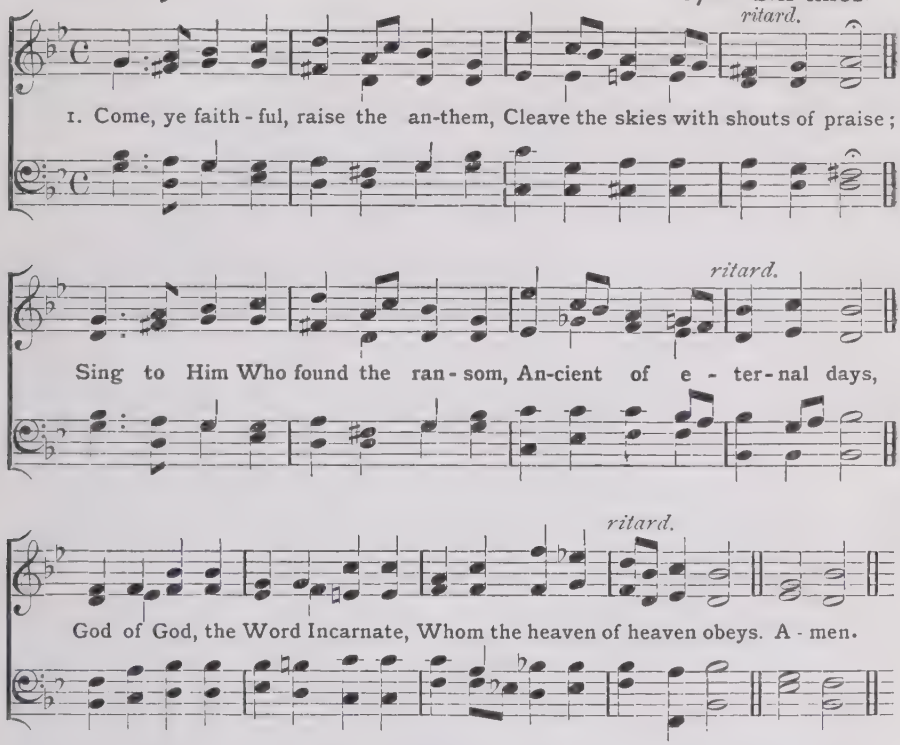
4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

5 He all his foes shall quell,
The power of sin destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus our Love will come,
And take his loved ones up
To their eternal home:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice! Amen.

Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem.

Hymn 196. 87s. Six lines.



2 Ere He raised the lofty mountains,
Formed the seas, or built the sky,
Love eternal, free and boundless,
Moved the Lord of Life to die,
Fore-ordained the Prince of princes
For the throne of Calvary.

3 Bring your harps, and bring your incense;
Sweep the string and pour the lay;
Let the earth proclaim his wonders,
King of that celestial day;
He the Lamb once slain is worthy,
Who was dead and lives for aye.

4 If his people walk in darkness,
Through the thickest clouds of night,
He, according to his promise,
Sends the pillar-beam of light;
Then, they pass along his highway,
Turning not to left or right.
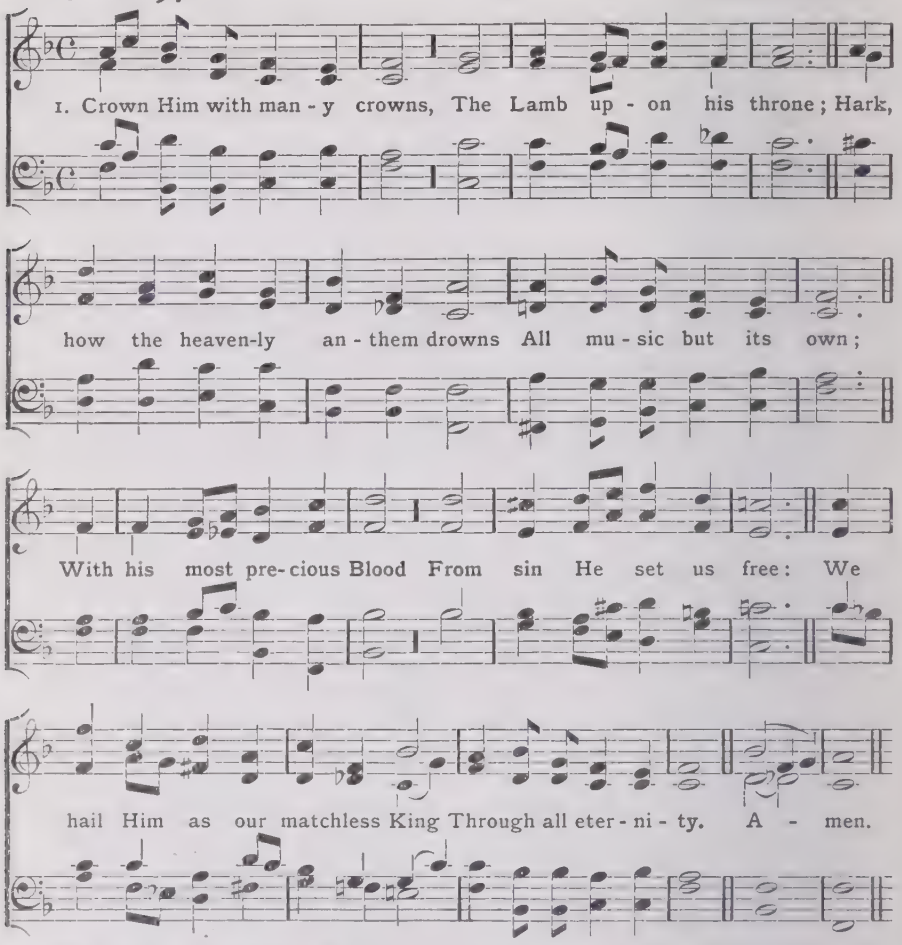
5 When the thirsty pant for water,
And no cooling streams are found,
He descends like rain in spring-time,
Softening all the parchèd ground:
While the smitten Rock its torrents
Pours in ample streams around.

6 Hungry souls that faint and languish
By his bounteous Hand are fed;
Yea, He gives them Food immortal,
Gives Himself, the Living Bread,
Gives the Chalice of his Passion,
Rich with Blood on Calvary shed.

7 Trust Him then, ye fearful pilgrims:
Who shall pluck you from his Hand?
Pledged He stands for their salvation,
Who are fighting for his Land:
O that we among his true ones
Round his throne one day may stand!
Amen.

Crown Him with many crowns.

Hymn 197. S. M. Double.



2 Crown Him, the Virgin's Son,
The God Incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies won,
Which now his Brow adorn:
Fruit of the mystic Rose,
As of that Rose the Stem;
The Root whence mercy ever flows,
The Babe of Bethlehem.

3 Crown Him, the Lord of Love:
Behold his Hands and Side,
Rich Wounds, yet visible above
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

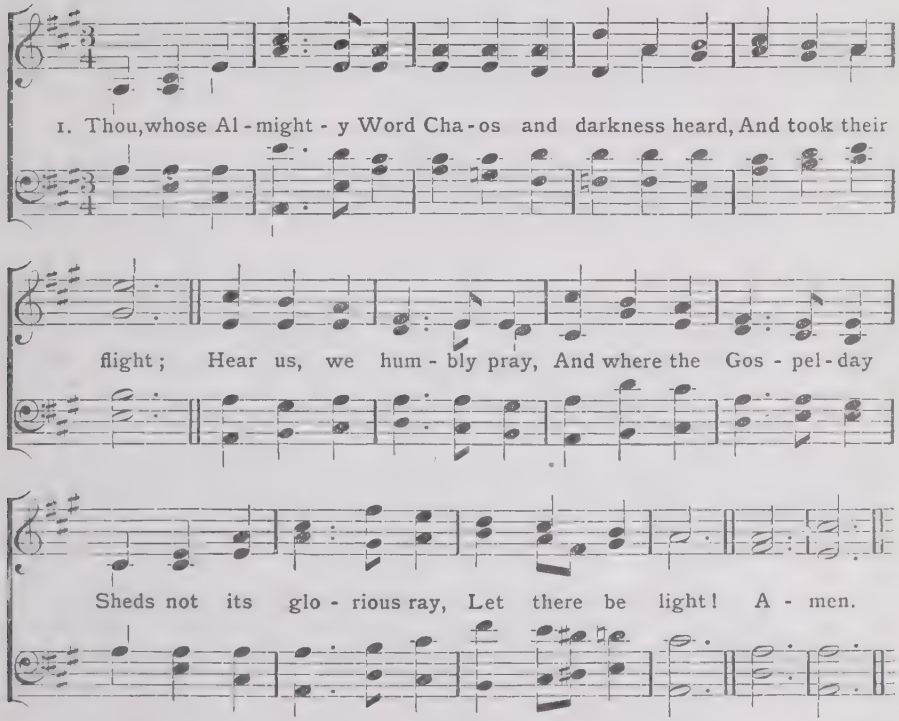
4 Crown Him the Lord of Peace:
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round his pierced Feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

5 Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime;
Glassed in a sea of light,
Whose everlasting waves
Reflect his Form,—the Infinite—
Who lives, and loves, and saves.

6 Crown Him the Lord of heaven,
One with the Father known,
One with the Spirit through Him given
From yonder glorious throne!
To Thee be endless praise,
For Thou for us hast died;
Be Thou, O Lord, through endless days,
Adored and magnified. Amen.

Thou, whose Almighty Word.

Hymn 198. 664.6664.



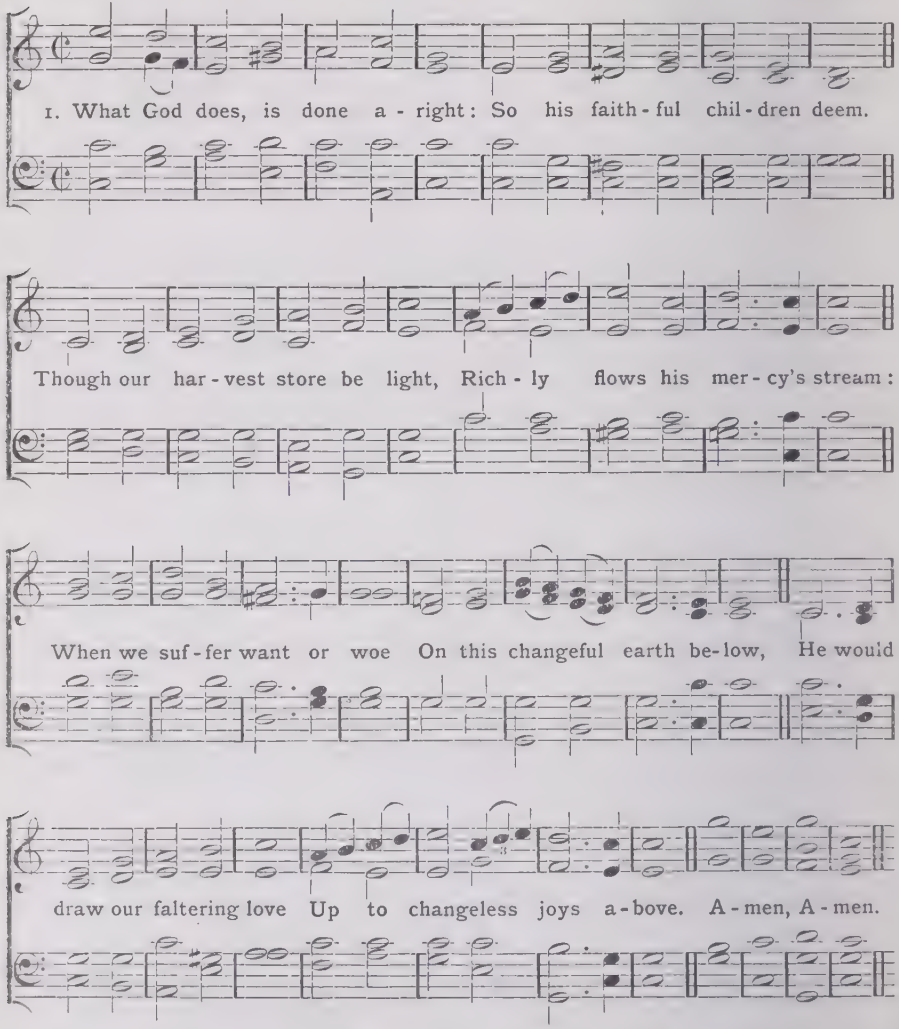
2 Thou, Who didst come to bring
On thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight;
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh, now to all mankind,
Let there be light!

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Spreading the beams of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

4 Blessèd and Holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Grace, Love, and Might
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light!
Amen.

What God does, is done aright.

Hymn 199. 7s. Double.



2 What God does, is done aright:
Question not his sovereign will;
Though He send the withering blight,
Ere the crop our garners fill:
Earthly goods He takes away,
That our hope on Him may stay;
That our weary hearts may be
Blest in Him eternally.

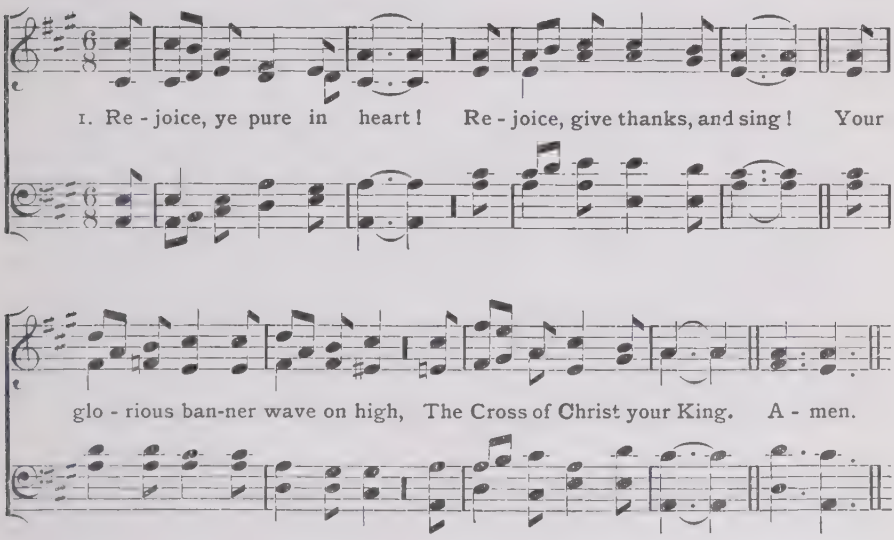
3 What God does, is done aright:
Though our dales and uplands mourn,
We will praise his love and might,
To the future hopeful turn:
He has made us sons of God;
Christ for us life's path has trod;
His eternal Word can give
Strength whereby our souls can live.

4 What God does, is done aright:
This shall be our trust, although
Here we find no Canaan bright,
Here no milk or honey flow.
God, Who doth the ravens feed,
Shall supply our daily need;
For his promise standeth sure,
And his mercies aye endure.

5 What God does, is done aright:
This glad faith shall cheer our way,
Till all faith be lost in sight
In heaven's never-ending day:
When to Thee, Great Three in One,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, we shall pour
Thanks and praise for evermore.
Amen, Amen.

Rejoice, ye pure in heart.

Hymn 200. S. M.



2 Yes! onward, onward still,
With hymn, and chant, and song,
Thro' gate, and porch, and columned aisle,
The hallowed pathways throng.

3 Your clear hosannas raise
And Alleluias loud!
Whilst answering echoes upward float
Like wreaths of incense-cloud!

4 With voices full and strong,
As ocean's surging praise,
Lead forth the hymns our fathers loved,
The psalms of ancient days!

5 Yes! on through life's long path;
Still chanting as ye go!
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

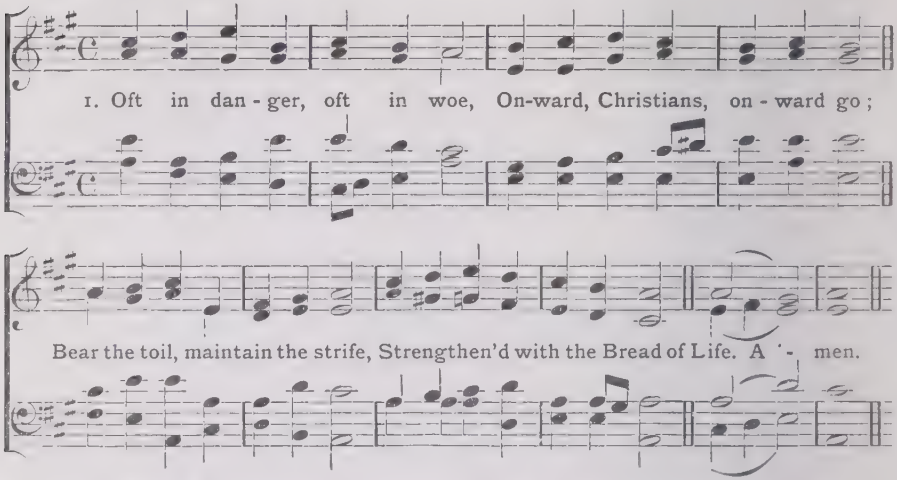
6 Still lift your standard high!
Still march in firm array!
As warriors through the darkness toil
Till dawns the golden day.

7 At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest;
The pilgrims find their father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

8 Then on! ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ your King! Amen.

Oft in danger, oft in woe.

Hymn 201. 7s.



2 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fear your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.
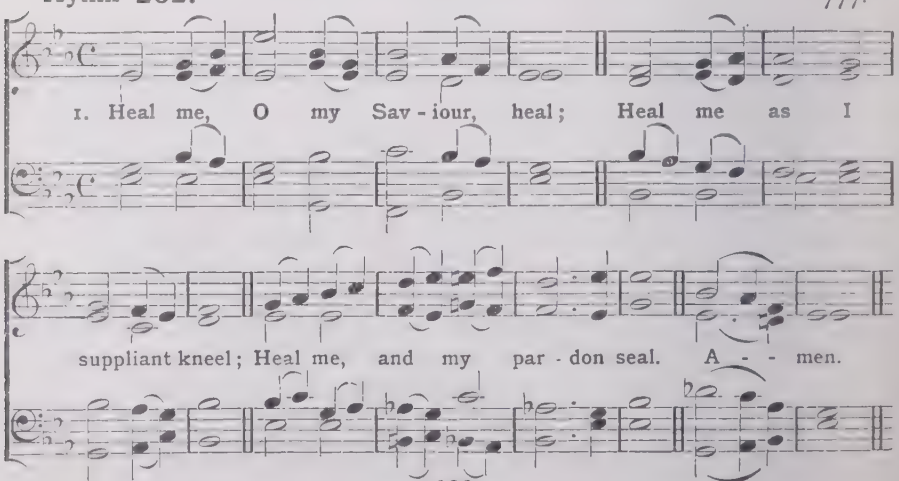
3 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall vict'ry wake your song.

4 Firm in faith, and strong by love,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

5 Lord of might and majesty,
Grant to us the victory;
Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit: Three in One! Amen.

Heal me, O my Saviour, heal.

Hymn 202. 777.



2 Fresh the wounds that sin hath made;
Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,
And in mercy send me aid.

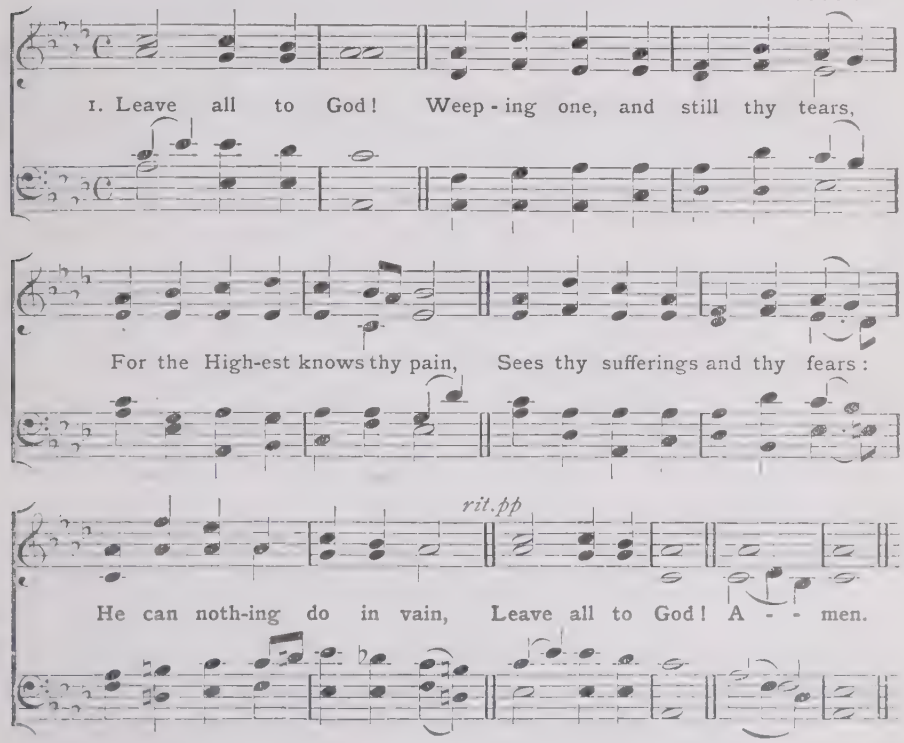
3 Thou the true Physician art;
Thou, O Christ, didst health impart,
Binding up the bleeding heart.

4 Other comforters are gone;
Thou canst heal, and Thou alone,
Thou for all my sin atone.

5 Heal me, then, my Saviour, heal;
Heal me, as I suppliant kneel;
To thy mercy I appeal. Amen.

Leave all to God.

Hymn 203. 4 77774.



2 Be still and trust!
For his strokes are strokes of love,
Thou must for thy profit bear;
He thy faithful love would prove;
Trust thy Father's loving care,
Be still and trust!
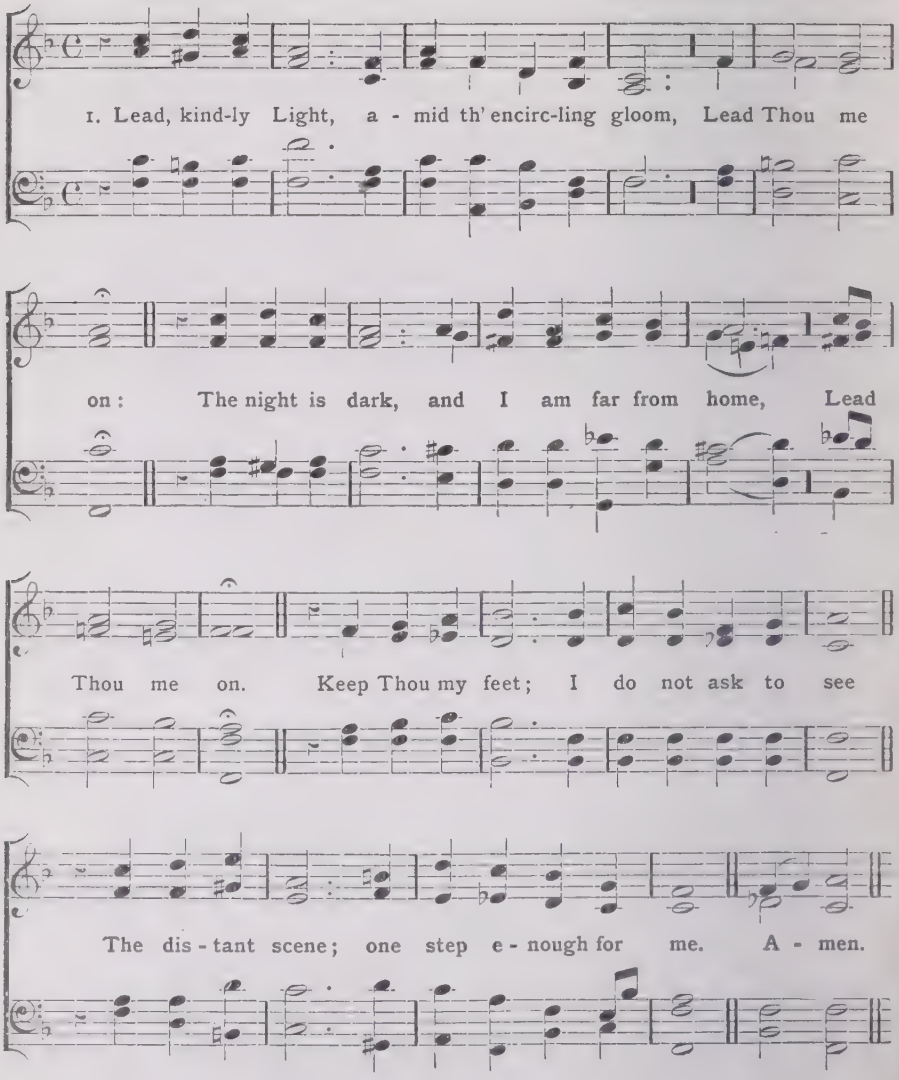
3 Know, God is near!
Though thou think Him far away,
Though his mercy long have slept,
He will come and not delay,
When his child enough hath wept—
O then, how near!

4 O teach Him not
When and how to hear thy prayers;
Never doth our God forget,
He the cross who longest bears
Sooner by his Lord is met—
Then teach Him not!

5 O love Him well!
Never doubting, never tired
Of his will or of his ways,
When thou hast with Jesus suffered,
Thou hast learned to share his praise.
O love Him well! Amen.

Lead, kindly Light.

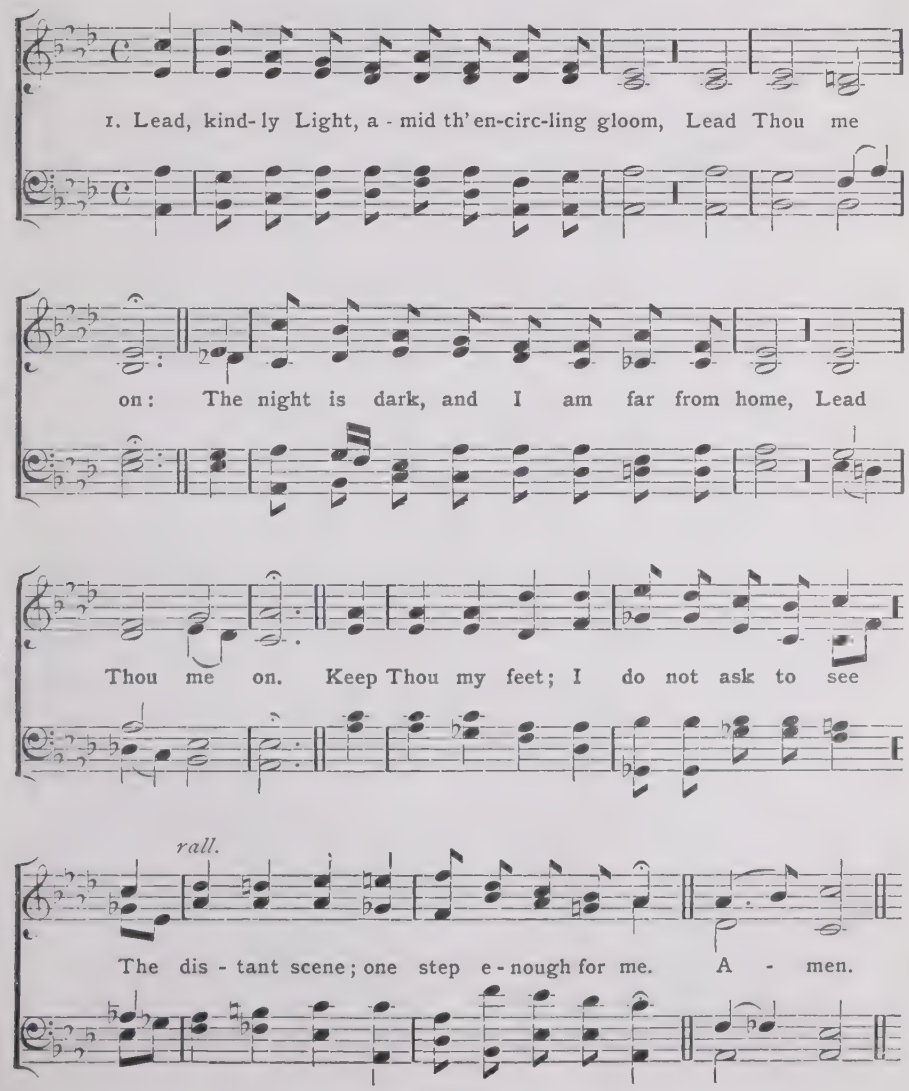
Hymn 204. 10 4s. 10 10.



2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

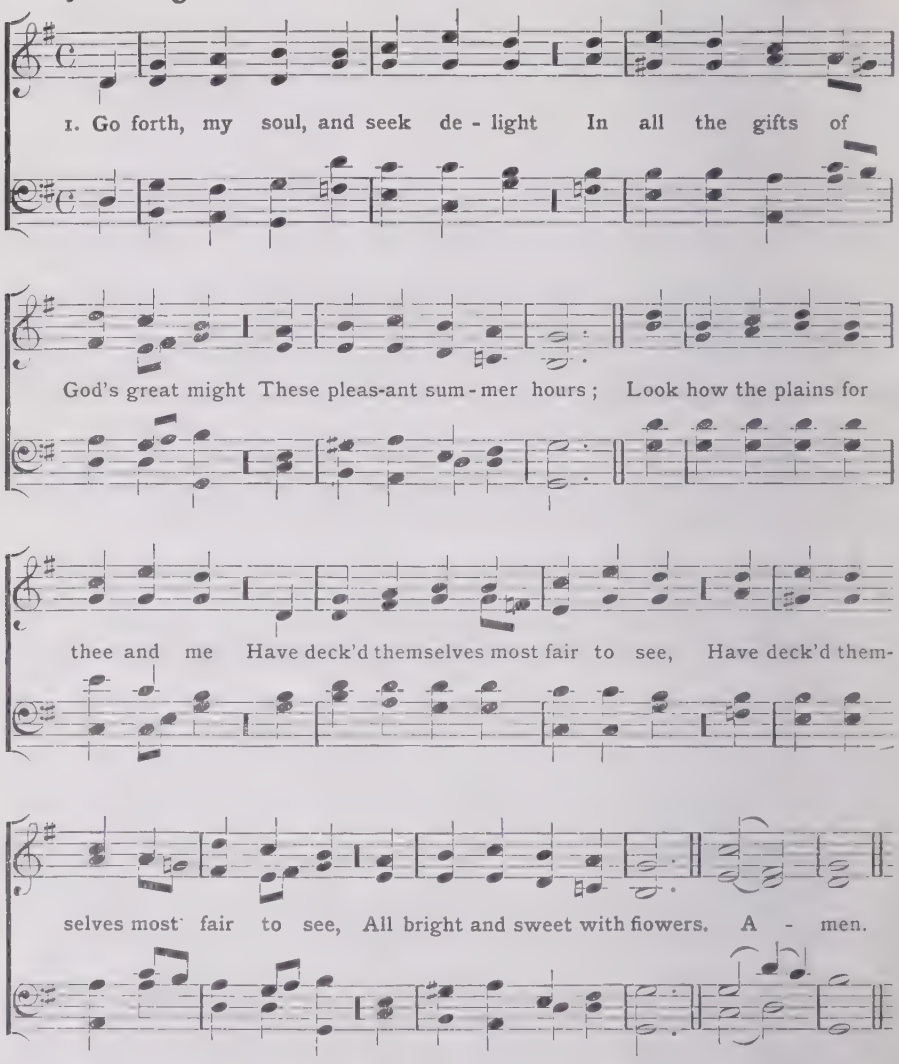
3 So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile. Amen.

SECOND TUNE.



Go forth, my soul.

Hymn 205. 886 8886.



2 Thy mighty workings, mighty God,
Wakes all my powers: I look abroad
And can no longer rest;
I too must sing when all things sing,
And from my heart the praises ring,
And from my heart the praises ring,
The Highest loveth best.

3 I think, Art thou so good to us,
And scatterest joy and beauty thus
O'er this poor earth of ours;
What nobler glories shall be given
Hereafter in thy shining heaven,
Hereafter in thy shining heaven,
Set round with golden towers?

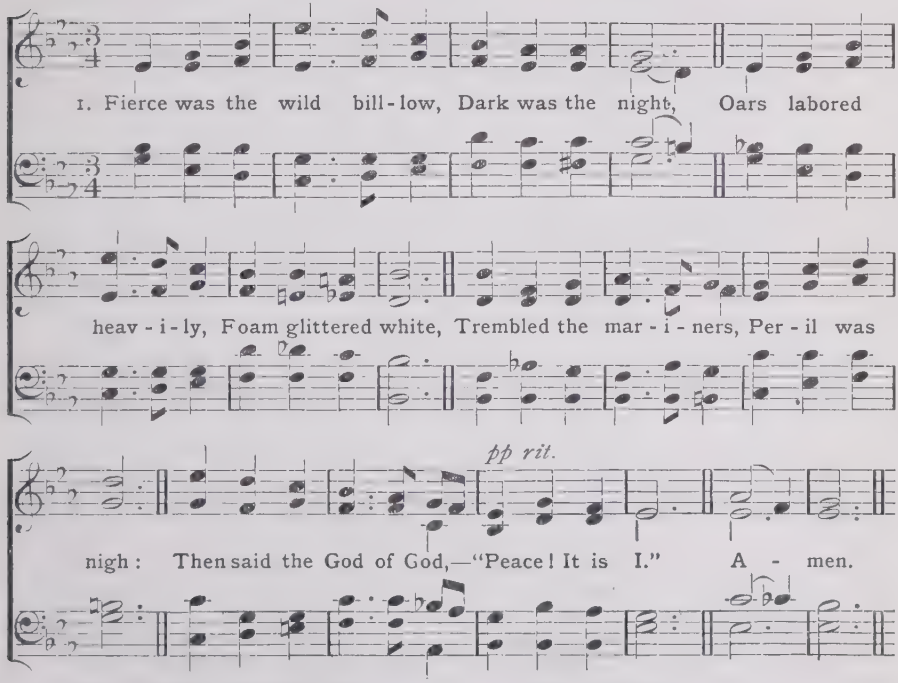
4 O were I there! O that I now,
Dear God, before thy throne could bow,
And bear my heavenly palm!
Then like the angels I would raise
My voice and sing thy endless praise,
My voice and sing thy endless praise
In many a sweet-toned psalm.

5 On me send down thy heavenly showers,
Revise and bless my fainting powers,
And let me thrive and grow
Beneath the summer of thy grace,
And fruits of faith bud forth apace,
And fruits of faith bud forth apace,
While yet I dwell below.

Then set me, Lord, in Paradise,
When I have bloomed beneath these skies,
Till my last leaf is flown;
Thus let me serve Thee here in time,
And after in that happier clime,
And after in that happier clime,
And Thee, my God, alone! Amen.

Fierce was the wild billow.

Hymn 206. 64s. Double.
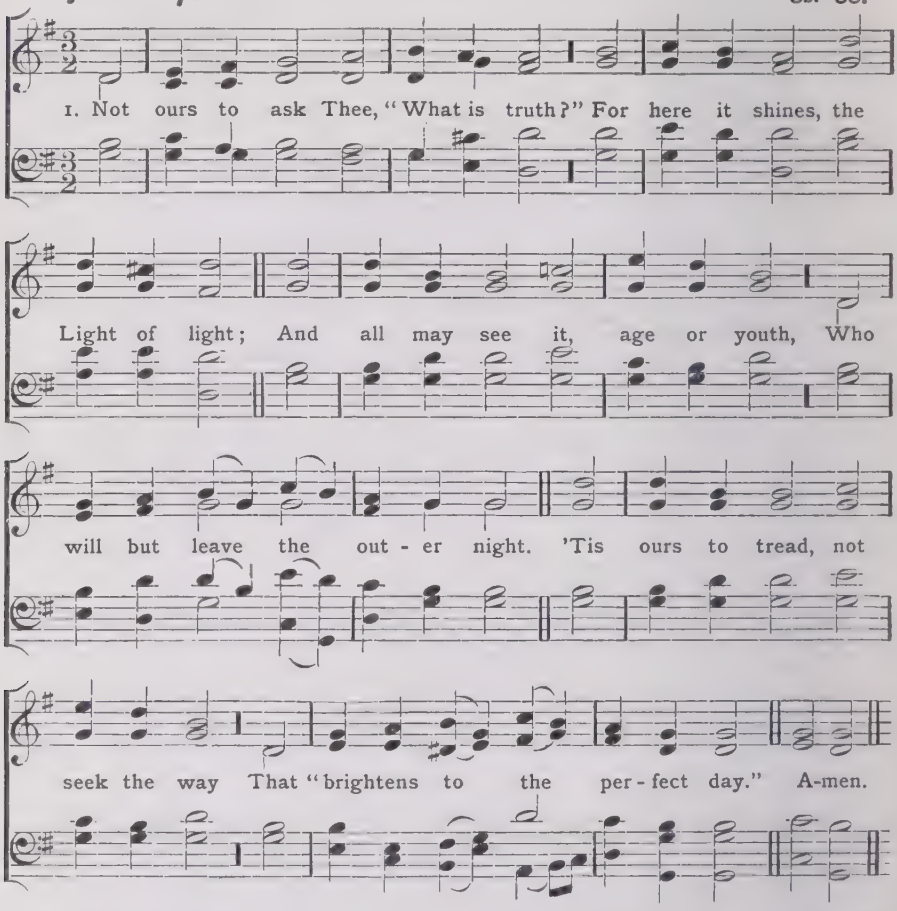


2 Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wail of the tempest-wind
Be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light,
"Peace! It is I!"

3 Jesu, Deliverer,
Near to us be;
Soothe Thou our voyaging
Over life's sea:
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, Thou Truth of Truth,
"Peace! It is I!" Amen.

Not ours to ask Thee, "What is truth?"

(HYMN FOR THE SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.)

Hymn 207. 8s. 88.



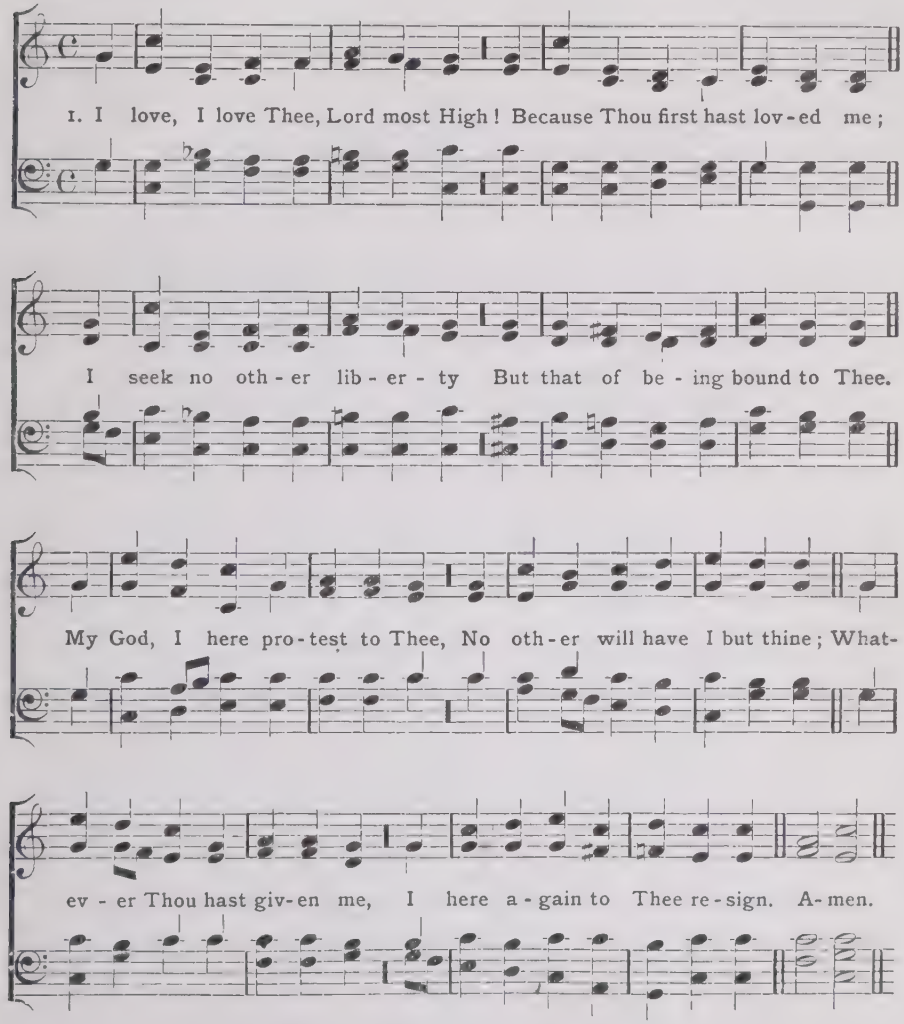
2 But this we ask Thee, dearest Lord,
Let faith, so precious, feed and grow;
And make our lives the more accord
With fear and love, the more we know.
For thus, too, shall we point the way
That "brightens to the perfect day."

3 Nor have we learned it save to teach;
It is for others we are wise;
The humblest has a charge to preach
Thy kingdom in a nation's eyes:
A nation groping for the way
That "brightens to the perfect day."

4 O thou, our Patron, great St. Paul,
Apostle of the West, to thee
We boldly come and fondly call,
As children at a father's knee.
Lead on! lead on! we tread the way
That "brightens to the perfect day." **Amen.**

I love, I love Thee, Lord most High.
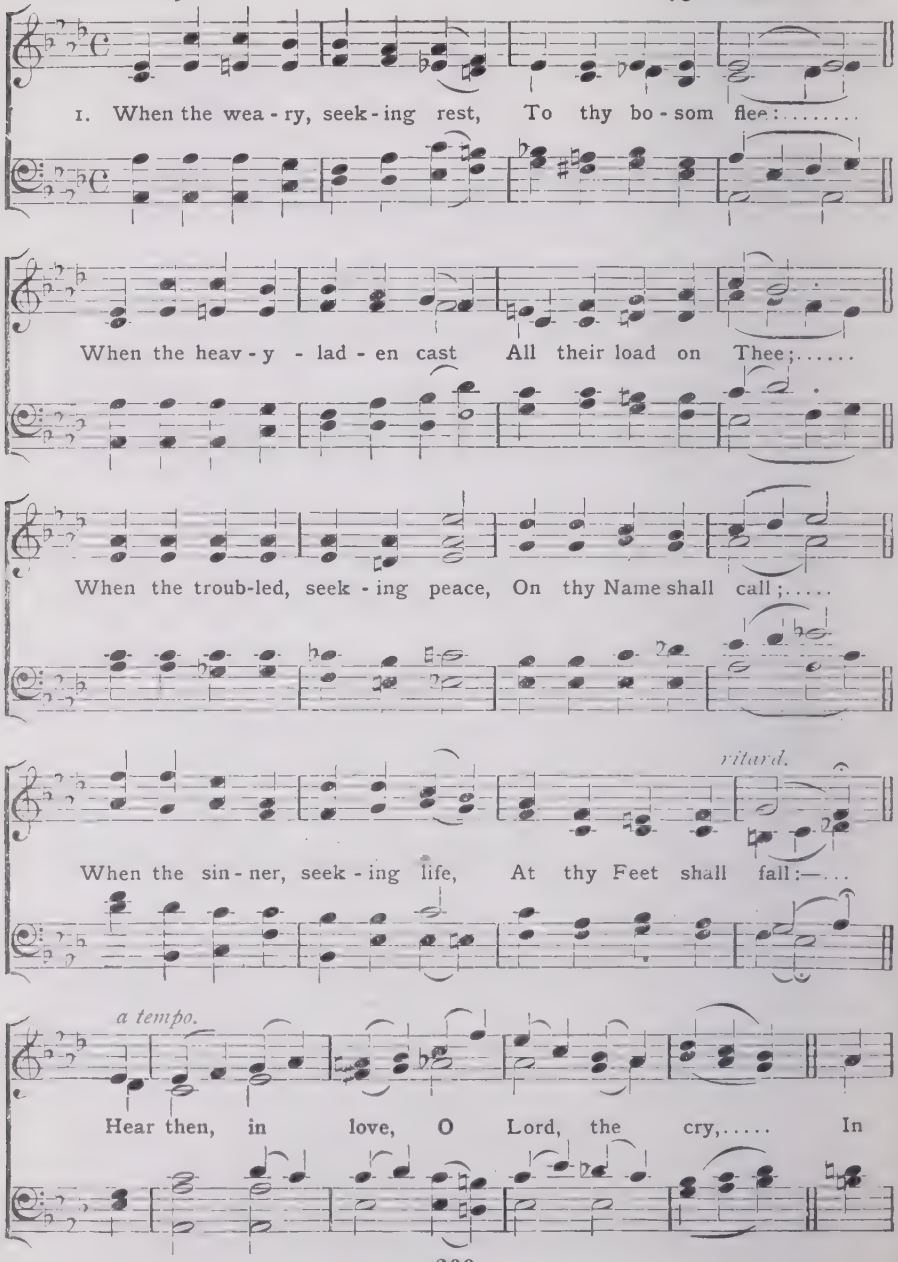
Hymn 208. L. M. Double.
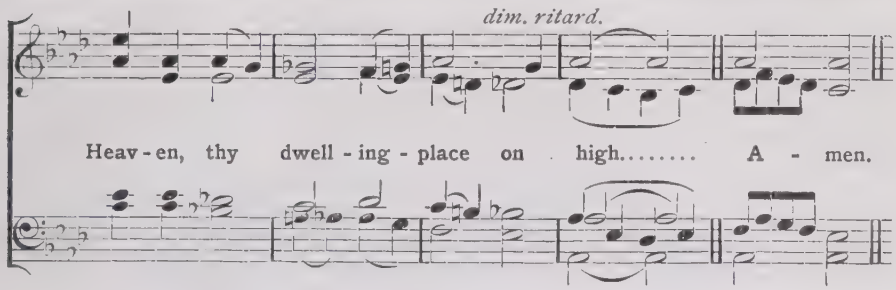


2 All mine is thine,—say but the word,
Whate'er Thou willest shall be done;
I know thy love, all gracious Lord,
I know it seeks my good alone.
Apart from Thee all things are naught;
Then grant, O my supremest bliss,
Grant me to love Thee as I ought;
Thou givest all in giving this. Amen.

When the weary, seeking rest.

Hymn 209. 75s. Double. 88.





2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love;
When the proud man, self-condemned,
Stoops to seek thy Face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To thy Throne of grace:—
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In Heaven, thy dwelling-place on high.

3 When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee:—
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In Heaven, thy dwelling-place on high.
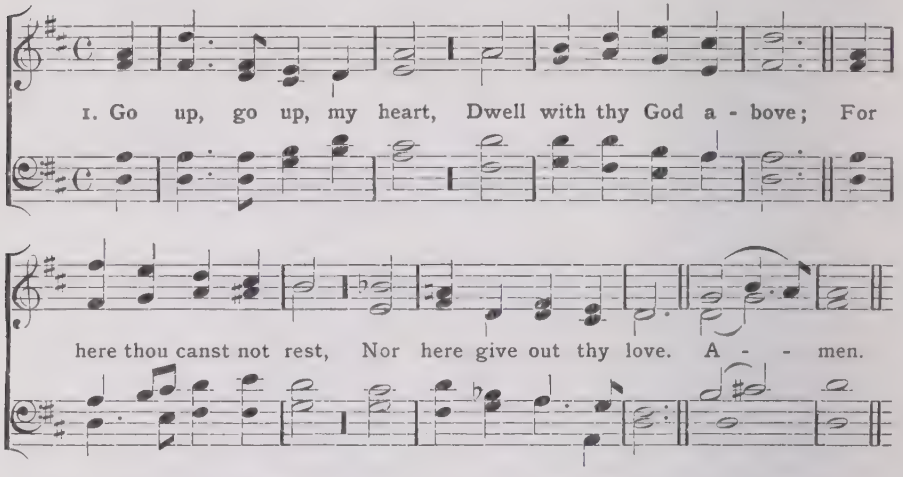
4 When the man of toil and care
In the city's crowd,
When the shepherd on the moor,
Names the Name of God;
When the learnèd and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher hopes intent
Name thy Blessed Name:—
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In Heaven, thy dwelling-place on high.

5 When the child with guileless tongue,
Youth or maiden fair,
When the aged, weak and gray,
Seek thy Face in prayer;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad, and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe:—
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In Heaven, thy dwelling-place on high.

6 When my failing heart shall tell
Life will soon be past;
When of all the names I speak
Thine I breathe the last;
When, relying on thy truth,
Yielding up my breath,
Calling unto Thee for help
From the mists of death:—
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In Heaven, thy dwelling-place on high. Amen.

Go up, go up, my heart.

Hymn 210. 6s.



2 Go up, go up, my heart,
Be not a trifler here:
Ascend above these clouds,
Dwell in a higher sphere.

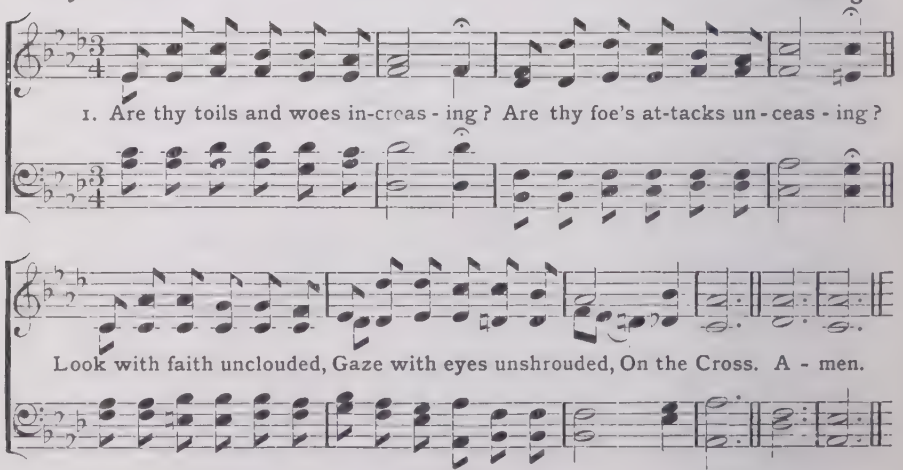
3 Let not thy love flow out
To things so soiled and dim:
Go up to Heaven and God,
Take up thy love to Him.

4 Waste not thy precious store
On creature-love below;
To God that wealth belongs,
On Him that wealth bestow.

5 Go up, reluctant heart,
Take up thy rest above;
Arise, earth-clinging thoughts!
Ascend, my lingering love! Amen.

Are thy toils and woes increasing?

Hymn 211. 88663.



2 Dost thou fear that strictest trial?
Tremblest thou at Christ's denial?
Never rest without it,
Clasp thine hands about it,
That dear Cross.

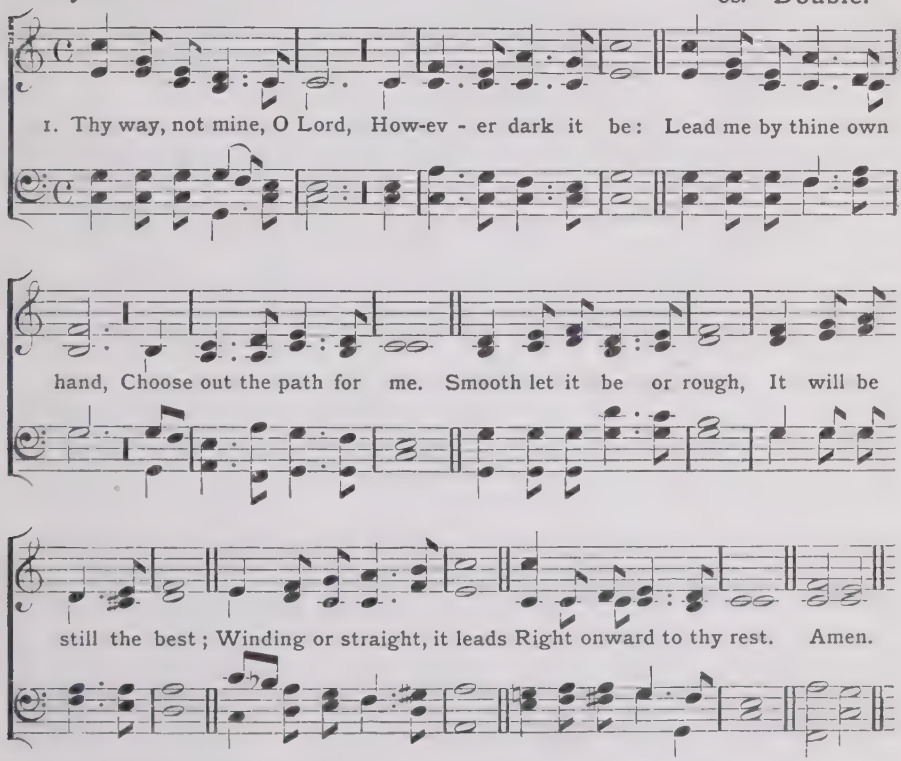
3 Do hell's cruel legions press thee?
Do foul thoughts of sin distress thee?
It shall chain all terror,
It shall right all error,
That sweet Cross!

4 Draw'st thou nigh to Jordan's river?
Should'st thou tremble? Need'st thou [quiver?
No! if by it lying,
No! if on it dying,
On the Cross.

5 Lord and Master, if we cherish
That sweet hope, we cannot perish!
After this life's story,
Give Thou us the glory
For the Cross. Amen.

Thy way, not mine, O Lord.

Hymn 212. 6s. Double.
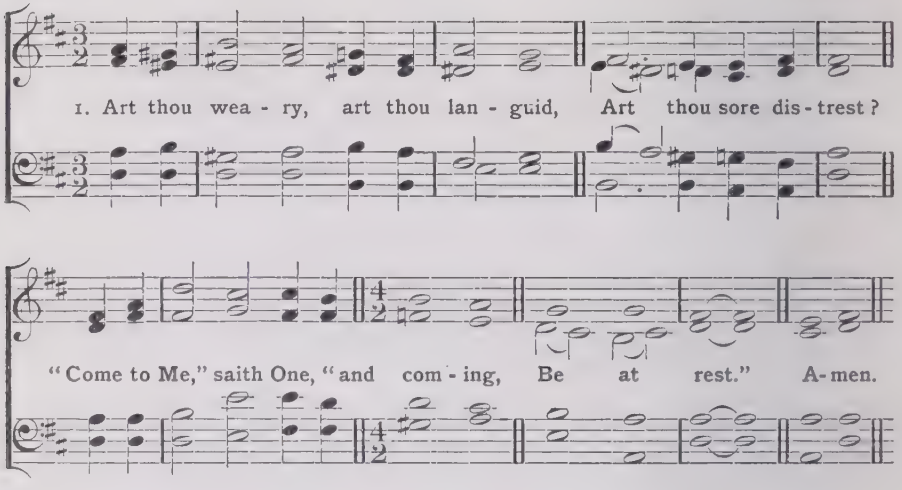


2 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

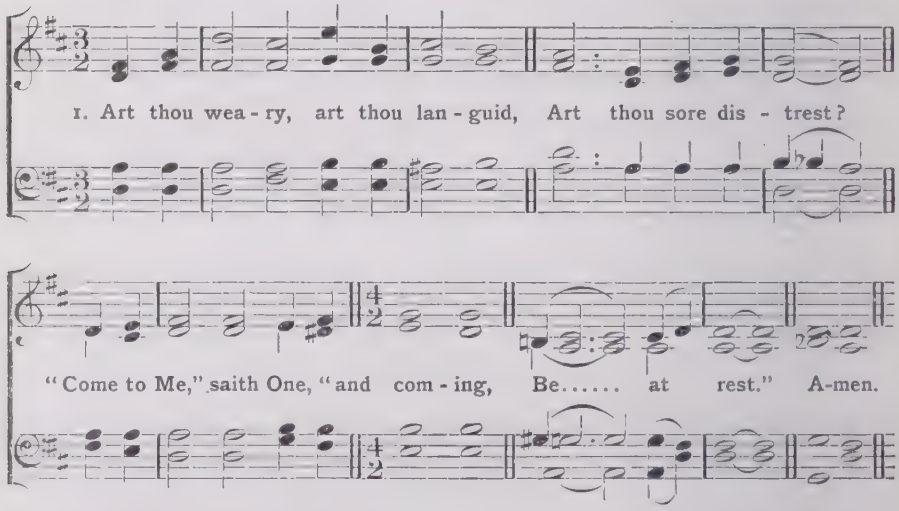
3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness, or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all. Amen.

Art thou weary?

Hymn 213. 8583.



SECOND TUNE.



2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In his Feet and Hands are Wound-prints,
And his Side."

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That his Brow adorns?
"Yea, a Crown, in very surety:
But of Thorns!"

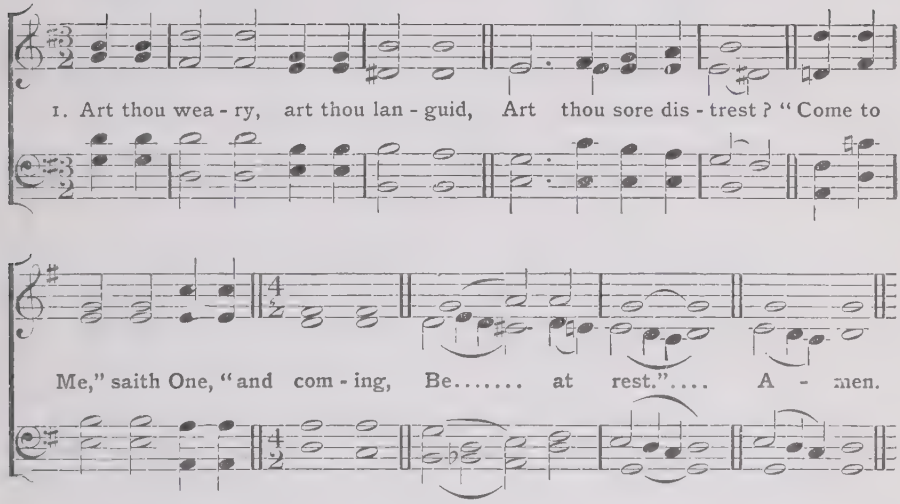
4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past!"

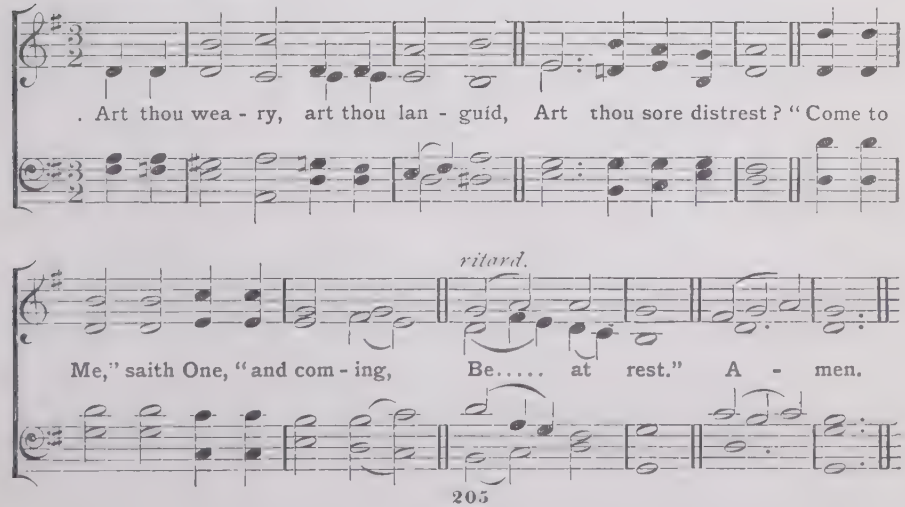
6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven,
Pass away!"

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
Answer, Yes!" Amen.

THIRD TUNE.

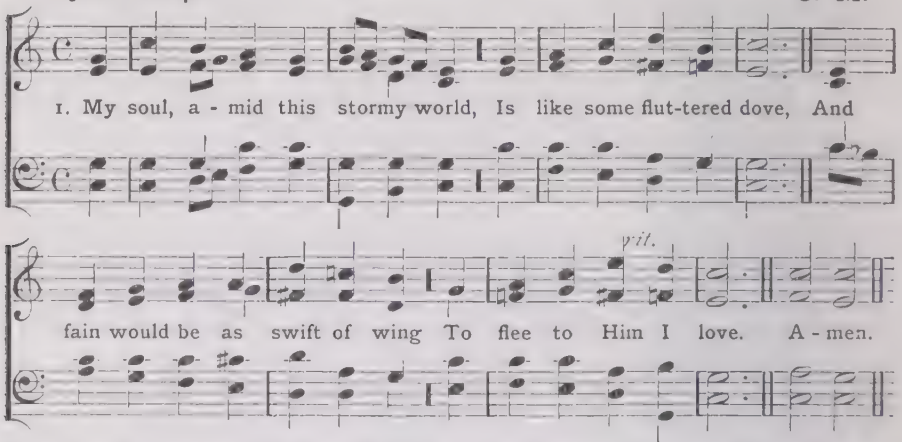


FOURTH TUNE.



My soul, amid this stormy world.

Hymn 214. C. M.



2 The cords that bound my heart to earth
Are broken by his hand:
Before his Cross I found myself
A stranger in the land.

3 His visage marred, his sorrows deep,
His bowed and wounded Head,
These were the golden chains of love
My soul a captive led.

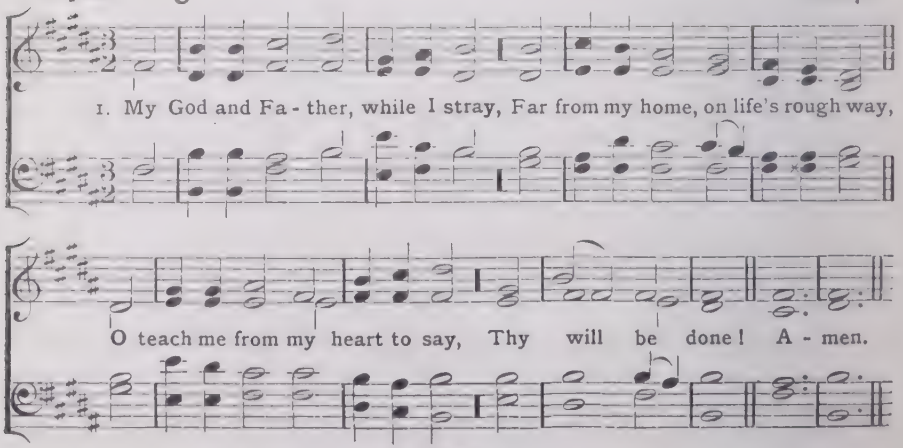
4 My heart is with Him on his throne,
And ill can brook delay;
Each moment listening for the voice—
"Rise up, and come away!"

5 I would, my Lord and Saviour, know
That which no measure knows;
Would search the mystery of thy Love,
The depth of all thy woes!

6 Ah! leave me not in this base world,
A stranger still to roam;
Come, Lord, O quickly come, and take
Me to Thyself and Home. Amen.

My God and Father, while I stray.

Hymn 215. 8884.



2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
But breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done!

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh,
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
Thy will be done!

4 Though Thou hast called me to resign
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine,
I have but yielded what was thine;
Thy will be done!

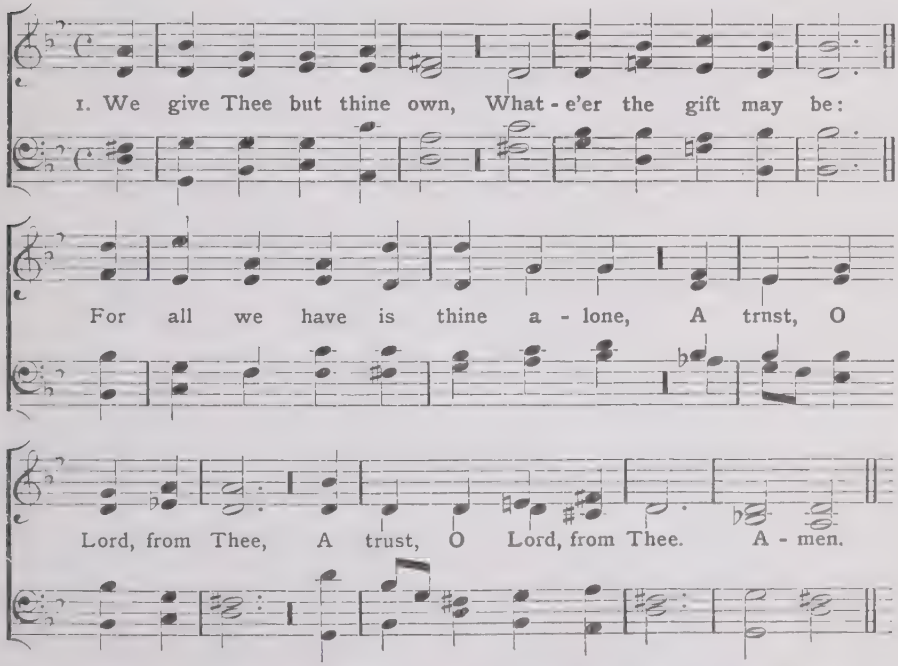
5 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine; and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done!

6 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest;
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
Thy will be done!

7 Then, when I breathe on earth no more
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done! Amen.

We give Thee but thine own.

Hymn 216. S. M.



2 Oh! hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

3 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.

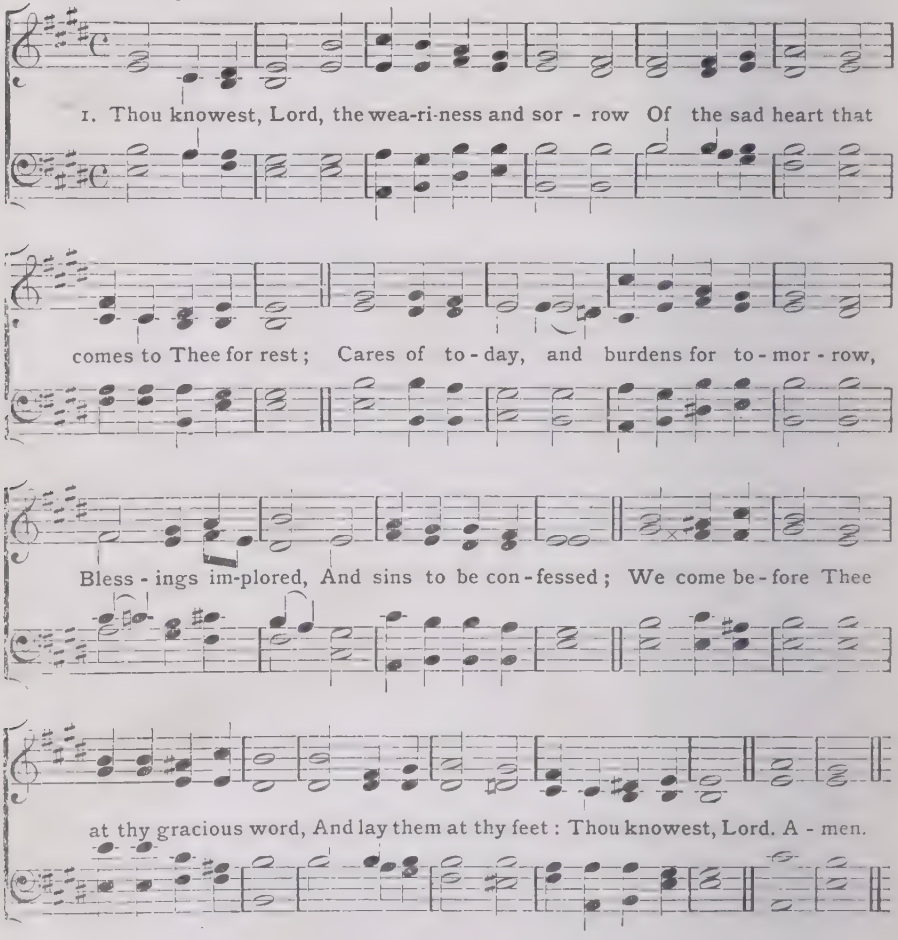
4 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

5 And we believe thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

6 To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever Blest,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Be endless praise addressed. Amen.

Thou knowest, Lord.

Hymn 217. 11 10s. 10 10.



2 Thou knowest all the past: how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed;
How the good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
He bore it home, upon his Shoulders laid;
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,
And brought back life, and hope, and strength again.

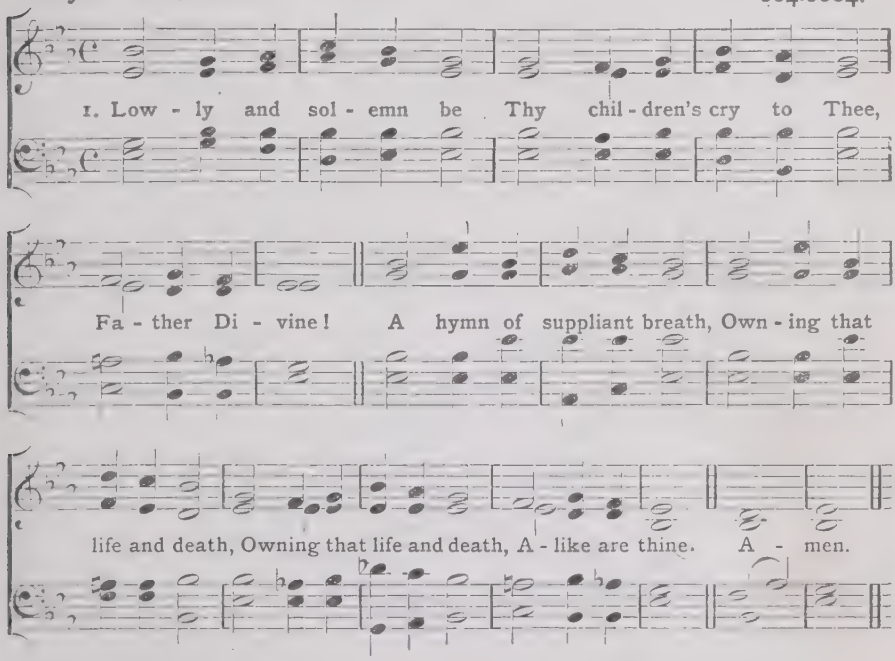
3 Thou knowest all the present; each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;
All to each one assigned of tribulation,
Or to belovèd ones, than self more dear;
All pensive memories, as we journey on,
Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

4 Thou knowest all the future; gleams of gladness
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;
Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,
And the dark river to be crossed at last.
Oh! what could hope and confidence afford,
To tread that path; but this, Thou knowest, Lord!

5 Thou knowest, not alone as God, all-knowing;
As Man, our mortal weakness Thou hast proved;
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved;
And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home. Amen.

Lowly and solemn be.

Hymn 218. 664.6664.
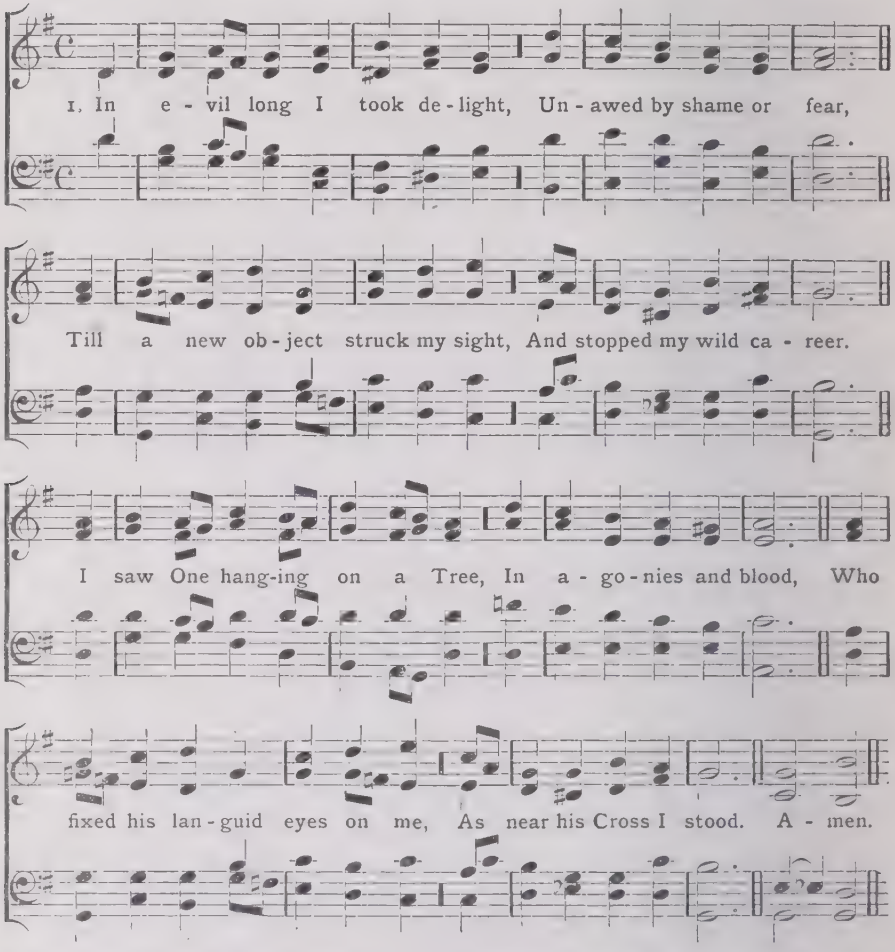


2 O Father! in that hour,
When earth all succoring pow'r
Shall disavow—
When spear, and shield, and crown
In faintness are cast down,
In faintness are cast down,
Sustain us Thou!

3 By Him Who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod,—
From Whom the last dismay,
Was not to pass away,
Was not to pass away—
Aid us, O God!

4 Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on Thee to save,
Father Divine!
Hear, hear our suppliant breath;
Keep us in life and death,
Keep us in life and death,
Thine, only Thine.
Amen.

In evil long I took delight.

Hymn 219. C. M. Double.



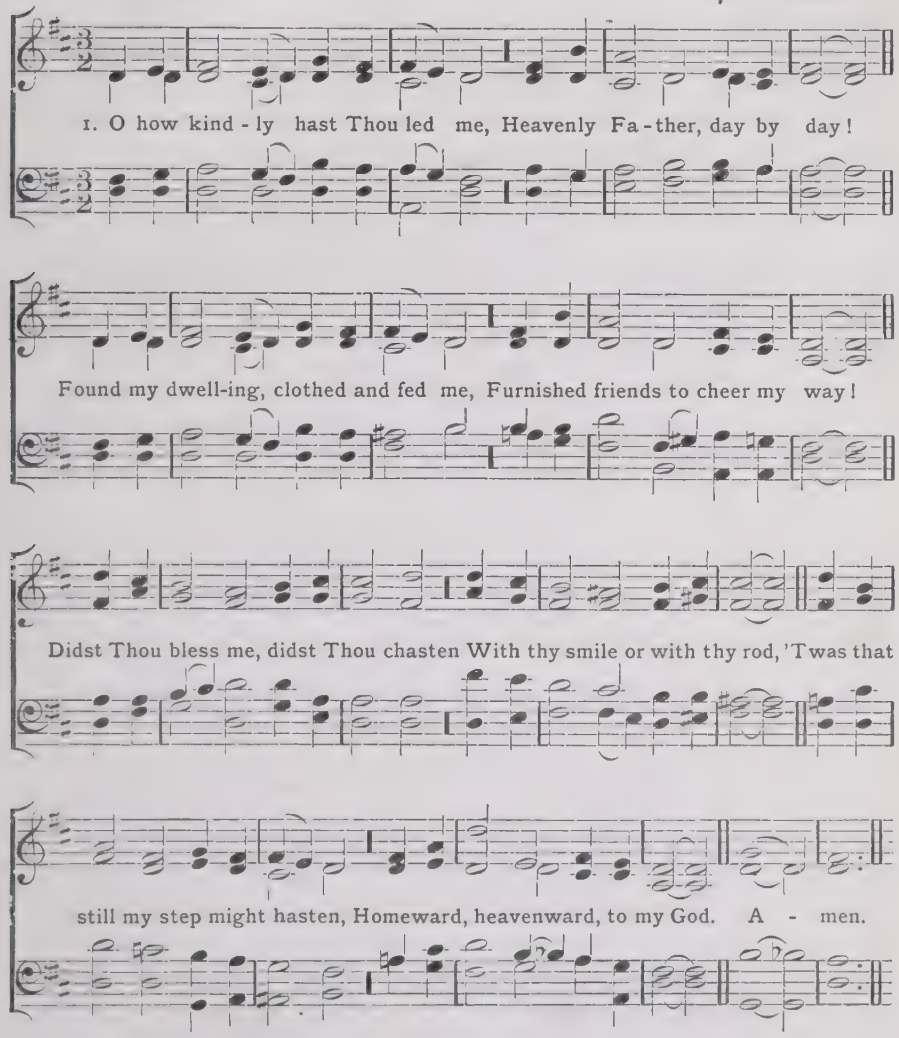
2 Sure never till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look!
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word He spoke:
My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his Blood had spilt,
And help to nail Him there.

3 Alas! I knew not what I did!
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain!
A second look He gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive:
This Blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die, that thou mayst live."

4 Thus while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.
With pleasing grief, and mournful joy,
My spirit now is filled,
That I should such a Life destroy,
Yet live by Him I killed. Amen.

O how kindly hast Thou led me.

Hymn 220. 87s. Double.

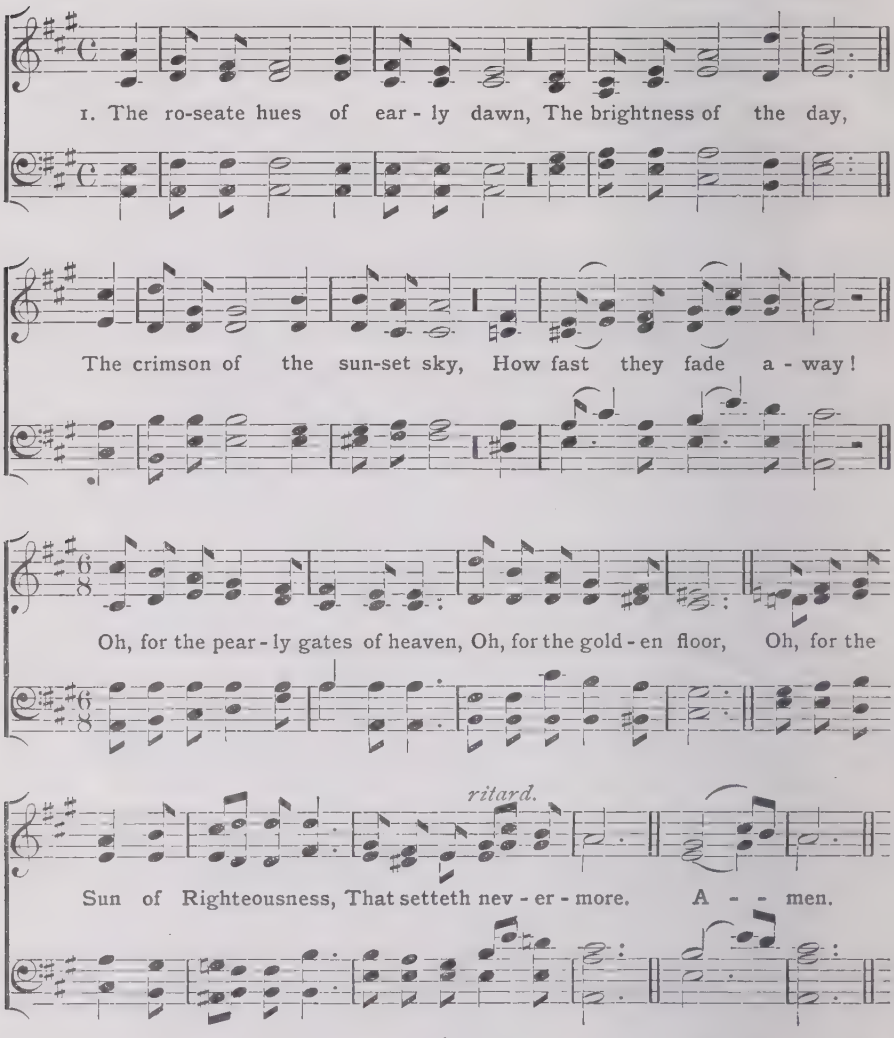


2 O how slowly have I often
Followed where thy hand would draw!
How thy kindness failed to soften,
How thy chastening failed to awe!
Make me for thy rest more ready,
As thy path is longer trod;
Keep me in thy friendship steady,
Till Thou call me Home, my God!

3 Manifest thy love for ever,
Fence me in on every side;
In distress be my reliever,
Guard and teach, support and guide!
Be my Friend on each occasion,
God! omnipotent to save!
When I die be my salvation,
In thy Bosom find my grave. Amen.

The roseate hues of early dawn.

Hymn 221. C. M. Double.

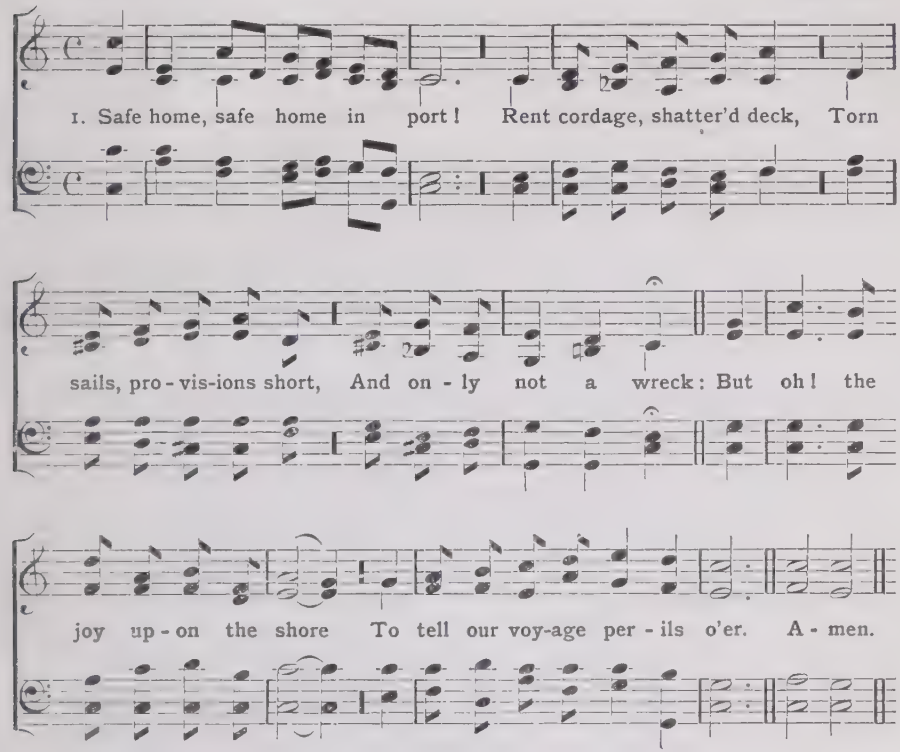


2 The brightest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How distant seems the glorious height
Reached by the humblest saint!
Oh, for a heart that never sins,
Oh, for a soul washed white,
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor night.

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness, and peace
Beyond our best desire.
Oh, by thy love and anguish, Lord,
And by thy Life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown. Amen.

Safe home, safe home in port.

Hymn 222. 6s. 88.



2 The prize, the prize secure!
The warrior nearly fell;
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well:
But he may smile at troubles gone,
Who sets the victor-garland on!

3 No more the foe can harm;
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp:
And yet how nearly had he failed—
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

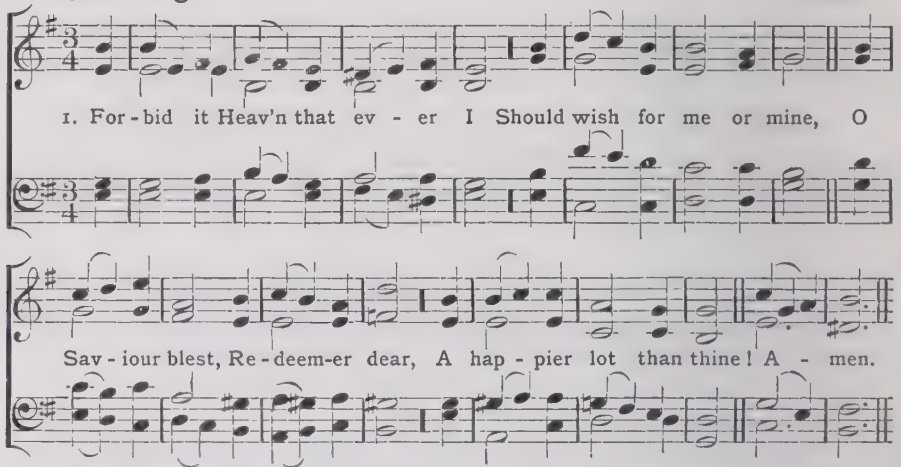
4 The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end:
But One came by, with wounded Side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

5 The exile is at home!
O nights and days of tears,
O longings not to roam,
O sins, and doubts, and fears:
What matter now this bitter fray?
The King has wiped those tears away.

6 O happy, happy bride!
Thy widowed hours are past,
The Bridegroom at thy side,
Thou all his own at last:
The sorrows of thy former cup
In full fruition swallowed up! Amen.

Forbid it Heaven that ever I.

Hymn 223. C. M.



2 For Thou deservest all, and I
In right can nothing claim;
When I compare myself with Thee,
My cheek doth blush with shame.

3 O Jesu! if the choice were mine,
Either with Thee to drain
The bitter cup of grief and scorn,
Of penury and pain,

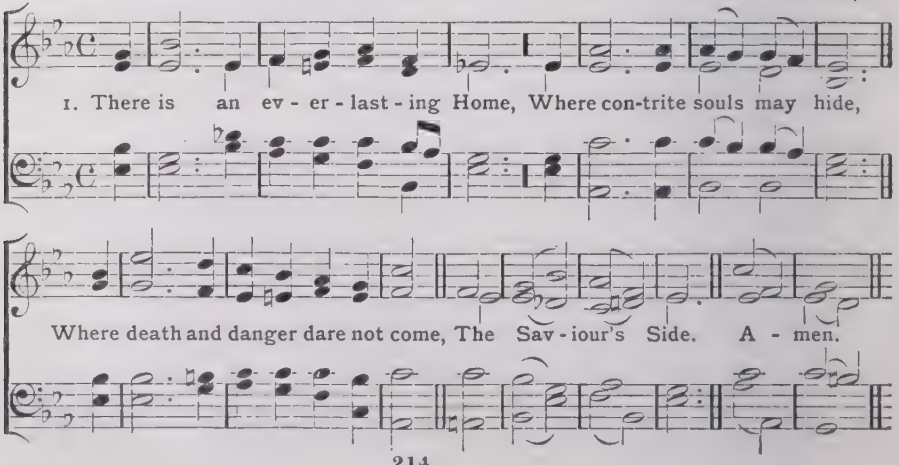
4 Or else by thy kind Providence
In good estate to live,
Enjoying all the purest sweets
This universe can give:

5 My sweetest Lord, the choice I now
Before Thee freely make
Is this, to suffer want and shame
And woe for thy dear sake.

6 For Thou without reserve hast given
Thyself, my God, for me;
And I without reserve intend
To live and die for Thee. Amen.

There is an everlasting Home.

Hymn 224. 8684.



2 It was a cleft of matchless love,
Opened when He had died;
When Mercy hail'd in worlds above
That wounded Side!

3 Thence issued forth a double flood,
The sin-atoning tide,
In stream of water and of blood
From that dear Side.

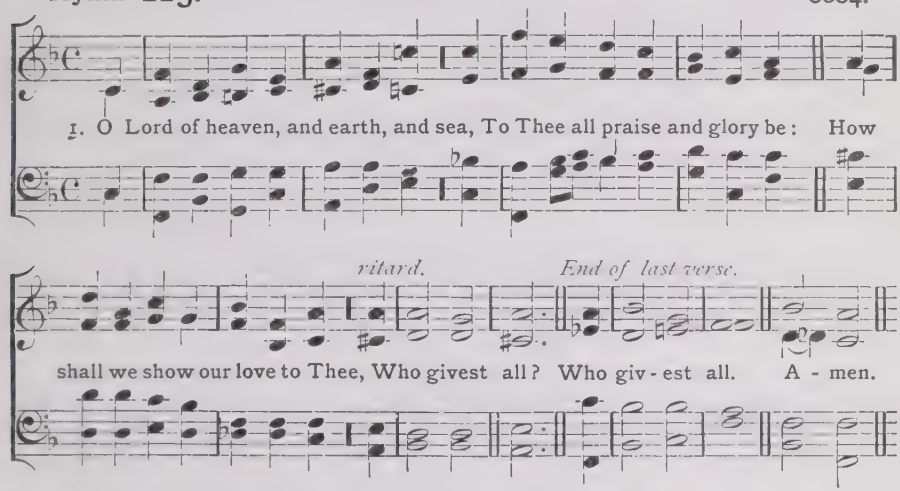
4 Hail, Rock of Ages, pierced for me,
The grave of all my pride!
Hope, peace and heaven are all in Thee
Thy sheltering Side.

5 Hail, only living Fount of bliss,
In joy or sorrow tried;
No refuge for the heart like this,
Thou spear-pierced Side.

6 Hail! thou golden gate of Heaven!
The entrance for the Bride!
From whence the crown of Life is given,
Sweet Jesus' Side. Amen.

O Lord of heaven and earth.

Hymn 225. 8884.



2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit thy love declare:
When harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all.

3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessing earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

4 Thou didst not spare thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that Blessèd One
Thou givest all.

5 Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,
Spirit of life, and love, and power,
And dost his sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

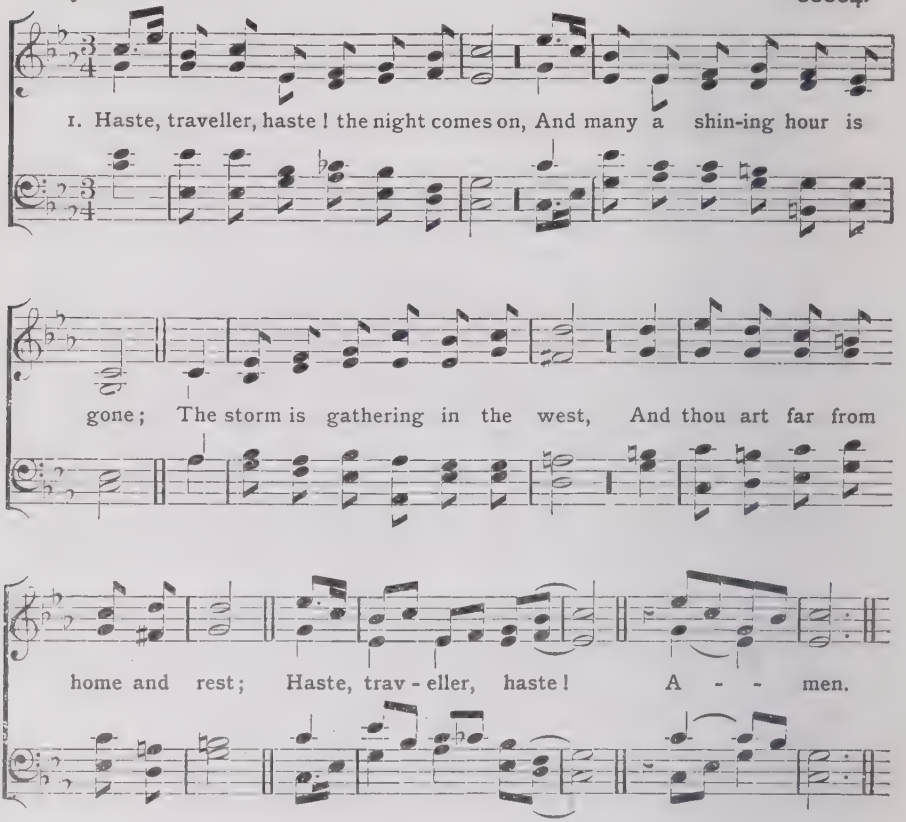
6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
What can to Thee, O Lord, be given,
Who givest all?

7 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

8 To Thee then gladly will we give,
To Thee, from Whom we all derive;
O may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all. Amen.

Haste, traveller, haste!

Hymn 226. 88884.



2 O far from home thy footsteps stray;
Christ is the Life, and Christ the Way;
And Christ the Light, thy setting sun,
Sinks ere thy morning is begun;
Haste, traveller, haste!

3 Awake, awake! pursue thy way,
With steady course, while yet 'tis day;
While thou art sleeping on the ground,
Danger and darkness gather 'round;
Haste, traveller, haste!

4 The rising tempest sweeps the sky;
The rains descend, the winds are high;
The waters swell, and death and fear
Beset thy path, nor refuge near;
Haste, traveller, haste!

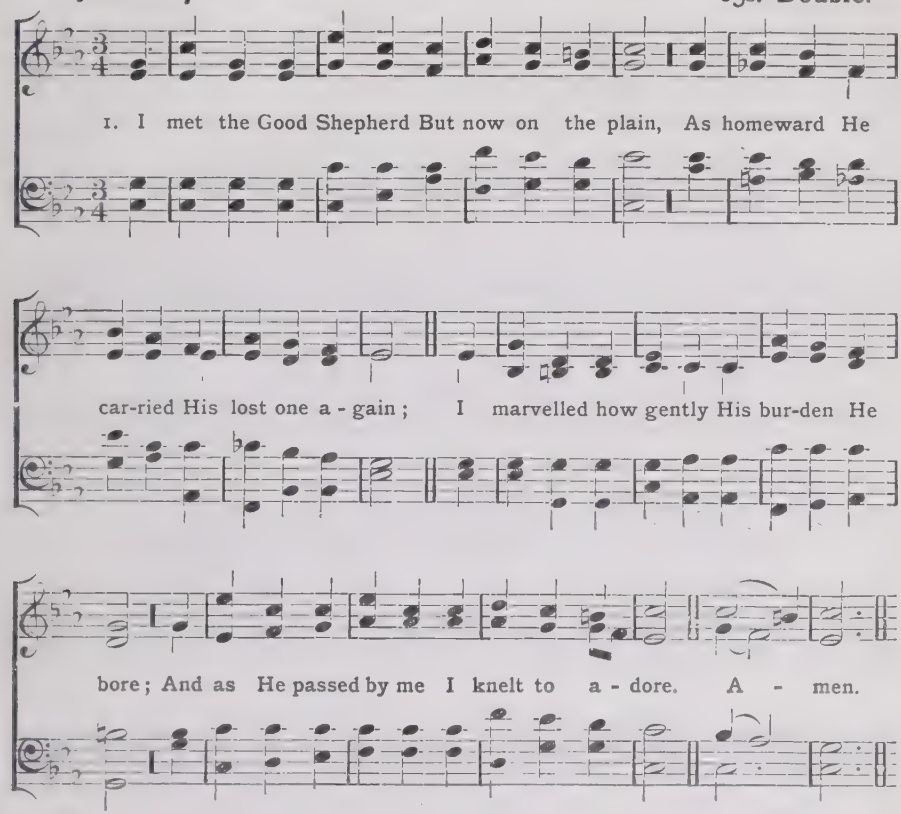
5 O yes! a shelter you may gain,
A covert from the wind and rain,
A hiding-place, a rest, a home,
A refuge from the wrath to come;
Haste, traveller, haste!

6 Then linger not in all the plain,
Flee for thy life, the mountain gain;
Look not behind, make no delay,
O speed thee, speed thee on thy way;
Haste, traveller, haste!

7 O voice of mercy, voice of love;
O gracious call from heaven above!
That tells me whither I may flee,
That bids me hasten, Lord, to Thee;
Haste then, my soul, haste! Amen.

I met the Good Shepherd.

Hymn 227. 65s. Double.
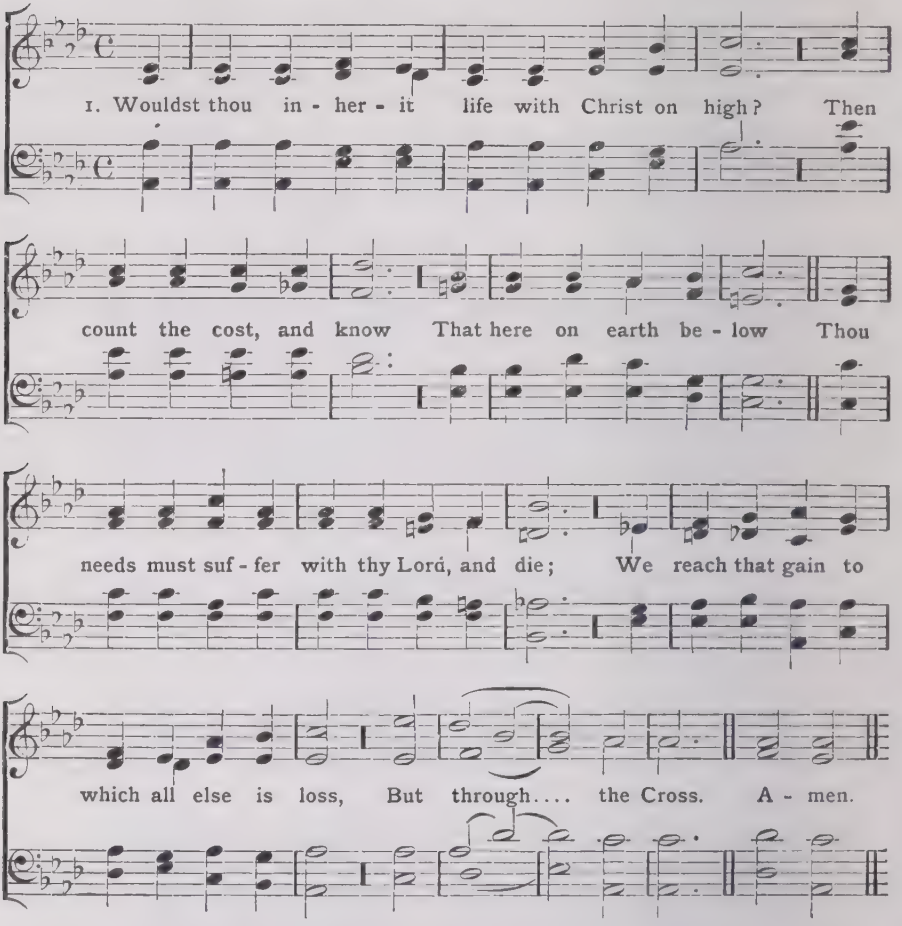


2 "O Shepherd, Good Shepherd!
Thy wounds they are deep;
The wolves have sore hurt Thee,
In helping thy sheep;
Thy raiment all over
With crimson is dyed;
And what is this rent
They have made in thy side?

3 "Ah me! how the thorns
Have entangled thy hair;
And cruelly riven
That forehead so fair!
How feebly Thou drawest
Thy faltering breath!
And lo! on thy face
Is the shadow of death!

4 "O Shepherd, Good Shepherd!
And is it for me
This grievous affliction
Has fallen on Thee?
Ah! then, let me strive,
For the love Thou hast borne,
To give Thee no longer
Occasion to mourn." Amen.

Wouldst thou inherit life with Christ.

Hymn 228. 10 6 6 10 10 4.
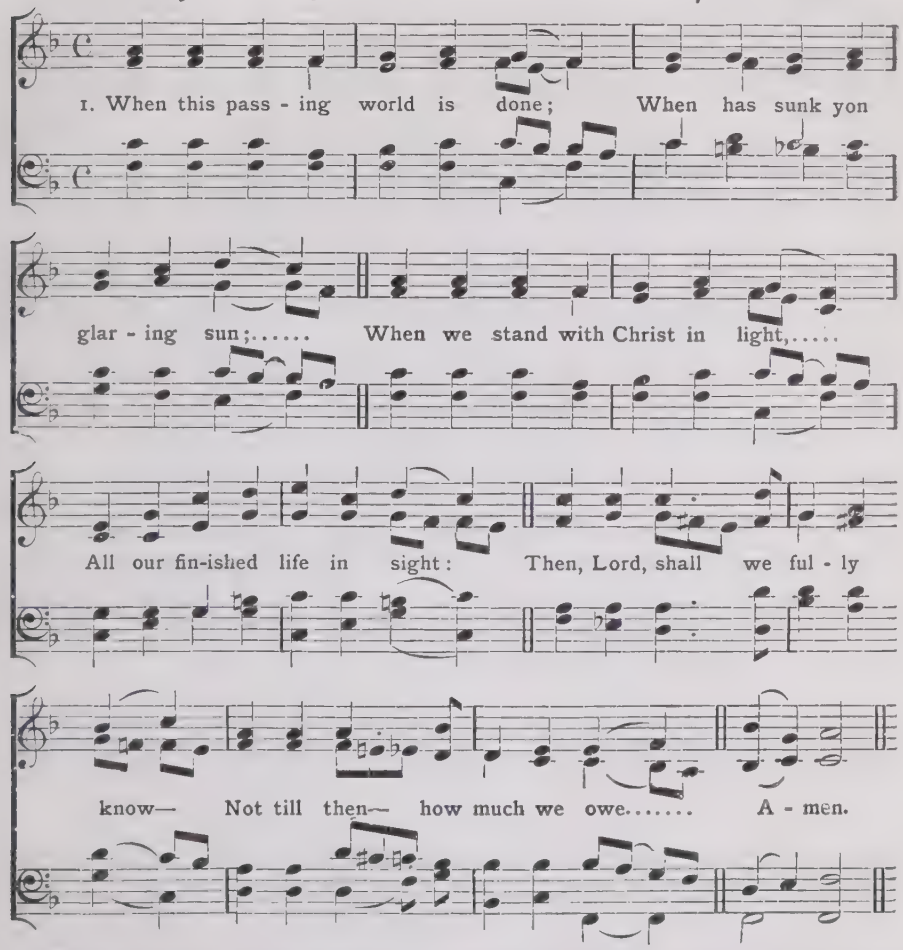


2 O think what sorrows Christ Himself has known!
The scorn and anguish sore,
The bitter death He bore,
Ere He ascended to his heavenly throne;
And deemest thou, thou canst with right complain
Whate'er thy pain?

3 Not e'en the sharpest sorrows we can feel,
Nor keenest pangs, we dare
With that great bliss compare,
When God his glory shall in us reveal,
That shall endure when our brief woes are o'er,
For evermore! Amen.

When this passing world is done.

Hymn 229. 7s. Six lines.
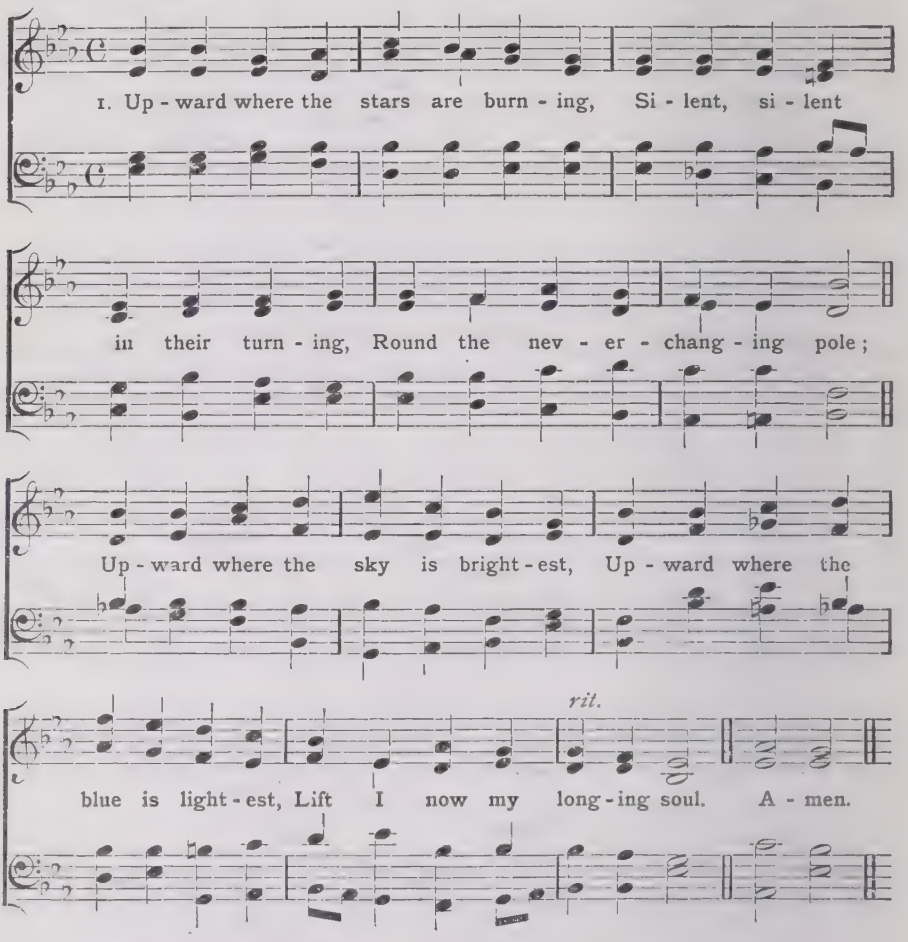


2 When we stand before the throne,
Knowing all as we are known;
When we see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart:
Then, Lord, shall we fully know--
Not till then—how much we owe.

3 When the praise of Heaven we hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice:
Then, Lord, shall we fully know—
Not till then—how much we owe.

4 Chosen, Jesu, by thy love,
Heirs with Thee of joys above;
Hidden in thy wounded Side,
By thy Spirit sanctified:
Teach us, Lord, on earth to show
By our lives, how much we owe. Amen.

Upward where the stars are burning.

Hymn 230. 887 887.



2 Far beyond that arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair;
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy—
I would find my mansion there.

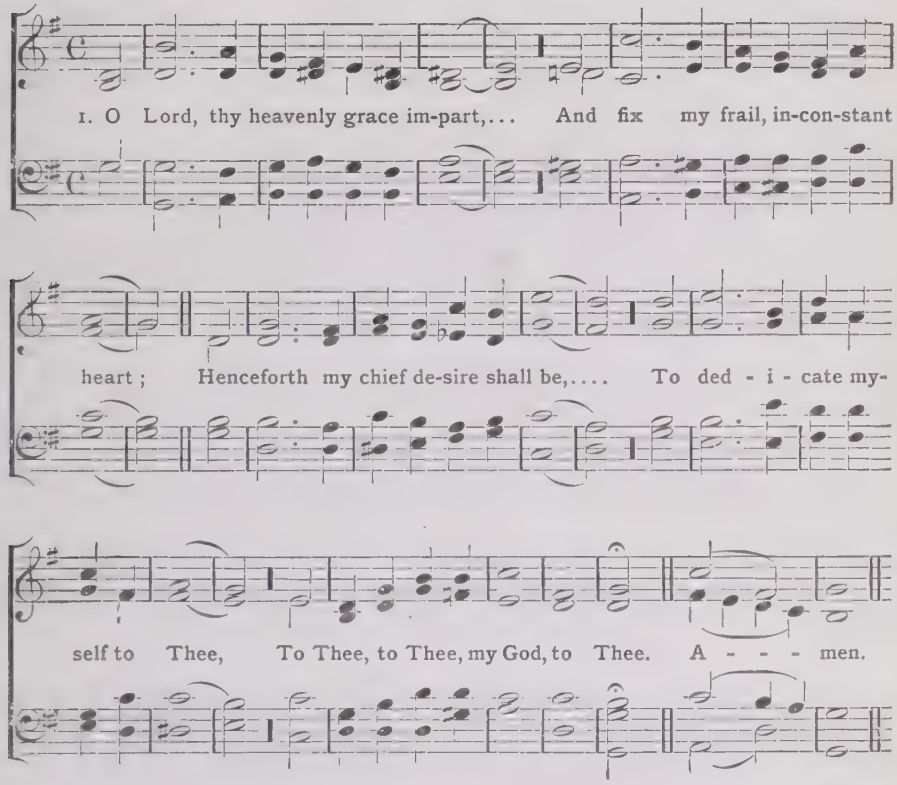
3 Where the glory brightly dwelleth,
Where the new song sweetly swelleth,
And no discord ever comes:
Where the Saints the world disdaining
Now with Christ are ever reigning,
That must be the Home of homes.

4 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted:
Lord of lords, and King of kings.
Son of man, they crown, they crown Him;
Son of God, they own, they own Him;
With his Name the palace rings.

5 Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at his blessed feet;
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before his Throne we meet.
Amen.

O Lord, thy heavenly grace impart.

Hymn 231. 8888 6.



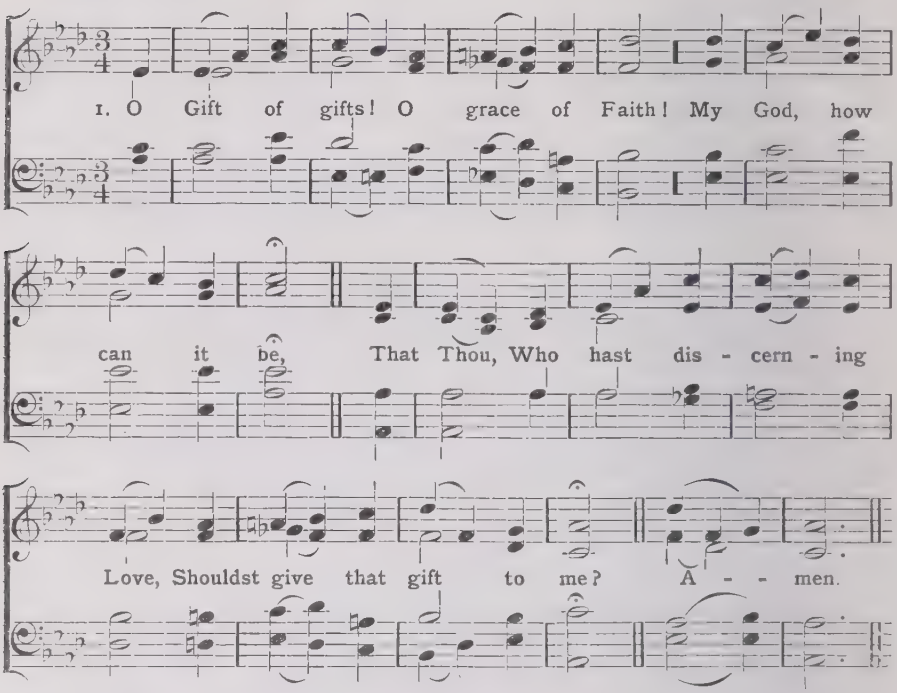
2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy,
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my love is given to Thee,
To Thee, to Thee, my God, to Thee!

3 Thy gracious eye pervadeth space,
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place;
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee,
To Thee, to Thee, my God, to Thee!

4 Renouning every worldly thing,
To Thee my heart and life I bring;
My only thought henceforth to be
That all I want I find in Thee,
In Thee, in Thee, dear God, in Thee! Amen.

O Gift of gifts.

Hymn 232. C. M.



2 How many hearts Thou mightst have had
More innocent than mine:
How many souls more worthy, far,
Of that sweet boon of thine.

3 Ah Grace! into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come:
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.

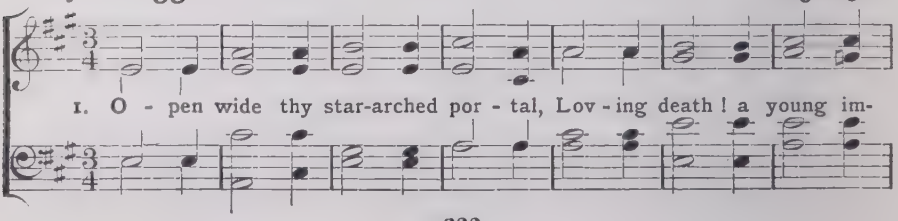
4 How can they live, how will they die,
How bear the cross of grief,
Who have not got the light of faith,
The courage of belief?

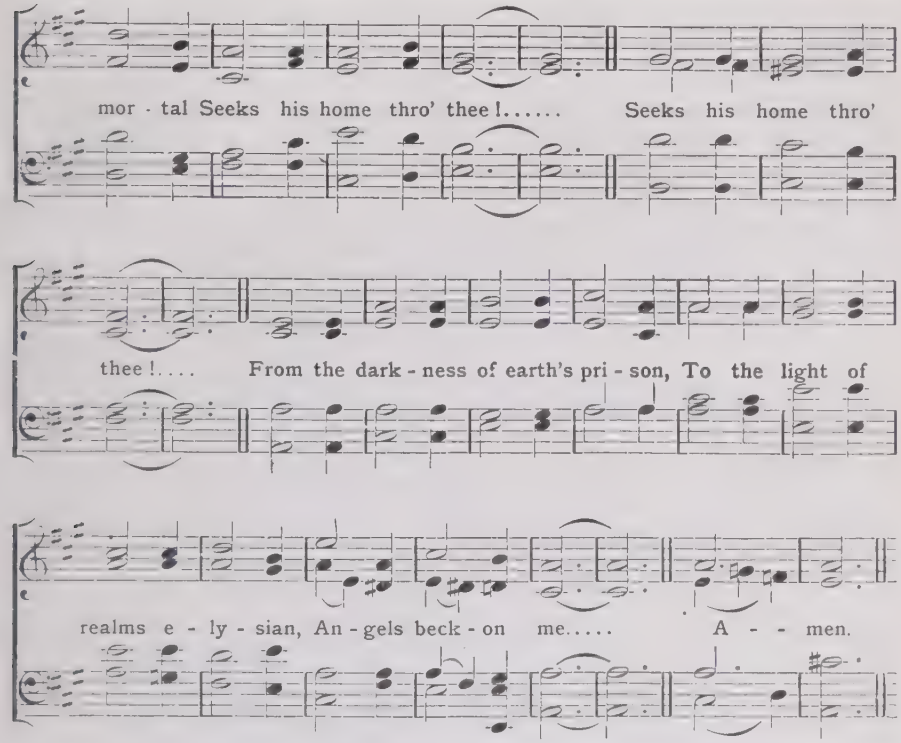
5 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light;
Earth looks so little and so low,
When faith shines full and bright.

6 Thy choice, O God of goodness, then
I lovingly adore;
O give me grace to keep thy grace,
And grace to gain it more. Amen.

Open wide thy star-arched portal.

Hymn 233. 885 885





2 All around me and above me,
Cluster many souls that love me:
Some that once I knew,
Some that once I knew,
Who have trod this way before me,
Wearing now such robes of glory
As but angels do.

3 Stand not 'round my bedside weeping,
Earthly friends! my soul is leaping
From its shroud of clay,
From its shroud of clay,
Full of joy and exultation, [station
That I've passed through earth's night
To eternal day.

4 Father, mother, sister, brother,
One more dear than every other,—
All old friends I see:
All old friends I see:
Their familiar faces glowing
With the love-light overflowing
In their hearts for me.

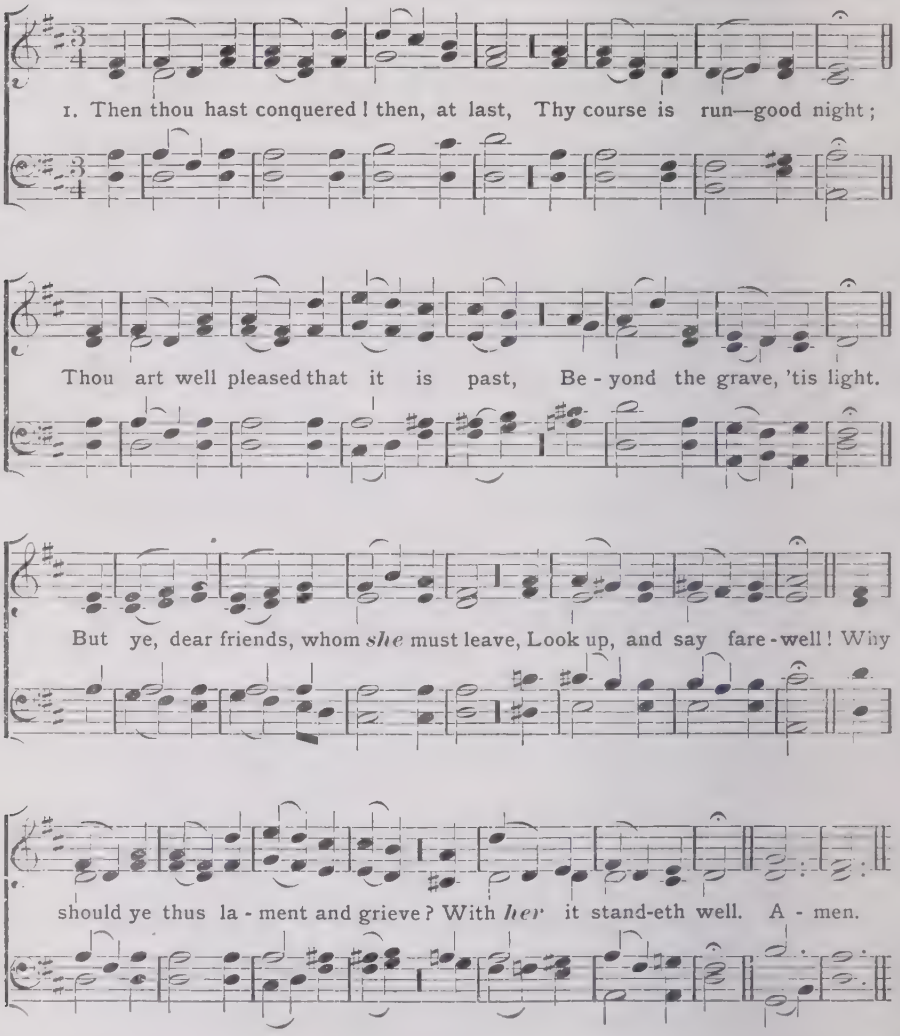
5 With death's film my eyes are glassing;
From my sight earth's forms are passing,
Passing with my breath,
Passing with my breath;
But the angel forms grow clearer,
Brighter, drawing nearer, nearer,
Oh! can this be death?

6 This divine, exulting feeling,
Ev'ry nerve of being thrilling
With excess of bliss,
With excess of bliss.
Beauty bursting on my vision;
Harmonies divine, elysian,
In my ears! oh! this,

7 This is life O God! Creator!
Lift me up, thine erring creature,
Lift me up to Thee!
Lift me up to Thee!
Breathe upon my joyful spirit,
Sanctify it to inherit
Immortality! Amen.

Then thou hast conquered.

Hymn 234. C. M. Double.



2 Henceforth a life of joy *she* shares
In *her* Creator's hand;
None of the griefs can touch *her* there,
That haunt this lower land.
Far better is a happy death
Than worldly life I trow;
The weakness once *she* sank beneath
She never more shall know.

3 Lay on *her* coffin many a wreath,
For conquerors wreath'd are seen;
And, lo! *her* soul attains through death
The crown of evergreen,
That we should see *her* grave, alas!
Shows we are frail indeed;
That it so soon should come to pass,
Our Father hath decreed.

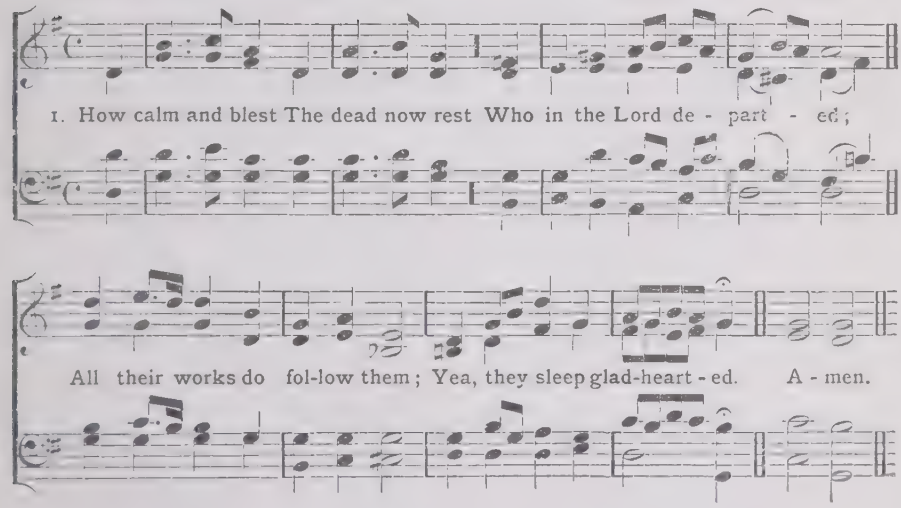
4 'Twas but a while that *she* was sent
To dwell among us here;
Now God resumes what He hath lent,
Oh! grieve not o'er *her* bier;
But say, 'twas given at his command—
Who takes it; He is just:
Our life and death are in his hand,
His servants can but trust.

5 Tho' dead *she* speaks, "Dear friends, be
Think not too young am I: [still,
For *she* who dies, as God doth will,
Is old enough to die."
Father! it is a bitter pang
For frail, weak hearts to bear;
Forgive us, if we can't return
Thy loan without a tear.

6 This thought alone our souls shall cheer;
To us the boon was given,
Here in a sinful world to rear
One angel soul for Heaven.
Ah! when shall that great day be come,
When these things fade away,
And Thou shalt bid us welcome home—
Would God it were to-day!—Amen.

How calm and blest.

Hymn 235. 44776.



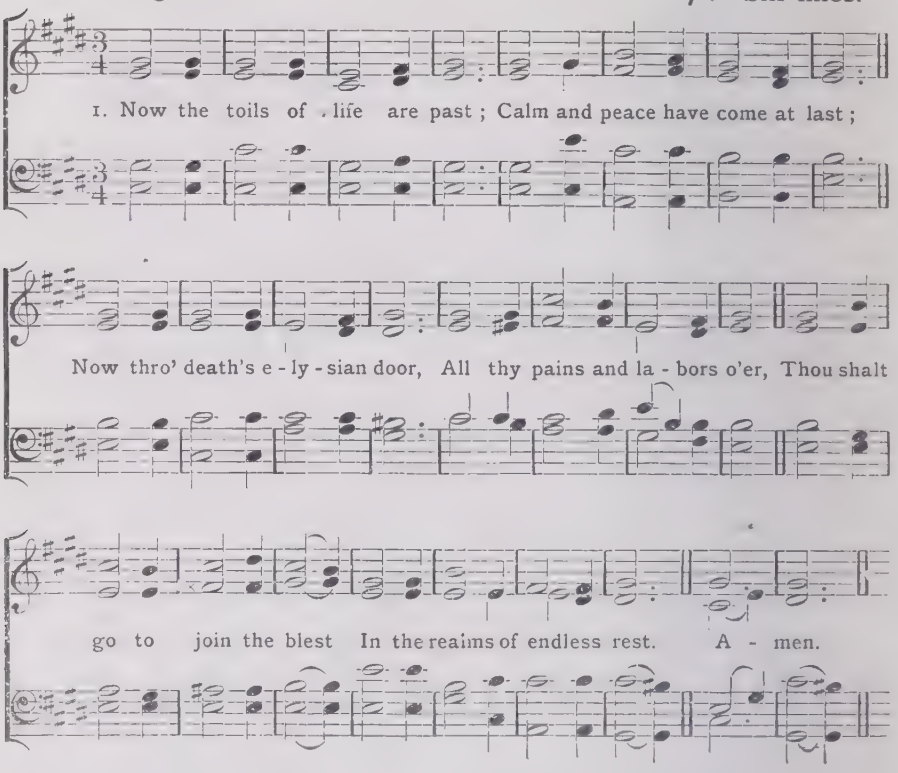
2 Earth's pains are o'er,
For them no more
Shall life bring toil and sorrow;
This poor worldly day is done,
Now begins the morrow.

3 Oh lead them Thou
To rest e'en now,
With all who sorely anguished,
For the purging of their souls
Long in woe have languished.

4 Soon grant release,
That they in peace
May see their Heavenly morning;
Grant indulgence, kindest Lord,
They for Thee are yearning! Amen.

Now the toils of life are past.

Hymn 236. 7s. Six lines.



2 Rest from toil and carking care;
Rest from earthly wear and tear;
Rest from ever present sin;
Rest without, and rest within;
Rest, which no abatement knows;
Rest, and infinite repose.

3 Lo! thine Angel Guardian nigh,
Hath receiv'd thy parting sigh;
See his azure wings expand
T'wards the beatific land!
Now his bosom thee enfolds,
Now aloft his course he holds.

4 "Welcome, empyrean dome!
Welcome, my eternal home!
Welcome, early comrades dear,
First that come to greet me here;
I have reached the goal at last,
And my sorrows all are past.

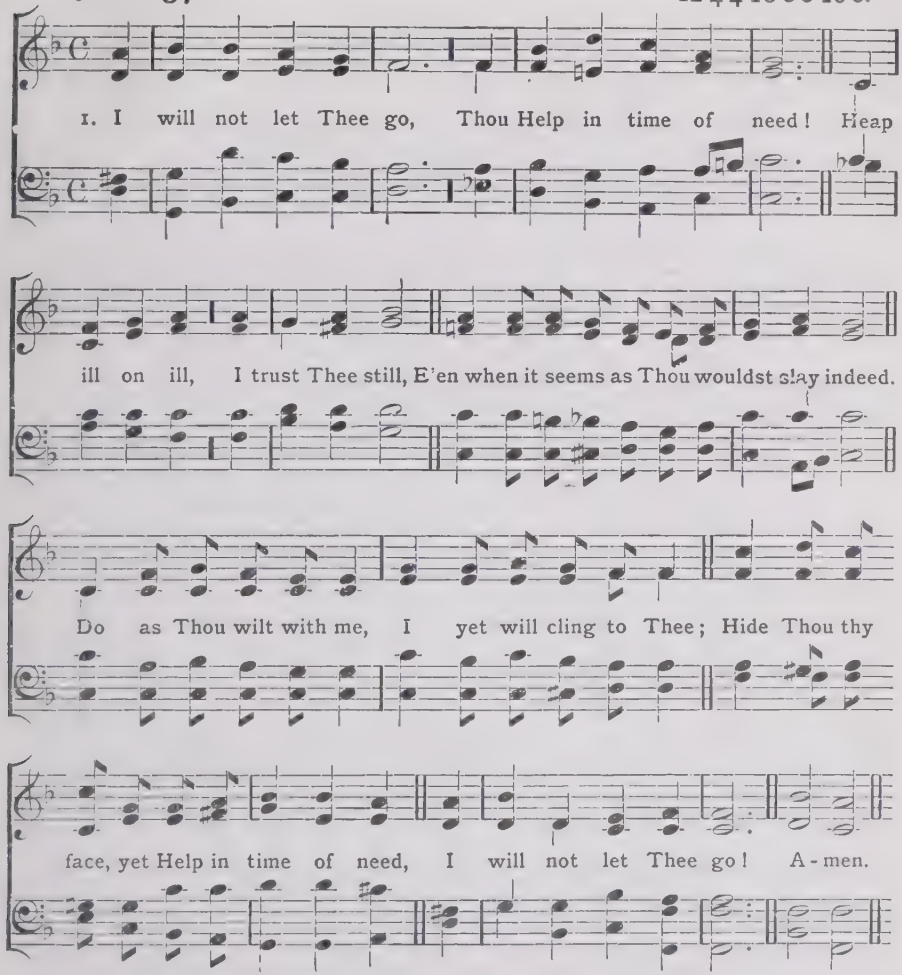
5 "Jesu! who didst die for me
On the Cross of Calvary,
Not in aught that is my own,
But in thy true Blood alone,
Do I put my trembling trust;
Spare, O spare a worm of dust."

6 Lo! 'tis o'er! the sentence said;
Lift again thy drooping head;
Hail, eternally forgiven!
Hail, immortal child of Heaven!
He who did for thee atone
Now receives thee as his own.

7 Now shall flesh its Maker see;
Now shall man a seraph be,
Keeping endless jubilee
In immortal liberty!
Lost in pure filicity!
Lost in depths of Deity! Amen.

I will not let Thee go.

Hymn 237. 12 4 4 10 6 6 10 6.
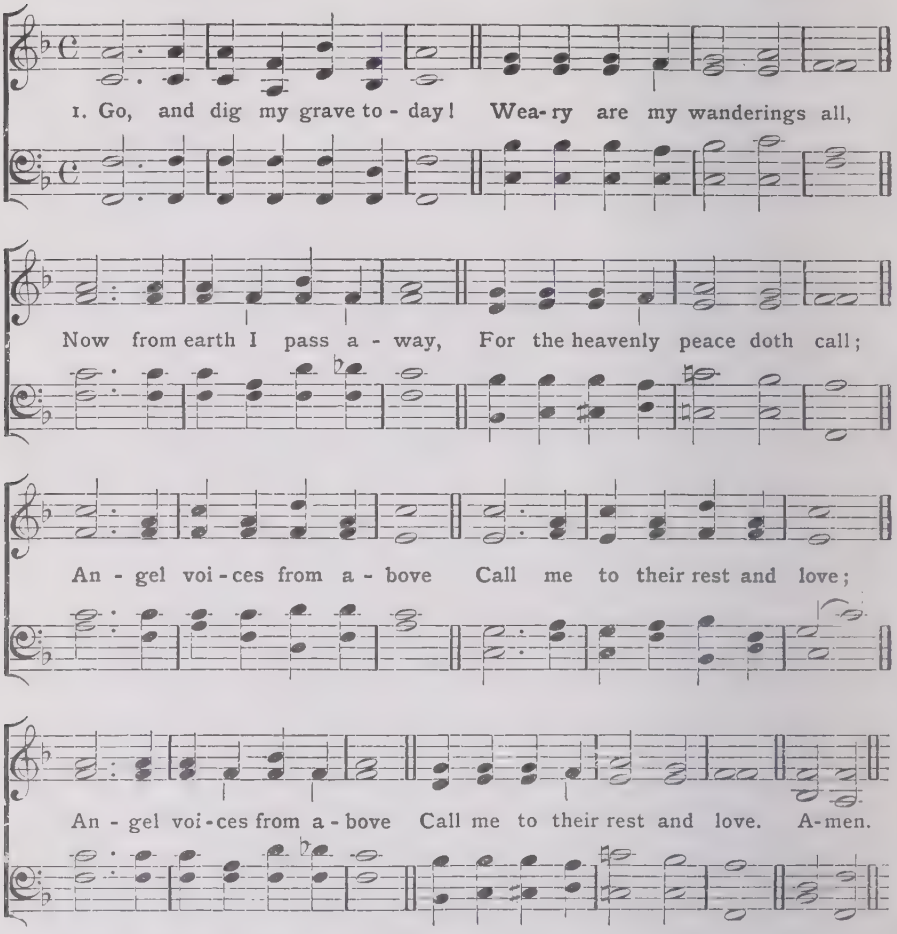


2 I will not let Thee go; should I forsake my bliss?
No Lord, Thou'rt mine,
And I am thine,
Thee will I hold when all things else I miss.
Though dark and sad the night,
Joy cometh with thy light,
O Thou, my Sun: should I forsake my bliss?
I will not let Thee go!

3 I will not let Thee go, my God, my Life, my Lord!
Not death can tear
Me from his care,
Who for my sake his Soul in death outpoured.
Thou diedst for love to me,
I say in love to Thee,
My heart may break, my God, my Life, my Lord,
I will not let Thee go. Amen.

Go, and dig my grave to-day.

Hymn 238. 7s. Six lines.



2 Go, and dig my grave to-day!
Homeward doth my journey tend;
And I lay my staff away
Here where all things earthly end;
And I lay my weary head
On the only painless bed.

3 Farewell, earth, then; I am glad
That in peace I now depart,
For thy very joys are sad,
And thy hopes deceive the heart.
Fleeting is thy beauty's gleam,
False and changing as a dream.

4 Farewell, O ye much-loved friends!
Grief hath smote you as a sword,
But the Comforter descends
Unto them who love the Lord.
Weep not o'er a passing show,
To th' eternal world I go.

5 Weep not, my Redeemer lives:
Heavenward springing from the dust,
Clear-eyed Hope her comfort gives;
Faith, Heaven's champion, bids us trust;
Love eternal whispers nigh,
"Child of God, fear not to die!" Amen.

The Vesper Psalms.

The Chants.

They are nine in number. The ninth is used only for the Psalm *In exitu Israel.* The others are used according to the Tone in which the Antiphon, which precedes and follows it, is written. Each Psalm chant is composed of two divisions. The first division, sung to the first half of each verse, contains: 1st. The Intonation (used only for the first verse, the Gloria Patri, and all of the Magnificat); 2d. The First Recitative; 3d. The Mediation. The second division, sung to the second half of each verse, contains: 1st. The Second Recitative; 2d. The Termination.

The melody of the first division of each Psalm Tone does not change. Neither is there any change in the second divisions of the Second, Fifth, Sixth, or Ninth Tones. But for their *second* divisions the First Tone has five terminations, the Third four, the Fourth three, the Seventh five, and the Eighth Tone two.

The *Intonation* consists of two or three notes. If of three the second is a double note; thus, , which is always joined to the third, and slurred to it in singing, . If there are two syllables to be sung to these slurred notes (as, *-fité* in confitébor, *-mine* in Domine, *-didi* in Crédidi) both of these syllables are sung to the double note, and slurred to the single note. This same rule will apply to the double note joined to a single note wherever it occurs in the Mediations and Terminations.

The Part called *Recitative*, designated by a long note thus, , is one tone, on which is chanted one or more words of the divisions of each verse up to the italicized syllable, as found in the text.

There are three exceptions to this rule. A small preparatory note will be found in the same bar with the Long () in the first division of the First and Ninth Tones, and in the second division of the Fourth Tone. The last syllable coming *before* the italicized syllable is to be sung to this little preparatory note.
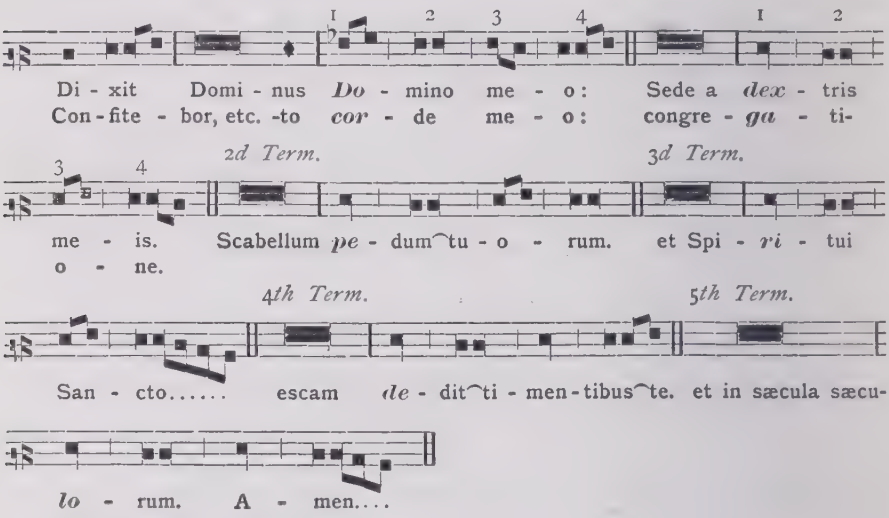
The *Mediations* and *Terminations* are all made up each of *four* sections, corresponding exactly with the four syllabic sections found marked off in every verse of the Psalms.

Of these four sections it will be remarked that the 1st and 3d, whether of one or more notes, never have but *one* syllable sung to them, and it is *always an accented* syllable. The 2d and 4th sections may be of one or more notes. If one note it is a double . If more, the first one is a double, upon which all the syllables of that section are to be sung before being slurred to the following single notes.

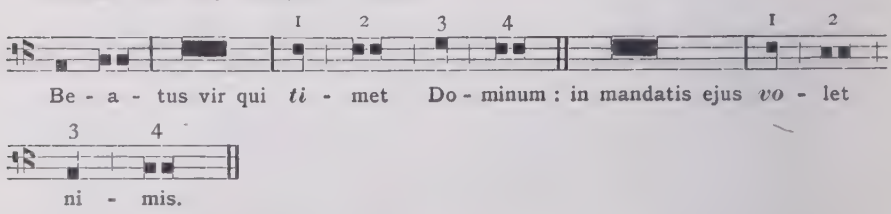
Two examples of words not following the general rule will be found printed, as examples, to the chant of the Eighth Tone. The exception is as follows: if the syllable at the end of the Mediation of the Second, Fourth, Fifth, and Eighth Tones be a word of one syllable, as *est, sum, me, da, nos,* etc.; or if the word be a Hebrew proper name, as *David, Israel, Sion, Ephrata, Ægypto, Jerusalem,* etc., the word of one syllable, or the last syllable of the Hebrew word is to be sung to the note of the 3d section, and the note of the 4th is omitted altogether.

The Chants for the Psalms.*

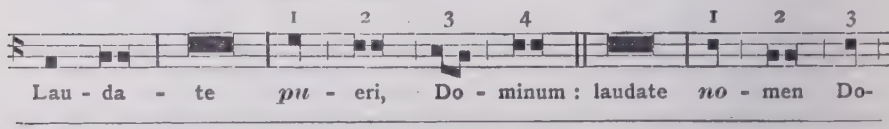
Chant of the First Tone.
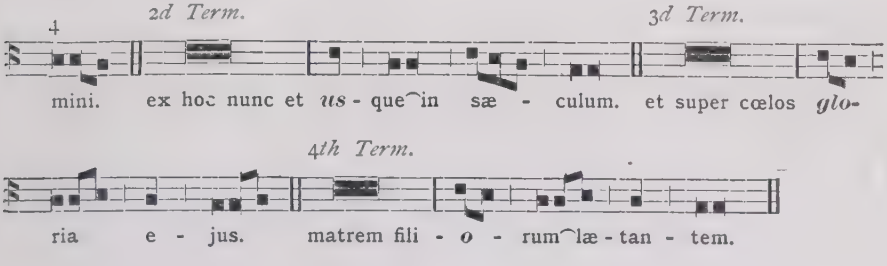


Chant of the Second Tone.
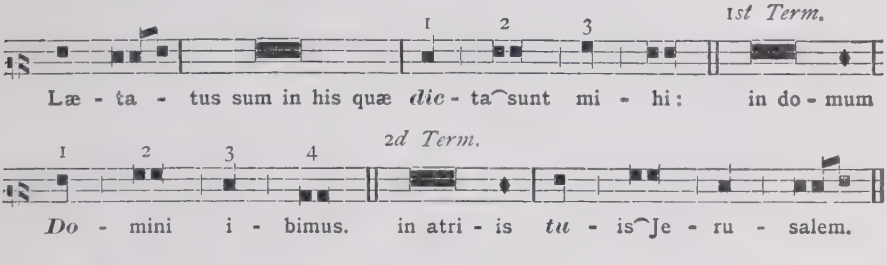


Chant of the Third Tone.



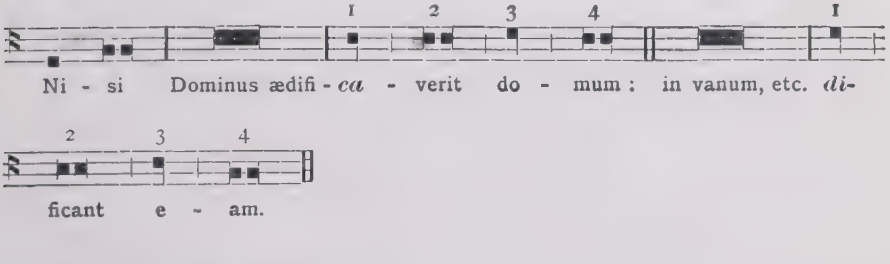
* The system of division of the Psalm Chants, and the pointing of the words, upon which that system is based, is original and copyrighted.



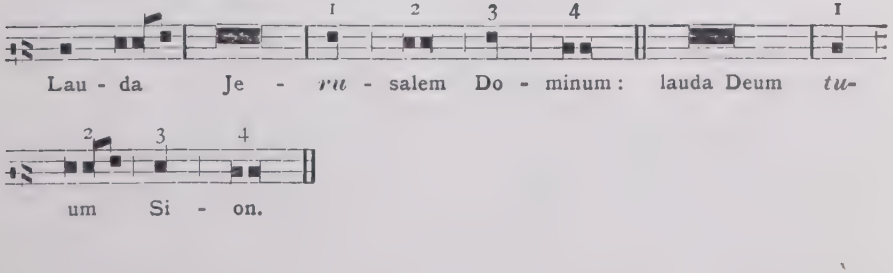
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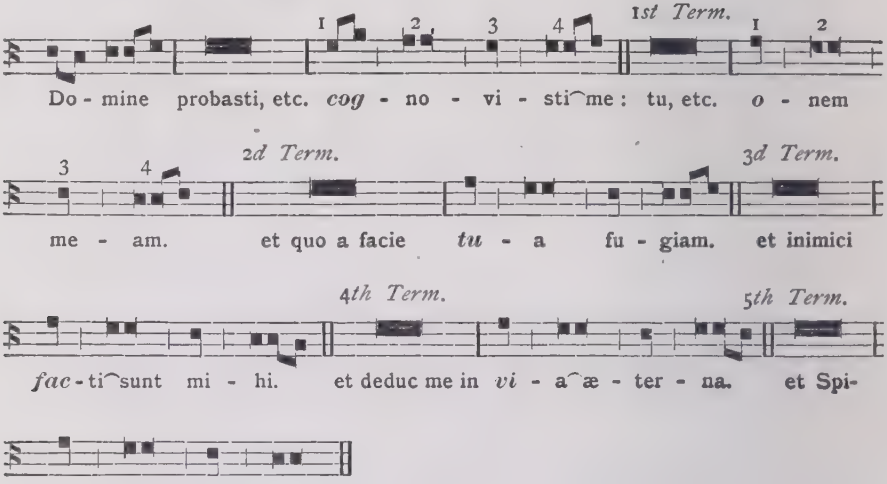


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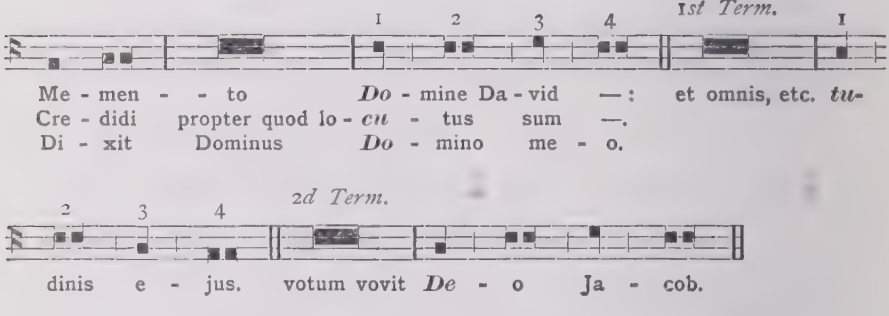


Chant of the Sixth Tone.



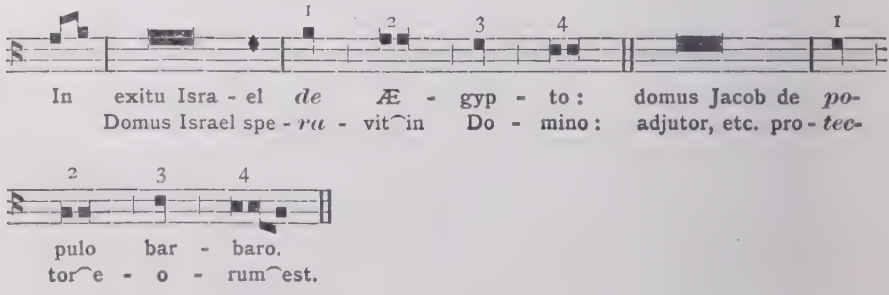
Chant of the Seventh Tone.



Chant of the Eighth Tone.



Chant of the Ninth Tone.



The Psalms.

The following are all the Psalms sung on Festivals and Sundays during the year. A simple directory for their choice will be found at the end. The reference is made by letters of the alphabet. For explanation of the the italicized and divided syllables see pp. (1) and (2).

The sign ∨ denotes a quick breathing, such as we take at a comma in reading. The sign ‖ denotes the middle of the verse; *i. e.*, the pause between the First and the Second Divisions.

A. Psalm 109. *Dixit Dominus.*

1. Di - xit Dominus *Do*[1] - mino[2] me[3] - o[4] : ‖ sede a *dex*[1] - tris[2] me[3] - is[4],

1. The Lord said unto my Lord: Sit Thou at my right hand,

2. Donec ponam ini*mí* - cos tu - os : ‖ scabéllum *pé* - dum⌒tu - ó - rum.

2. Until I make thine enemies thy footstool.

3. Virgam virtútis tuæ ∨ emíttet *Do* - minus⌒ex Si - on : ‖ domináre ∨ in médio inimicó - rum⌒tu - ó - rum.

3. The Lord will send forth the sceptre of thy power out of Sion: rule Thou in the midst of thy enemies.

4. Tecum princípium in die virtútis tuæ ∨ in splen*dó* - ribus⌒san - ctó - rum : ‖ ex útero ∨ ante luci - ferum gé - nui⌒te.

4. Thine shall be the dominion in the day of thy power, amid the brightness of the saints: from the womb, before the day-star, have I begotten Thee.

5. Jurávit Dóminus, ∨ et non pœni*té* - bit e - um : ‖ tu es sacérdos in ætérnum ∨ secundum *ór* - dinem⌒Mel - chi - sedech.

5. The Lord hath sworn, and He will not repent: Thou art a priest for ever according to the order of Melchisedech.

6. Dominus a *dex* - tris tu - is : ‖ confrégit in die iræ *su* - æ re - ges.

6. The Lord upon thy right hand: hath overthrown kings in the day of his wrath.

7. Judicábit in natiónibus, ∨ im*plé* - bit⌒ru - í - nas : ‖ conquassábit cápita ∨ in *tér* - ra⌒mul - tó - rum.

7. He shall judge among the nations, He shall fill ruins: He shall crush the heads in the land of many.

8. De torrénte ∨ in *ví* - a bí - bet : ‖ proptérea exal*tá* - bit ca - put.

8. He shall drink of the brook in the way: therefore shall He lift up his head.

Gloria *Pa* - tri⌒et Fi - lio : ‖ et Spi - *rí* - tui San - cto.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

Sicut erat in princípio, ∨ et *nunc*, et sem - per : ‖ et in sæcula sæcu*ló* - rum. A - men.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

B. Psalm 110. *Confitebor.*

1. Con - fité - bor tibi, Dómine, ∨ in toto *cor* - de me - o : ‖ in consílio justórum, ∨ et congre*gá* - ti - ó - ne.

1. I will praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart: in the assembly of the righteous, and in the congregation.

2. Magna *ó* - pera Do - mini : ‖ exquisíta in omnes volun*tá* - tes e - jus.

2. The works of the Lord are great: meet to serve for the doing of his will.

3. Conféssio et magnificéntia *o*-pus e-jus: ‖ et justítia ejus manet ℣ in *sæ*-culum sæ-culi.

4. Memóriam fecit mirabílium suórum, ℣ miséricors et mise*rá*-tor Do-minus: ‖ escam *dé*-dit⁀ti-mén-tibus⁀se.

5. Memor erit in sæculum ℣ testa*mén*-ti-su-i: ‖ virtútem óperum suórum ℣ annuntiábit *pó*-pulo su-o.

6. Ut det illis hæredi*tá*-tem gén-tium: ‖ ópera mánuum ejus ℣ veritas *et* ju-di-cium.

7. Fidélia ómnia mandáta ejus ℣ confirmáta in *sæ*-culum sæ-culi: ‖ facta in veritáte ℣ et *æ*-qui-tá-te.

8. Redemptiónem misit *po*-pulo su-o: ‖ mandávit in ætérnum ℣ testa *mén*-tum su-um.

9. Sanctum et terríbile *no*-men e-jus: ‖ inítium sapiéntiæ *ti*-mor Do-mini.

10. Intelléctus bonus ℣ ómnibus faci*én*-tibus e-um: ‖ laudátio ejus manet ℣ in *sæ*-culum sæ-culi.

Glória *Pa*-tri⁀et Fi-lio: ‖ et Spi*rí*-tui San-cto.

Sicut erat in princípio, ℣ et *nunc*, et sem-per: ‖ et in sæcula sæcu*lo*-rum. A-men.

3. His work is honorable and glorious: and his righteousness endureth for ever.

4. He hath made a memorial of his wonderful works: the Lord is gracious and full of compassion: He hath given meat unto them that fear Him.

5. He will ever be mindful of his covenant: He will show his people the power of his works.

6. That He may give them the heritage of the heathen: the works of his hands are truth and judgment.

7. All his commands are sure; they stand fast for ever and ever: being done in truth and uprightness.

8. He hath sent redemption unto his people: He hath commanded his covenant for ever.

9. Holy and terrible is his Name: the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

10. All understand it right who practise it: his praise endureth for ever and ever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

C. Psalm III. *Beatus Vir.*

1. Be-a-tus vir, ℣ qui *ti*-met Do-minum: ‖ in mandátis ejus *vo*-let ni-mis.

2. Potens in terra erit *se*-men e-jus: ‖ generátio rectórum *be*-nedi-cé-tur.

3. Glória et divítiæ in *do*-mo e-jus: ‖ et justítia ejus manet ℣ in *sæ*-culum sæ-culi.

4. Exórtum est in ténebris *lu*-men rectis: ‖ miséricors, ℣ et mise*rá*-tor,⁀et jus-tus.

5. Jucúndus homo qui miserétur et cómmodat, ℣ dispónet sermónes suos *in* ju-di-cio: ‖ quia in ætérnum ℣ non *com*-mo-vé-bitur.

1. Blessed is the man that feareth the the Lord: in his commandments he shall take great delight.

2. Mighty on earth shall be his seed: the generation of the righteous shall be blessed.

3. Glory and wealth shall be in his house: and his righteousness endureth for ever and ever.

4. Unto the upright there hath risen up light in the darkness: he is merciful, and compassionate, and just.

5. Happy is the man that showeth favor and lendeth: he will guide his words with discretion: surely he shall not be moved for ever.

6. In memória ætérna *é* - rit jus - tus : ‖ ab auditióne mala *non* ti - mé - bit.

6. The righteous man shall be in eternal remembrance : he shall not fear an evil report.

7. Parátum cor ejus speráre in Dómino, ℣ confirmátum *est* cor e - jus : ‖ non commovébitur, ℣ donec despíciat in*imí* - cos su - os.

7 His heart is ready to hope in the Lord ; his heart is strengthened : he shall not yield till he despise his enemies.

8. Dispérsit, dedit paupéribus ; ℣ justítia ejus manet in *sæ* - culum sæ - culi : ‖ cornu ejus ℣ exal*tá* - bitur⁀in glória.

8. He hath distributed and given to the poor ; his righteousness remaineth forever : his power shall be exalted in glory.

9. Peccátor vidébit, et irascétur ; ℣ déntibus suis fremet *et* ta - bé - scet : ‖ desidérium pecca*tó* - rum⁀pe - rí - bit.

9. The sinner shall see it, and be enraged : he shall gnash his teeth and pine away ; the desire of sinners shall perish.

Glória *Pa* - tri⁀et Fi - lio : ‖ et Spi*rí*-tui San - cto.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost ;

Sicut erat in princípio, ℣ et *nunc*, et sem - per : ‖ et in sæcula sæcu*ló* - rum. A - men.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

D. Psalm 112. *Laudate Pueri.*

1. Lau - dá - te, *pú* - eri Dó - minum : ‖ laudáte *no* - men Do - mini.

1. Praise the Lord, ye children : praise ye the name of the Lord.

2. Sit nomen Domini *be* - ne - díc - tum : ‖ ex hoc nunc, ℣ et *ús* - que⁀in sæ - culum.

2. Blessed be the Name of the Lord : from this time forth, and for evermore !

3. A solis ortu usque *ad* oc - cá - sum : ‖ laudábile *no* - men Do - mini.

3. From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same ; the Name of the Lord is worthy to be praised.

4. Excélsus super omnes *gen* - tes Dominus : ‖ et super cœlos *gló* - ria e - jus.

4. The Lord is high above all nations : and his glory above the heavens.

5. Quis sicut Dominus Deus noster, ℣ qui in *al* - tis há - bitat : ‖ et humília réspicit ℣ in cœlo *et* in ter - ra.

5. Who is like unto the Lord our God, Who dwelleth on high : and beholdeth what is lowly in heaven, and in the earth ?

6. Súscitans a *ter* - ra í - nopem : ‖ et de stércore *é* - rigens páu - perem.

6. Who raiseth up the needy from the earth : and lifteth the poor out of the dunghill.

7. Ut cóllocet eum *cum* prin - cí - pibus : ‖ cum princípibus *pó* - puli su - i.

7. That he may set him with princes : even with the princes of his people.

8. Qui habitáre facit *sté* - rilem⁀in domo : ‖ matrem filió - rum⁀læ - tán - tem.

8. Who maketh a barren woman to establish a house : and to be a joyful mother of children.

Gloria *Pa* - tri⁀et Fi - lio : ‖ et Spi - *rí* - tui San - cto.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost ;

Sicut erat in princípio, ℣ et *nunc*, et sem - per : ‖ et in sæcula sæcu*ló* - rum. A - men.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

E. Psalm 116. *Laudate Dominum.*

1. Lau - dá - te Dominum, *om* - nes gen - tes: ‖ laudáte eum, *om* - nes po - puli.

1. O praise the Lord, all ye nations: praise Him, all ye people:

2. Quóniam confirmáta est super nos ℣ miseri*cór* - dia e - jus: ‖ et véritas Domini ℣ manet *in* æ - ter - num.

2. For his mercy is confirmed upon us: and the truth of the Lord remaineth forever.

Glória *Pa* - tri ⁀et Fí - lio: ‖ et Spi*rí* - tui San - cto.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

Sicut erat in princípio, ℣ et *nunc*, et sem - per: ‖ et in sæcula sæcu*ló* - rum. A - men.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

F. Psalm 113. *In Exitu.*

1. In ex - itu Israel *de* Æ - gyp - to: ‖ domus Jacob de *pó* - pulo bár - baro.

1. When Israel came out of Egypt: the house of Jacob from among a strange people:

2. Fácta est Judéa ℣ sanctifi*cá* - tio e - jus: ‖ Israel ℣ po*tés* - tas e - jus.

2. Judea was made his sanctuary: and Israel his dominion.

3. Mare *ví* - dit, ⁀et fu - git: ‖ Jordánis convérsus *est* re - trór - sum.

3. The sea saw it and fled: Jordan was turned back.

4. Montes exultavérunt *ut* a - rí - etes: ‖ et colles, ℣ sicut *a* - gni ó - vium.

4. The mountains skipped like rams: and the hills like the lambs of the flock.

5. Quid est tibi, mare, *quod* fu - gi - sti: et tu, Jordánis, ℣ quia convérsus *es* re - trór - sum?

5. What ailed thee, O thou sea, that thou didst flee: and thou, O Jordan, that thou wast turned back?

6. Montes exultástis *si* - cut ⁀a - rí - etes: ‖ et colles, ℣ sicut *a* - gni ó - vium?

6. Ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams: and ye hills, like lambs of the flock?

7. A fácie Domini *mó* - ta ⁀est ter - ra: ‖ a fácie *De* - i Ja - cob.

7. At the presence of the Lord the earth was moved: at the presence of the God of Jacob.

8. Qui convértit petram ℣ in *sta* - gna ⁀a - quá - rum: ‖ et rupem ℣ in *fon* - tes ⁀a - quá - rum.

8. Who turned the rock into pools of water; and the stony hills into fountains of water.

9. Non nobis, *Do* - mine ⁀non no - bis: ‖ sed nomini *tu* - o ⁀da glo - riam.

9. Not to us, O Lord, not to us: but to thy name give glory.

10. Super misericórdia tua, ℣ et veri*tá* - te tu - a: ‖ nequándo dicant gentes: ℣ Ubi est *De* - us ⁀e - ó - rum.

10. For thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake: lest the heathen should say: Where now is their God?

11. Deus autem *nos* - ter ⁀in cœ - lo: ‖ ómnia quæcúmque *vó* - luit fe - cit.

11. But our God is in heaven: He hath done all things whatsoever He would.

12. Simulácra géntium ℣ ar*gén* - tum ⁀et au - rum: ‖ ópera *má* - nuum hó - minum.

12. The idols of the heathen are silver and gold; the works of the hands of men.

13. Os habent, et *non* lo - quén - tur: ‖ óculos habent, ℣ et *non* vi - dé - bunt.

13. They have mouths, but they speak not: eyes have they, but they see not.

14. Aures habent, *et* non au - dient : ‖ nares habent, ℣ et non *o* - do - rá - bunt.

14. They have ears, but they hear not : nostrils have they, but they smell not.

15. Manus habent et non palpábunt : ℣ pedes habent et non *am* - bu - lá - bunt : ‖ non clamábunt in *gút* - ture su - o.

15. They have hands, but they handle not : feet have they, but they walk not : neither speak they through their throat.

16. Símiles illis fiant ℣ qui *fá* - ciunt e - a : ‖ et omnes qui con*fí* - dunt⌒in e - is.

16. They that make them are like unto them : and all such as put their trust in them.

17. Domus Israel ℣ sper*á* - vit⌒in Do - mino : ‖ adjútor eórum, ℣ et pro*téc* - tor⌒e - ó - rum⌒est.

17. The house of Israel hath hoped in the Lord : He is their helper and their protector.

18. Domus Aaron ℣ sper*á* - vit⌒in Do - mino : ‖ adjútor eórum, ℣ et pro*téc* - tor⌒e - ó - rum⌒est.

18. The house of Aaron hath hoped in the Lord : He is their helper and their protector.

19. Qui timent Dóminum ℣ spera*vé* - runt⌒in Do - mino : ‖ adjútor eórum, ℣ et pro*téc* - tor⌒e - ó - rum⌒est.

19. They that fear the Lord have hoped in the Lord : He is their helper and their protector.

20. Dominus memor *fu* - it nos - tri : ‖ et bene*díx* - it no - bis.

20. The Lord hath been mindful of us : and hath blessed us.

21. Benedíxit *dó* - mui Is - rael : ‖ benedíxit *dó* - mui A - aron.

21. He hath blessed the house of Israel : He hath blessed the house of Aaron.

22. Benedíxit ómnibus ℣ qui *ti* - ment Do - minum : ‖ pusillis *cum* ma - jó - ribus.

22. He hath blessed all that fear the Lord : both little and great.

23. Adjíciat *Do* - minus su - per⌒vos : ‖ super vos, ℣ et super *fí* - lios ves - tros.

23. May the Lord add blessings upon you : upon you, and upon your children.

24. Benedícti *vos* a Do - mino : ‖ qui fecit *cœ* - lum⌒et ter - ram.

24. Blessed be you of the Lord : Who made heaven and earth.

25. Cœlum *cœ* - li Do - mino : ‖ terram autem ℣ dedit *fí* - liis ho - minum.

25. The heaven of heavens is the Lord's : but the earth He has given to the children of men.

26. Non mórtui lau*dá* - bunt⌒te Do - mine : ‖ neque ómnes qui descéndunt *in* in - fér - num.

26. The dead shall not praise Thee, O Lord : nor any of them that go down to hell.

27. Sed nos qui vívimus ℣ bene*dí* - cimus Do - mino : ‖ ex hoc nunc, ℣ et *ús*-que⌒in sæ - culum.

27. But we that live bless the Lord : from this time, now, and forever.

Glória *Pa* - tri⌒et Fi - lio : ‖ et Spi*rí*-tui San - cto.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost ;

Sicut erat in princípio, ℣ et *nunc*, et sem - per : ‖ et in sæcula sæcu*ló* - rum. A - men.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

G. Psalm 115. *Credidi.*

1. Cré - didi, ℣ propter *quod* lo - cú - tus⌒sum : ‖ ego autem ℣ humíli*á* - tus⌒sum ni - mis.

1. I have believed, therefore have I spoken : but I have been humbled exceedingly.

2. Ego dixi in ex*cés*-su me-o: ‖ Omnis *ho*-mo men-dax.

2. I said in my excess: Every man is a liar.

3. Quid re*trí*-buam Do-mino: ‖ pro ómnibus ℣ quæ re*trí*-buit mi-hi?

3. What shall I render to the Lord; for all things that He hath rendered to me.

4. Cálicem salu*tá*-ris⁀ac-cí-piam: ‖ et nomen Dómini *in*-vo-cá-bo.

4. I will take the chalice of salvation: and I will call upon the Name of the Lord.

5. Vóta mea Domino reddam ℣ coram omni *pó*-pulo e-jus: ‖ pretiósa in conspéctu Domini ℣ mors san*ctó*-rum e-jus.

5. I will pay my vows unto the Lord in the presence of all his people: Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his Saints.

6. O Domine, ℣ quia ego *ser*-vus tu-us: ‖ ego servus tuus, ℣ et fílius an*cíl*-læ tu-æ.

6. O Lord, truly I am thy servant: I am thy servant, and the son of thine handmaid.

7. Dirupísti *vín*-cula me-a: ‖ tibi sacrificábo hóstiam laudis, ℣ et nomen Domini *in*-vo-cá-bo.

7. Thou hast broken my bonds in sunder: I will offer unto Thee the sacrifice of praise, and will call upon the Name of the Lord.

8. Vóta mea Domino reddam ℣ ín conspéctu omnis *pó*-puli e-jus: ‖ in atriis domus Domini, ℣ in médio *tú*-i⁀Je-ru-salem.

8. I will pay my vows unto the Lord, in the presence of all his people: in the courts of the Lord's house, in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem.

Glória *Pa*-tri⁀et Fi-lio: ‖ et Spi*rí*-tui San-cto.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost.

Sicut erat in princípio, ℣ et *nunc*, et sem-per: ‖ et in sæcula sæcu*ló*-rum. A-men.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

H. Psalm 121. *Lætatus sum.*

1. Læ-tá-tus sum in his, ℣ quæ *díc*-ta⁀sunt mi-hi: ‖ in domum *Do*-mini í-bimus.

1. I was glad when they said unto me: Let us go into the house of the Lord.

2. Stántes erant *pe*-des nos-tri: ‖ in átriis *tú*-is⁀Je-rú-salem.

2. Our feet have been wont to stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem!

3. Jerúsalem ℣ quæ ædifi*cá*-tur⁀ut civitas: ‖ cujus participátio ejus *in* i-dipsum.

3. Jerusalem is builded as a city: that is compact together:

4. Illuc enim ascendérunt tribus, *tri*-bus Do-mini: ‖ testimónium Israel ℣ ad confiténdum *no*-mini Do-mini.

4. Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord: the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the Name of the Lord.

5. Quía illic sedérunt sedes *in* ju-dí-cio: ‖ sedes super *do*-mum Da-vid.

5. For there are set thrones for judgment: the thrones for the house of David.

6. Rogáte quæ ad pacem *sunt* Je-rú-salem: ‖ et abundántia *di*-li-gén-tibus⁀te.

6. Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

7. Fiat pax ℣ in vir*tú*-te tu-a: ‖ et abundántia in *túr*-ribus tu-is.

7. Peace be within thy walls: and prosperity within thy palaces.

8. Propter fratres meos, ℣ et *próx* - imos me - os : ‖ loquébar *pa* - cem de te.

8. For my brethren and companions' sakes : I will now say—Peace be within thee !

9. Propter domum Domini *De* - i nos - tri : ‖ quæsívi *bo* - na ti - bi.

9. Because of the house of the Lord our God : I have sought good things for thee.

Glória *Pa* - tri⁀et Fi - lio : ‖ et Spi*rí*-tui San - cto.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost ;

Sicut erat in princípio, ℣ et *nunc*, et sem - per : ‖ et in sæcula sæcu*ló* - rum. A - men.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

I. Psalm 126. *Nisi Dominus.*

1. Ni - si Dominus ædifi*cá* - verit do - mum : ‖ in vanum láboravérunt ℣ qui æd*í* - ficant e - am.

1. Except the Lord build the house : they labor in vain that build it.

2. Nisi Dominus custodíerit *ci* - vi - tá - tem : ‖ frustra vígilat qui cus*tó* - dit e - am.

2. Except the Lord keep the city : he watcheth in vain that keepeth it.

3. Vanum est vobis ante *lu* - cem súr - gere : ‖ súrgite postquam sedéritis, ℣ qui manducátis *pá* - nem⁀do - ló - ris.

3. In vain do ye rise before the light : rise not till ye have rested, O ye that eat the bread of sorrow.

4. Cum déderit diléctis *su* - is som - num : ‖ ecce hæréditas Domini, filii, ℣ mer - ces, *fruc* - tus ven - tris.

4. For He giveth his beloved sleep : Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord, the fruit of the womb is his reward.

5. Sicut sagíttæ in *ma* - nu⁀po - ten - tis : ‖ ita filii *ex* - cus - só - rum.

5. As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man : so are the children of the youthful.

6. Beátus vir, ℣ qui implévit desidérium *sú* - um⁀ex ip - sis : ‖ non confundétur, ℣ cum loquétur inimícis *su* - is⁀in por - ta.

6. Blessed is the man that hath filled his desire with them : he shall not be confounded when he shall speak to his enemies in the gate.

Gloria *Pa* - tri⁀et Fi - lio : ‖ et Spi - *rí* - tui San - cto.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost ;

Sicut erat in princípio, ℣ et *nunc*, et sem - per : ‖ et in sæcula sæcu*ló* - rum. A - men.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

J. Psalm 147. *Lauda Jerusalem.*

1. Lau - da Je*rá* - salem Do - minum : ‖ lauda Deum *tu* - um Si - on.

1. Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem : praise thy God, O Sion.

2. Quóniam confortávit seras por*tá* - rum⁀tu - á - rum : ‖ benedíxit fíliis *tu* - is in te.

2. Because He hath strengthened the bolts of thy gates : He hath blessed thy children within thee.

3. Qui pósuit fines *tu* - os pa - cem : ‖ et ádipe fru*mén* - ti sa - tiat⁀te.

3. Who hath placed peace in thy borders : and filleth thee with the fat of corn.

4. Qui emíttit elóquium *su* - um ter - ræ : ‖ velóciter currit *ser* - mo e - jus.

4. Who sendeth forth his speech to the earth : whose word runneth swiftly.

5. Qui dat nivem *si* - cut la - nam : ‖ nébulam sicut *cí* - nerem spar - git.

5. Who giveth snow like wool : Who scattereth his mists like ashes.

6. Mittit crystállum suam *si* - cut⁀buc - cél - las : ‖ ante fáciem frígoris ejus ℣ quis *su* - sti - né - bit ?

6. Who sendeth his ice like morsels : none shall stand before the face of his cold.

7. Emíttet verbum suum, ℣ et liquef*á* - ciet e - a : ‖ flabit spiritus ejus, ℣ et *flu* - ent a - quæ.

7. Who sendeth out his word and melteth them : whose wind shall blow, and the waters flow.

8. Qui annúntiat verbum *su* - um Ja - cob : ‖ justítias et judícia *su* - a Is - rael.

8. Who declareth his word to Jacob : his justices and his judgments to Israel.

9. Non fecit táliter omni *na* - ti ó - ni : ‖ et judícia sua ℣ non manifest*á* - vit e - is.

9. He hath not done in like manner to every nation : and his judgments He hath not made manifest to them.

Glória *Pa* - tri⁀et Fí - lio : ‖ et Spi*rí* - tui San - cto.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost ;

Sicut erat in princípio, ℣ et *nunc*, et sem - per : ‖ et in sæcula sæcu*ló* - rum. A - men.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

K. Psalm 125. *In Convertendo.*

1. In con - verténdo Dominus ℣ captivi*tá* - tem Si - on : ‖ facti sumus sicut *con* - so - lá - ti.

1. When the Lord turned again the captivity of Sion : we were like them that come again from sickness.

2. Tunc replétum est *gaú* - dio⁀os nos - trum : ‖ et lingua nostra exult*á* - ti - ó - ne.

2. Then was our mouth filled with gladness : and our tongue with joy.

3. Tunc dicent *in* - ter gen - tes : ‖ Magnificávit Dominus *fá* - cere⁀cum e - is.

3. Then said they among the heathen : The Lord hath done great things for them.

4. Magnificávit Dominus *fá* - cere⁀no - bís - cum : ‖ facti *sú* - mus⁀læ - tán - tes.

4. The Lord hath done great things for us : we are become joyful.

5. Convérte, Domine, ℣ captivi*tá* - tem nos - tram : ‖ sicut *tór* - rens⁀in aus - tro.

5. Turn again our captivity, O Lord : as the streams in the south.

6. Qui *sé* - minant⁀in lá - crymis : ‖ in exultati*ó* - ne mé - tent.

6. They that sow in tears : shall reap in joy.

7. Eúntes, *i* - bant⁀et fle - bant : ‖ mitténtes *sé* - mina su - a.

7. Going they went and wept : casting their seed.

8. Veniéntes autem ℣ vénient cum exul*tá* - ti - ó - ne : ‖ portántes ma*ní* - pulos su - os.

8. But coming they shall come with joyfulness : carrying their sheaves.

Glória *Pa* - tri⁀et Fi - lio : ‖ et Spi*rí*tui San - cto.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost ;

Sicut erat in princípio, ℣ et *nunc*, et sem - per : ‖ et in sæcula sæcu*ló* - rum. A - men.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

L. Psalm 138. *Domine, probasti.*

1. Do - mine, probásti me, ℣ et *cog* - no - ví - sti⁀me: ‖ tu cognovísti sessiónem meam, ℣ et resurrectió - nem me - am.

1. O Lord, Thou hast searched me, and known me: Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising;

2. Intellexísti cogitátiones *mé* - as⁀de lon - ge: ‖ sémitam meam et funículum meum ℣ in*ve* - sti - gá - sti.

2. Thou hast understood my thoughts afar off: my path and my line Thou hast searched out.

3. Et omnes vias meas *præ* - vi - dí - sti: ‖ quia non est sermo in *lin* - gua me - a.

3. And art acquainted with all my ways: before there is a word on my tongue.

4. Ecce Domine, tu cognovísti ómnia, ℣ novíssima *et* an - tí - qua: ‖ tu formásti me, ℣ et posuisti super me *ma* - num tu - am.

4. Lo, O Lord, Thou knowest all things both new and old: Thou hast made me, and laid thine hand upon me.

5. Mirábilis facta est sciéntia *tu* - a ex me: ‖ confortáta est, ℣ et non *pó* - tero⁀ ad e - am.

5. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me: it is high, and I cannot attain unto it.

6. Quo ibo a *spí* - ritu tu - o? ‖ et quo a fácie *tu* - a fu - giam?

6. Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence.

7. Si ascéndero in *cæ* - lum,⁀tu il - lic⁀ es: ‖ si descéndero in in*fér* - num a - des.

7. If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there: if I go down into hell, Thou art there.

8. Si súmpsero pennas *me* - as⁀di - lú - culo: ‖ et habitávero in ex*tré* - mis ma - ris.

8. If I take to me the wings of the morning: and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea:

9. Etenim illuc manus *tu* - a⁀de - dú - cet⁀me: ‖ et tenébit me *déx* - tera tu - a.

9. Even there also shall thy hand lead me: and thy right hand shall hold me.

10. Et dixi: ℣ Fórsitan ténebræ *con* - cul - cá - bunt⁀me: ‖ et nox illumináti mea, ℣ in de*li* - ciis me - is.

10. If I say: Surely the darkness shall cover me: even the night shall be light about me in my pleasures.

11. Quia ténebræ non obscurabúntur a te, ℣ et nox sicut dies il*lú* - mi - ná - bitur: ‖ sicut ténebræ ejus, ℣ ita et *lu* - men e - jus.

11. But darkness shall not be dark to Thee, and night shall be light as the day: the darkness thereof, and the light thereof, are alike to Thee.

12. Quia tu possedisti *re* - nes me - os: ‖ suscepísti me ℣ de útero *ma* - tris me - æ.

12. For Thou hast possessed my reins: Thou hast protected me from my mother's womb.

13. Confitébor tibi, ℣ quia terribíliter *ma* - gnifi - ca - tus⁀es: ‖ mirabília ópera tua, ℣ et ánima mea cog*nós* - cit ni - mis.

13. I will praise Thee, for thy greatness is terrible: marvellous are thy works: and that my soul knoweth right well.

14. Non est occultátum os meum a te, ℣ quod fecísti *in* oc - cúl - to: ‖ et substántia mea ℣ in inferió - ribus ter - ræ.

14. My bones were not hid from Thee, when Thou madest me in secret: nor my substance in the lower parts of the earth.

15. Imperféctum meum vidérunt óculi tui; ℣ et in libro tuo *óm* - nes⁀scri - bén - tur: ‖ dies formabúntur, ℣ et *ne* - mo⁀in e - is.

15. Thy eyes did see my imperfect being, and in thy book shall all be written: days shall be formed, when as yet there was none of them.

16. Mihi autem nimis honorificáti sunt ℣ amíci *tu* - i De - us : ‖ nimis confortátus est ℣ princi*pa* - tus‿e - ó - rum.

16. But to me thy friends, O God, are made exceedingly honorable : their principality is exceedingly strengthened.

17. Dinúmerabo eos, ℣ et super arénam multi - plica - bún - tur : ‖ exurréxi, ℣ et ad*huc* sum te - cum.

17. If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand : I arose, and am still with Thee.

18. Si occíderis, Deus, *pec* - ca - tó - res : ‖ viri sánguinum, ℣ decli*na* - te a me.

18. Surely Thou wilt slay the wicked, O God : ye men of blood, depart from me :

19. Quia dícitis in cogi*ta* - ti - ó - ne : ‖ Accípient in vanitáte civi*ta* - tes tu - as.

19. For ye say in thought : In vain shall thy people take thy cities.

20. Nonne qui odérunt te, *Do* - mine ó - deram : ‖ et super inimícos tuos *ta* - bes - cé - bam ?

20. Do not I hate them, O Lord, that hate Thee ? and am not I grieved at those that rise up against Thee.

21. Perfécto ódio ó - deram il - los : ‖ et inimíci *fac* - ti‿sunt mi - hi.

21. I hate them with a perfect hatred : they are to me as enemies.

22. Proba me, Deus, ℣ et *scí* - to‿cor me - um : ‖ intérroga me, ℣ et cognósce *sé* - mitas me - as.

22. Search me, O God, and know my heart : try me, and know my thoughts.

23. Et vide ℣ si via iniqui*ta* - tis‿in me est : ‖ et deduc me in *vi* - a‿æ - ter - na.

23. And see if there be any wicked way in me : and lead me in the way everlasting.

Glória *Pa* - tri‿et Fi - lio : ‖ et Spi*rí* - tui San - cto.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost ;

Sicut erat in princípio, ℣ et *nunc*, et sem - per : ‖ et in sæcula sæcu*ló* - rum. A - men.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

M. Psalm 121. *Memento, Domine, David.*

1. Me - mén - to, *Do* - mine, Da - vid : ‖ et omnis mansue*tú* - dinis e - jus.

1. O Lord, remember David : and all his meekness.

2. Sicut ju*ra* - vit Do - mino : ‖ votum vovit *De* - o Ja - cob.

2. How he sware unto the Lord : he vowed a vow unto the God of Jacob ;

3. Si introíero in tabernáculum *do* - mus me - æ : ‖ si ascéndero in lectum *stra* - ti me - i.

3. Surely I will not come into the tabernacle of my house : nor go up into my bed.

4. Si dédero somnum ó - culis me - is : ‖ et pálpebris meis dormi*ta* - ti - ó - nem.

4. I will not give sleep to mine eyes ; or slumber to mine eyelids.

5. Et réquiem tempóribus meis : ℣ donec invéniam *lo* - cum Do - mino : ‖ tabernáculum *De* - o Ja - cob.

5. I will not give the temples of my head any rest, until I find out a place for the Lord : an habitation for the God of Jacob.

6. Ecce audívimus eam *in* E - phra - ta : ‖ invénimus eam in *cam* - pis sil - væ.

6. Behold we have heard of it in Ephrata : we have found it in the fields of the wood.

7. Introíbimus in taber*na* - culum e - jus : ‖ adorábimus in loco ℣ ubi stetérunt *pe* - des e - jus.

7. We will go into his tabernacle : we will adore in the place where his feet stood.

8. Surge, Domine, ℣ in *ré* - quiem tu - am : ‖ tu et arca sanctificáti - nis tu - æ.

8. Arise, O Lord, unto thy resting place : Thou, and the ark which Thou hast sanctified.

9. Sacerdótes tui ℣ induán - tur‿jus - ti - tiam : ‖ et sancti *tu* - i‿ex - úl - tent.

9. Let thy priests be clothed with justice : and let thy saints rejoice.

10. Propter David *ser* - vum tu - um : ‖ non avértas fáciem *Chri* - stí tu - i.

10. For thy servant David's sake : turn not away the face of thy anointed.

11. Jurávit Dominus David veritátem, ℣ et non fru*strá* - bitur e - am : ‖ De fructu ventris tui ℣ ponam super *se* - dem tu - am.

11. The Lord hath sworn truth to David, and He will not make it void : Of the fruit of thy womb I will set upon thy throne.

12. Si custodíerint filii tui ℣ testa*mén* - tum me - um : ‖ et testimónia mea hæc, ℣ quæ do*cé* - bo e - os.

12. If my children will keep my covenant ; and these my testimonies which I shall teach them :

13. Et filii eórum *ús* - que‿in sæ - culum : ‖ sedébunt super *se* - dem tu - am.

13. Their children also for evermore : shall sit upon thy throne.

14. Quóniam elégit *Do* - minus Si - on : ‖ elégit eam ℣ in habitáti - nem si - bi.

14. For the Lord hath chosen Sion : He hath chosen it for his habitation.

15. Hæc réquies mea in *sæ* - culum sæ - culi : ‖ hic habitábo, ℣ quóniam *elé* - gi e - am.

15. This is my rest for ever and ever : here will I dwell, for I have chosen it.

16. Víduam ejus benedícens *be* - ne - dí - cam : ‖ páuperes ejus satu*rá* - bo pa - nibus.

16. Blessing I will bless her widow : I will satisfy her poor with bread.

17. Sacerdótes ejus ℣ índuam *sa* - lu - tá - ri : ‖ et sancti ejus ℣ exultátione *ex* - ul - tá - bunt.

17. I will clothe her priests with salvation : and her saints shall rejoice with exceeding great joy.

18. Illuc prodúcam *cor* - nu Da - vid : ‖ parávi lucér-nam *Chri* - sto me - o.

18. There will I bring forth a horn to David : I have prepared a lamp for my anointed.

19. Inimícos ejus índuam con*fu* - si - ó - ne : ‖ super ipsum autum efflorébit ℣ sanctifi*cá* - tio me - a.

19. His enemies I will clothe with confusion : but upon him shall my sanctification flourish.

Glória *Pa* - tri‿et Fi - lio : ‖ et Spi*rí* - tui San - cto.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost ;

Sicut erat in princípio, ℣ et *nunc*, et sem - per : ‖ et in sæcula sæcu*ló* - rum. A - men.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

N. Psalm 127. *Beati omnes.*

1. Be - á - ti, omnes, qui *ti* - ment Do - minum : ‖ qui ámbulant in *vi* - is e - jus.

1. Blessed are all they that fear the Lord : that walk in his ways.

2. Labóres mánuum tuárum ℣ quia *man* - du - cá - bis : ‖ beátus es, et bene *ti* - bi e - rit.

2. For thou shalt eat of the labors of thy hands : blessed art thou, and it shall be well with thee.

3. Uxor tua sicut *vi* - tis‿a - bún - dans : ‖ in latéribus *dó* - mus tu - æ.

3. Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine on the sides of thy house.

4. Filii tui sicut novéllæ *o* - li - vá - rum : ‖ in circúitu *men* - sæ tu - æ.

5. Ecce sic benedi*cé* - tur ho - mo : ‖ qui *ti* - met Do - minum.

6. Benedicat tibi *Do* - minus⁀ex Si - on : ‖ et vídeas bona Jerúsalem ℣ ómnibus diébus *vi* - tæ tu - æ.

7. Et vídeas filios filió - rum⁀tu - ó - rum : ‖ pacem *su* - per Is - rael.

Gloria *Pa* - tri⁀et Fi - lio : ‖ et Spi - *rí* - tui San - cto.

Sicut erat in princípio, ℣ et *nunc*, et sem - per : ‖ et in sæcula sæcu*ló* - rum. A - men.

4. Thy children as olive plants round about thy table.

5. Behold, thus shall the man be blessed that feareth the Lord.

6. May the Lord bless thee out of Sion : and mayest thou see the good things of Jerusalem all the days of thy life.

7. And mayest thou see thy children's children : and peace upon Israel.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

O. Psalm 129. *De profundis.*

1. De pro - fúndis clamávi *ad* te Do - mine : ‖ Domine, ℣ exáudi *vo* - cem me - am.

2. Fiant aures tuæ *in* - ten - den - tes : ‖ in vocem deprecáti*ó* - nis me - æ.

3. Si iníquitátes obser*vá* - veris Do - mine : ‖ Domine, quis *sus* - ti - né - bit ?

4. Quia apud te pro*pi* - ti - á - tio⁀est : ‖ et propter legem tuam ℣ sus*tí* - nui⁀te Do - mine.

5. Sustínuit ánima mea in *ver* - bo e - jus : ‖ sperávit ánima *me* - a⁀in Do - mino.

6. A custódia matutína *ús* - que⁀ad noc - tem : ‖ sperit *Is* - rael in Do - mino.

7. Quia apud Dominum mi*se* - ri - cór - dia : ‖ et copiósa apud *e* - um⁀re - demp - tio.

8. Et ipse *ré* - dimet Is - rael : ‖ ex ómnibus iniqui*tá* - tibus e - jus.

Glória *Pa* - tri⁀et Fi - lio : ‖ et Spi*rí*-tui San - cto.

Sicut erat in princípio, ℣ et *nunc*, et sem - per : ‖ et in sæcula sæcu*ló* - rum. A - men.

1. Out of the depths I have cried to Thee, O Lord : Lord, hear my voice.

2. Let thy ears be attentive to the voice of my supplication.

3. If Thou, O Lord, shouldst mark iniquities : O Lord, who shall stand.

4. For with Thee there is merciful forgiveness : and by reason of thy law, I have waited for Thee, O Lord.

5. My soul doth wait on his word : my soul hopeth in the Lord.

6. From the morning watch even until night : let Israel hope in the Lord.

7. Because with the Lord there is mercy : and with Him plentiful redemption.

8. And He shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

P. Psalm 137. *Confitebor quoniam.*

1. Con - fité - bor tibi, Domine, ℣ in toto *cor* - de me - o : ‖ quóniam audísti verba *o* - ris me - i.

1. I will praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart : for Thou hast heard the words of my mouth.

2. In conspéctu angelórum *psal* - lam ti - bi : ‖ adorábo ad templum sanctum tuum, ℣ et confitébor *no* - mini tu - o.

2. I will sing praise to Thee in sight of the angels : I will adore towards thy holy temple, and will give praise to thy name.

3. Super misericórdia tua, ℣ et *verità* - te tu - a : ‖ quóniam magnificásti super omne, ℣ nomen *san* - ctum tu - um.

3. For thy mercy, and for thy truth : for Thou hast magnified thy holy Name above all.

4. In quacúmque die invocávero *te*, ex - au - di‿me : ‖ multiplicábis ℣ in ánima *me* - a‿vir - tú - tem.

4. In what day soever I shall call upon Thee, hear Thou me : Thou shalt multiply strength in my soul.

5. Confiteántur tibi, Domine, ℣ omnes *re* - ges ter - ræ : ‖ quia audiérunt ómnia verba *o* - ris tu - i.

5. May all the kings of the earth give glory to Thee, O Lord : for they have heard all the words of thy mouth.

6. Et cantent in *vi* - is Do - mini : ‖ quóniam magna est *glo* - ria Do - mini.

6. And let them sing in the ways of the Lord : for great is the glory of the Lord.

7. Quóniam excélsus Dominus, ℣ et *humí* - lia ré - spicit : ‖ et alta a *lon* - ge‿cog - nós - cit.

7. For the Lord is high, and looketh on the low : and the high He knoweth afar off.

8. Si ambulávero in médio tribulatiónis ; *vi* - vifi - cá - bis‿me : ‖ et super iram inimicórum meórum extendísti manum tuam, ℣ et salvum me fecit *dex* - tera tu - a.

8. Though I walk in the midst of trouble Thou wilt revive me : Thou shalt stretch forth thy hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me.

9. Dominus retríbuet pro me, ℣ Domine, misericórdia *tu* - a‿in sæ - culum : ‖ ópera manuum tuárum *ne* de - spí - cias.

9. The Lord will give recompense on my behalf : thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever ; forsake not the works of thine own hands.

Glória *Pa* - tri‿et Fi - lio : ‖ et Spi*rí* - tui San - cto.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost ;

Sicut erat in princípio, ℣ et *nunc*, et sem - per : ‖ et in sæcula sæcu*ló* - rum. A - men.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

Magnificat.

1. Magnificat ‖ anima *me* - a Do - minum.

1. My soul doth magnify the Lord.

2. Et exultavit *spi* - ritus me - us : ‖ in Deo ℣ salu*tá* - ri me - o.

2. And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour :

3. Quia respéxit humilitátem ∧ an*cil* - læ su - æ : ‖ ecce enim ex hoc beátam me dicent ℣ omnes gene*ra* - ti - ó - nes.

3. Because He hath regarded the humility of his handmaid : for behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

4. Quia fecit mihi *má* - gna‿qui po - tens‿est : ‖ et sanctum *no* - men e - jus.

4. For He that is mighty hath done great things to me : and holy is his name.

5. Et misericórdia ejus ℣ a progénie *in* pro - gé - nies : ‖ ti*mén* - tibus e - um.

5. And his mercy is from generation to generation : to them that fear Him.

6. Fecit poténtiam ℣ in *brá* - chio su - o : ‖ dispérsit supérbos ℣ mente *cor* - dis su - i.

6. He hath showed might in his arm: He hath scattered the proud in the conceit of their heart.

7. Depósuit ℣ po*tén* - tes⁀de se - de : ‖ et exal*tá* - vit hú - miles.

7. He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble.

8. Esuriéntes ℣ im*ple* - vit bo - nis : ‖ et divites ℣ di*mi* - sit⁀in - a - nes.

8. He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich He hath sent away empty.

9. Suscépit Israel *pú* - erum su - um : ‖ recordátus ℣ miseri*cór* - diæ su - æ.

9. He hath received Israel his servant: being mindful of his mercy.

10. Sicut locútus est ℣ ad *pa* - tres no - stros : ‖ Abraham ; ℣ et sémini *e* - jus⁀in sæ - cula.

10. As He spoke to our fathers: to Abraham, and to his seed for ever.

Glória Patri, etc.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

Directory.

For finding the Psalms appointed to be sung on all the Sundays and Festivals of the Year.

Sundays and Feasts of the Season.

The Sundays of Advent....	A.B.C.D.F.
Christmas { 1st Vespers....	A.B.C.D.E.
{ 2d Vespers.....	A.B.C.O.M.
Circumcision.....	A.D.H.I.J.
Epiphany { 1st Vespers....	A.B.C.D.E.
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Sundays after Epiphany until the Ascension.....	A.B.C.D.F.
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Trinity Sunday.....	A.B.C.D.F.
Corpus Christi and Sunday in Octave.....	A.B.G.N.J.
Sundays after Pentecost...	A.B.C.D.F.

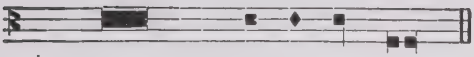
Feasts of Saints, etc.

When a double *Feast of a Saint falls on a Sunday, it often replaces the ordinary Vespers appointed for that Sunday.*

2d Sunday after Epiphany.. / The Holy Name of Jesus..	A.B.C.D.G.
3d Sunday after Easter.... / Patronage of St. Joseph...	A.B.C.D.E.
1st Sunday of July..... / Feast of Most Precious Blood.....	A.B.C.D.J.
Aug. 6. Transfiguration of our Lord.....	A.B.C.D.E.
Sunday in Oct. of Assumption..... / Feast of St. Joachim.....	A.B.C.D.E.
Sept. 29.... { 1st Vespers..	A.B.C.D.E.
St. Michael { 2d Vespers...	A.B.C.D.P.
Oct. 2. The Guardian Angels.....	Same as St. Mich.
Oct. 24. St. Raphael..	" "
Nov. 1.... { 1st Vespers....	A.B.C.D.E.
All Saints { 2d Vespers.....	A.B.C.D.G.
Common of { 1st Vespers...	A.B.C.D.E.
Apostles. { 2d Vespers....	A.D.G.K.L.
Com. of one Martyr and of several Martyrs. { 1st Vesp..	A.B.C.D.E.
{ 2d Vesp..	A.B.C.D.G.
Common of Confessor Bishop. { 1st Vesp.	A.B.C.D.E.
{ 2d Vesp..	A.B.C.D.M.
Common of Confessor not Bishop.....	A.B.C.D.E.
Common of Virgins and Holy Women.	A.D.H.I.J.
Common of Dedication of a Church.....	A.B.C.D.J.
All Feasts of the Blessed Virgin.....	A.D.H.I.J.

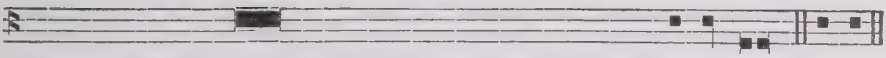
The Office of Compline.

The Reader begins:



℣. Jube, Domne, be - ne - di - cere.
℣. Pray, sir, a blessing.

THE BLESSING.

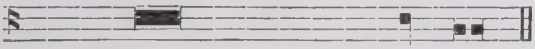


Noctem quietam, et finem perfectum concedat nobis Dominus om-ni-potens. A-men.
The Lord Almighty grant us a quiet night, and a perfect end. ℟. Amen.

SHORT LESSON. 1 St. Peter v. 8.

Fratres, sóbrii estóte, et vigiláte: quia adversárius vester diábolus tanquam leo rúgiens circuit, quærens quem dévoret: cui resístite fortes in fide. Tu autem, Dómine, miserére nobis.
℟. Deo grátias.

Brethren, be sober, and watch: because your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion goeth about, seeking whom he may devour; whom resist ye strong in faith. But Thou, O Lord, have mercy on us.
℟. Thanks be to God.



℣. Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Do - mini.
℟. Qui fecit cœlum et ter - - - ram.
℣. Our help is in the name of the Lord.
℟. Who hath made heaven and earth.

Pater noster (Our Father), *etc., in silence.*

Then the Priest makes the Confession:

Confíteor Deo omnipoténti, beátæ Maríæ semper Vírgini, beáto Michaéli Archángelo, beáto Joánni Baptistæ, sanctis Apóstolis Petro et Paulo, ómnibus Sanctis, et vóbis, fratres: quia peccávi nimis cogitatióne, verbo, et ópere: mea culpa, mea culpa, mea máxima culpa. Ideo precor beátam Maríam semper Vírginem, beátum Michaélem Archángelum, beátum Joán-

I confess to Almighty God, to blessed Mary ever Virgin, to blessed Michael the Archangel, to blessed John the Baptist, to the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, to all the Saints, and *to you, brethren:* that I have sinned exceedingly in thought, word, and deed: through my fault, through my fault, through my grievous fault. Therefore I beseech the blessed Mary

nem Baptístam, sanctos Apóstolos Petrum et Paulum, omnes Sanctos, et vos fratres, oráre pro me ad Dóminum Deum nostrum.

ever Virgin, blessed Michael the Archangel, blessed John the Baptist, the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, all the Saints, and *you, brethren,* to pray to the Lord our God for me.

The Choir answers :

Misereátur tui omnípotens Deus, et dimíssis peccátis tuis, perdúcat te ad vitam ætérnam.
℟. Amen.

Almighty God, have mercy upon thee, forgive thee thy sins, and bring thee to life everlasting.
℟. Amen.

Then the Choir repeats the Confession, *and instead of the words* vobis fratres (to you, brethren), vos fratres (you, brethren), *substitutes* tibi pater (to you, father), te pater (you, father).

The Priest says :

Misereátur vestri omnípotens Deus, et, dimíssis peccátis vestris, perdúcat vos ad vitam ætérnam.
℟. Amen.
Indulgéntiam, absolutiónem, et remissiónem peccatórum nostrórum tríbuat nobis omnípotens, et miséricors Dóminus.
℟. Amen.

Almighty God, have mercy upon you, forgive you your sins, and bring you to life everlasting.
℟. Amen.
The almighty and merciful Lord grant us pardon, absolution, and remission of our sins.
℟. Amen.

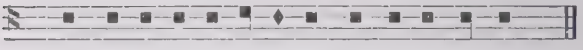
Then is said :



℣. Converte nos Deus sa-lu-ta-ris no-ster.
℣. Convert us, O God our Saviour.



℟. Et averte iram tu-am a no-bis.
℟. And turn away thine anger from us.



℣. De-us in ad-ju-to-ri-um me-um in-ten-de.
℟. Do-mi-ne, ad ad-ju-van-dum me fes-ti-na.
℣. O God, stretch forth to aid me.
℟. O Lord, make haste to help me.

Glória Patri, etc. Alleluia.

Glory be to the Father, etc. Alleluia.

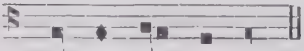
From Septuagesima to Easter.

Laus tibi Domine, Rex æternæ gloriæ.

Praise be to Thee, O Lord, King of eternal glory.

Throughout the year.

ANT. To. 8.



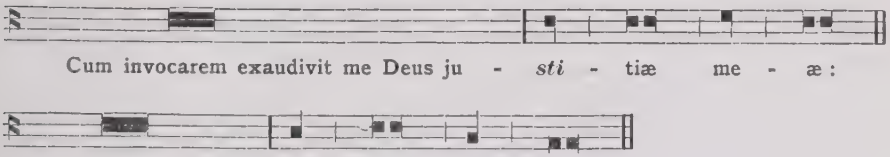
Mi-se-re-re.
Have mercy.

In Paschal time.



Al-le-lu-ia.
Alleluia.

Psalm 4.



1. Cum invocárem, exaudívit me Deus justí - tiæ me - æ : ‖ in tribulatióne dilatá - sti mi - hi.

2. Miseré - re me - i : ‖ et exáudi oratió - nem me - am.

3. Fílii hóminum úsquequo *gra* - vi cor - de ? ‖ ut quid dilígitis vánitátem, et *quæ* - ritis ⌢men - dá - cium.

4. Et scitóte quóniam mirificávit Dóminus *san* - ctum su - um : ‖ Dóminus exáudiet me, cum clamá - vero ⌢ad e - um.

5. Irascímini, et nolí - te ⌢pec - cá - re : ‖ quæ dícitis in córdibus vestris, in cubílibus vestris *com* - pun - gí - mini.

6. Sacrificáte sacrifícium justítiæ, et sperá - te ⌢in Dó - mino : ‖ Multi dicunt : Quis osténdit *no* - bis bo - na ?

7. Signátum est super nos lumen vultus *tu* - i, Dó - mine : ‖ dedísti lætítiam in *cor* - de me - o.

8. A fructu fruménti, vini et ó - lei su - i : ‖ *mul* - tipli - cá - ti ⌢sunt.

9. In pace *in* i - díp - sum : ‖ dórmiam, et *re* - qui - és - cam.

10. Quoníam tu, Dómine, singulá - riter in spe : ‖ *con* - stitu - ís - ti ⌢me.

Glória Patri, etc.

1. When I called upon Him, the God of my justice heard me : when I was in distress Thou didst enlarge me.

2. Have mercy upon me : and hear my prayer.

3. O ye sons of men, how long will ye be dull of heart : why do ye love vanity, and seek after lying ?

4. Know ye also that the Lord hath exalted his holy one : the Lord will hear me when I cry unto Him.

5. Be ye angry, and sin not : the things which ye say in your hearts, be sorry for upon your beds.

6. Offer the sacrifice of justice, and hope in the Lord : many say, Who sheweth us good things ?

7. The light of thy countenance, O Lord, is signed upon us : Thou hast given gladness in my heart.

8. By the fruit of their corn and wine and oil : are they multiplied.

9. In peace in the self-same : I will sleep, and I will rest.

10. For Thou, O Lord, alone : hast established me in hope.

Glory to the Father, etc.

Psalm 30.

1. In te, Dómine, sperávi non confúndar *in* æ - tèr - num : ‖ in justítia *tu* - a lí - bera ⌢me.

2. Inclína ad me *au* - rem tu - am : ‖ accé - lera, ⌢ut é - ruas ⌢me.

3. Esto mihi in Deum protéctorem : et in *do* - mum ⌢re - fú - gii : ‖ ut *sal* - vum ⌢me fácias.

4. Quóniam fortitúdo mea, et refúgium

1. In Thee, O Lord, have I hoped, let me never be confounded : deliver me in thy justice.

2. Bow down thine ear unto me : make haste to deliver me.

3. Be Thou unto me a God, a protector, and a house of refuge : that Thou mayest save me.

4. For Thou art my strength and my ref-

me - um es tu : ‖ et propter nomen tuum dedúces me, *et* e - nú - tries⁀me.

5. Edúces me de láqueo hoc, quem abscon*dé* - runt mi - hi : ‖ quóniam tu es pro*téc* - tor me - us.

6. In manus tuas comméndo *spí* - ritum me - um : ‖ redemísti me, Dómine Deus *ve* - ri - tá - tis.

Glória Patri, etc.

uge : and for thy name's sake, Thou wilt lead me, and nourish me.

5. Thou wilt bring me out of this snare, that they have hidden for me : for Thou art my protector.

6. Into thy hands I commend my spirit : Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, the God of truth.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

Psalm 90.

1. Qui hábitat in adju*tó* - rio⁀Al - tís - simi : ‖ in protectióne Dei cœli *com* - mo - rá - bitur.

2. Dicet Dómino : Suscéptor meus es tu, et re*fú* - gium me - um : ‖ Deus meus spe*rá* - bo⁀in e - um.

3. Quóniam ipse liberávit me de *lá* - queo⁀ve - nán - tium : ‖ et a *ver* - bo ás - pero.

4. Scápulis suis obum*brá* - bit ti - bi : ‖ et sub pennis *e* - jus⁀spe - rá - bis.

5. Scuto circúmdabit te *vé* - ritas e - jus : ‖ non timébis a ti*mó* - re⁀noc - túr - no,

6. A sagítta volánte in die, a negótio perambu*lán* - te⁀in té - nebris : ‖ ab incúrsu, et dæmónio me*rí* - di - á - no.

7. Cadent a látere tuo mille, et decem míllia a *dex* - tris tu - is : ‖ ad te autem non ap*pro* - pin - quá - bit.

8. Verúmtamen óculis tuis con*si* - de - rá - bis : ‖ et retributiónem pecca*tó* - rum⁀ vi - dé - bis.

9. Quóniam tu es, *Dó* - mine⁀spes me - a : ‖ altíssimum posuísti re*fú* - gium tu - um.

10. Non accédet *ad* te ma - lum : ‖ et flagéllum non appropinquábit taber*ná* - culo tu - o.

11. Quóniam Angelis suis man*dá* - vit de te : ‖ ut custódiant te in ómnibus *vi* - is tu - is.

12. In mánibus port*á* - bunt te : ‖ ne forte offéndas ad lapídem *pe* - dem tu - um.

1. He that dwelleth in the aid of the Most High : shall abide under the protection of the God of heaven.

2. He shall say unto the Lord, Thou art my upholder, and my refuge : my God, in Him will I hope.

3. For He hath delivered me from the snare of the hunters : and from the sharp word

4. He shall overshadow thee with his shoulders : and under his wings shalt thou hope.

5. His truth shall compass thee with a shield : thou shalt not be afraid of the terror of the night :

6. For the arrow that flieth by day, for the plague that walketh in the dark : nor for the assault of the evil one in the noon-day.

7. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand : but it shall not come nigh thee.

8. But thou shalt consider with thine eyes : and shalt see the reward of the wicked.

9. For Thou, O Lord, art my hope : Thou hast made the Most High thy refuge.

10. There shall no evil approach unto Thee : neither shall the scourge come near thy dwelling.

11. For He hath given his angels charge over thee : to keep thee in all thy ways.

12. In their hands they shall bear thee up : lest Thou dash thy foot against a stone.

13. Super áspidem, et basilíscum *am*-bu-lá-bis: ‖ et conculcábis leónem, *et* dra-có-nem.

14. Quóniam in me sperávit, libe*rá*-bo e-um: ‖ prótegam eum, quóniam cognóvit *no*-men me-um.

15. Clamábit ad me, et ego ex*áu*-diam e-um: ‖ cum ipso sum in tribulatióne: erípiam eum, et glorifi*cá*-bo e-um.

16. Longitúdine diérum re*plé*-bo e-um: ‖ et osténdam illi salu*tá*-re me-um.

Glória Patri, etc.

13. Thou shalt walk upon the asp and the basilisk: and thou shalt trample under foot the lion and the dragon.

14. Because he hath hoped in me, I will deliver him: I will protect him, because he hath known my name.

15. He shall cry unto me, and I will hear him: I am with him in tribulation; I will deliver him, and will glorify him.

16. I will fill him with length of days: and I will shew him my salvation.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

Psalm 133.

1. Ecce nunc bene*dí*-cite Dó-minum: ‖ omnes *ser*-vi Do-mini.

2. Qui statis in *do*-mo Dó-mini: ‖ in átriis domus *De*-i nos-tri,

3. In nóctibus extóllite manus *ves*-tras in san-cta: ‖ et bene*dí*-cite Dó-minum.

4. Benedícat te *Dó*-minus ex Sion: ‖ qui fecit *cœ*-lum, et ter-ram.

Glória Patri, etc.

1. Behold now, bless ye the Lord: all ye servants of the Lord:

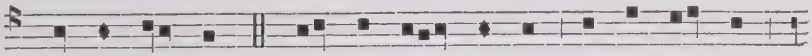
2. Who stand in the house of the Lord: in the courts of the house of our God.

3. Lift up your hands by night to the holy places: and bless ye the Lord.

4. May the Lord out of Sion bless thee: he that hath made heaven and earth.

Glory be to the Father. etc.

ANT. To. 8.



Mi-se-re-re mi-hi Do-mi-ne, et ex-au-di

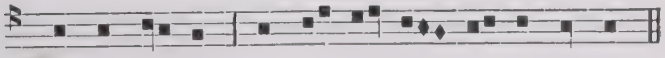
Have mercy on me, O Lord, and hear my prayer.



o-ra-ti-o-nem me-am.

In the Easter Season.

ANT. To. 8.



Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia.

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

HYMN.

HYM. To. 4.





Te lucis ante terminum,
Rerum Creator poscimus,
Ut pro tua clementia
Sis præsul et custodia.

Procul recedant somnia,
Et noctium phantasmata:
Hostemque nostrum comprime,
Ne polluantur corpora.

Præsta, Pater piissime,
Patrique compar Unice,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Regnans per omne sæculum.
Amen.

Now with the fast-departing light,
Maker of all! we ask of Thee,
Of thy great mercy, through the night
Our guardian and defence to be.

Far off let idle visions fly;
No phantom of the night molest;
Curb Thou our raging enemy,
That we in chaste repose may rest.

Father of mercies! hear our cry!
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,
Reignest while endless ages run.
Amen.

LITTLE CHAPTER.—Jeremias xiv. 9.

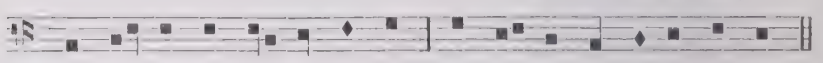
Tu autem in nobis es, Dómine, et nomen sanctum tuum invocátum est super nos: ne derelínquas nos, Dómine Deus noster.
℟. Deo grátias.

But Thou, O Lord, art among us, and thy holy Name is invoked upon us: forsake us not, O Lord our God.
℟. Thanks be to God.

Short Responsory.

Chorus—In manus tuas, etc.

℟. *br.*



℣. Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit. ℟. Into thy hands, etc.

Chorus—Commendo, etc.



℣. For Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, Thou God of truth. ℟. I commend, etc

Chorus—In manus tuas, etc.



℣. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. ℟. Into, etc.



℣. Cu-sto-di nos, Do-mi-ne, ut pu-pil-lam o-cu-li.
℟. Sub umbra alarum tuarum prótege nos.

℣. Keep us, O Lord, as the apple of the eye.
℟. Protect us under the shadow of thy wings.

Short Responsory at Paschal Time.

R. *br.*
To. 6.



℣. In ma-nus tu-as, Do-mi-ne, Com-men-do spi-ri-tum me-um,
℣. Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.

Chorus—In manus tuas, etc.



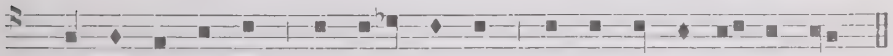
Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia.
Alleluia, Alleluia. ℟. Into thy hands, etc.

Chorus—Alleluia, etc.



℣. Re-de-mi-sti nos, Do-mi-ne, De-us ve-ri-ta-tis.
℣. For Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, Thou God of truth. ℟. Alleluia, etc.

Chorus—In manus tuas, etc.



℣. Glo-ri-a Pa-tri, et Fi-li-o, et Spi-ri-tu-i San-cto.
℣. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. ℟. Into, etc.

℣. Custódi nos, Domine, ut pupíllam óculi. Allelúia.
℟. Sub umbra alárum tuárum prótege nos. Allelúia.

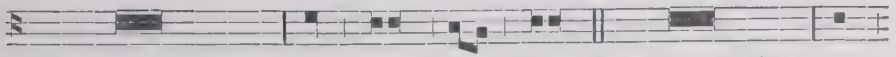
℣. Keep us, O Lord, as the apple of the eye. Alleluia.
℟. Protect us under the shadow of thy wings. Alleluia.

ANT.
To. 3.

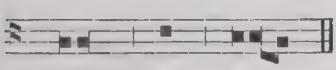


Sal-va nos.
Save us.

CANTICLE. Luke ii. 29.



Nunc dimittis servum *tu*-um, Do-mine, ‖ secundum verbum *tu*-



um in pa-ce.

1. Nunc dimíttis servum *tu* - um Dó - mine: ‖ secúndum verbum tu - um ⌒ in pa - ce.

2. Quia vidérunt *ó* - culi me - i: ‖ salu*tá* - re tu - um.

3. *Quod* pa - rá - sti ‖ ante fáciem ómnium *po* - pu - ló - rum.

4. Lumen ad revelatió - nem gén - tium: ‖ et glóriam plebis *tu* - æ Is - rael.

Glória Patri, etc.

1. Now dost Thou dismiss thy servant, O Lord, in peace, according to thy word:

2. For mine eyes have seen thy salvation,

3. Which thou hast prepared before the face of all people;

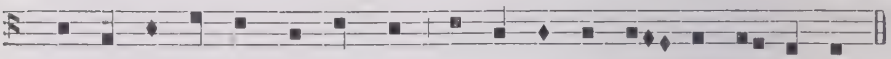
4. A light for the revealing of the Gentiles, and for the glory of thy people Israel.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

ANT.



Sal - va nos, Do - mi-ne, vi - gi - lan - tes, cu-sto-di nos dor - mi-en - tes,
Save us, Lord, while we are awake, and guard us when we sleep:



ut vi - ge - le - mus cum Chri - sto, et re - qui - e - sca - mus in pa - ce.
that we may watch with Christ, and rest in peace.

In the Easter Season.



Al - le - lu - ia.
Alleluia.

The following Prayers are always said, except on Doubles, and within an Octave; and when the Office is Ferial, in Advent and Lent, at Quarter Tense, and on Vigils; they are said kneeling.

Kyrie eléison.
Christe eléison.
Kyrie eléison.

Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, have mercy upon us.
Lord, have mercy upon us.

Pater noster, etc. *Secreto.*

Our Father, etc. *In silence.*

℣. Et ne nos indúcas in tentatiónem.
℟. Sed líbera nos a malo.

℣. And lead us not into temptation.
℟. But deliver us from evil.

Credo in Deum. *Secreto.*

I believe in God, etc. *In silence.*

℣. Carnis resurrectiónem.
℟. Vitam ætérnam. Amen.

℣. The resurrection of the body.
℟. The life everlasting. Amen.

℣. Benedíctus es Domine, Deus patrum nostrórum.
℟. Et laudábilis, et gloriósus in sæcula.

℣. Blessed art Thou, O Lord God of our fathers.
℟. Worthy to be praised and glorious for ever.

℣. Benedicámus Patrem, et Fílium cum Sancto Spíritu.
℟. Laudemus, et superexaltémus eum in sæcula.

℣. Let us bless the Father, and the Son with the Holy Ghost.
℟. Let us praise and exalt Him above all for ever.

℣. Benedíctus es Dómine in firmaménto cœli.
℟. Et laudábilis, et gloriósus, et superexaltátus in sæcula.

℣. Benedícat, et custódiat nos omnípotens, et miséricors Dóminus.
℟. Amen.

℣. Dignáre Dómine nocte ista.
℟. Sine peccáto nos custodíre.

℣. Miserére nostri Dómine.
℟. Miserére nostri.

℣. Fiat misericórdia tua, Domine, super nos.
℟. Quemádmodum sperávimus in te.

℣. Dómine exáudi oratiónem meam.
℟. Et clamor meus ad te véniat.

℣. Dóminus vobíscum.
℟. Et cum spíritu tuo.

Orémus.

Vísita, quæsumus Dómine, habitatiónem istam, et omnes insídias inimíci ab ea longe repelle: Angeli tui sancti hábitent in ea, qui nos in pace custódiant: et benedíctio tua sit super nos semper. Per Dóminum nostrum Jesum Christum Fílium tuum: Qui tecum vivit et regnat in unitáte Spíritus Sancti Deus: per omnia sæcula sæculorum.
℟. Amen.

℣. Dóminus vobíscum.
℟. Et cum spíritu tuo.

℣. Benedicámus Dómino.
℟. Deo grátias.

℣. Blessed art Thou, O Lord, in the firmament of heaven.
℟. Worthy to be praised, and glorious, and exalted above all for ever.

℣. The almighty and merciful Lord bless and preserve us.
℟. Amen.

℣. Vouchsafe, O Lord, this night,
℟. To keep us without sin.

℣. Have mercy on us, O Lord.
℟. Have mercy on us.

℣. Let thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us.
℟. As we have hoped in thee.

℣. O Lord, hear my prayer.
℟. And let my cry come unto Thee.

℣. The Lord be with you.
℟. And with thy spirit.

Let us pray.

Visit, O Lord we beseech Thee, this habitation, and drive far from it all snares of the enemy: let thy holy angels dwell therein, to preserve us in peace; and may thy blessing be always upon us. Through Jesus Christ thy Son our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with Thee, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, God, world without end.
℟. Amen.

℣. The Lord be with you.
℟. And with thy spirit.

℣. Let us bless the Lord.
℟. Thanks be to God.

THE BLESSING.

Benedícat, et custódiat nos omnípotens, et miséricors Dóminus, Pater, et Fílius, et Spíritus Sanctus.
℟. Amen.

May the almighty and merciful Lord, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, bless and preserve us.
℟. Amen.

Then without ℣. Fidelium animæ, *there follows immediately one of the ensuing Antiphons of our Lady, according to the season.*

From the Vespers of the Saturday before the First Sunday of Advent to the Feast of the Purification, inclusively.

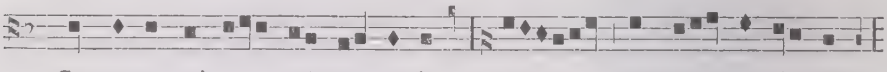
ANT. To. 5.



Antiq. 13. Al - - - - - - ma Re - dem - pto - ris Ma - ter,
Mother of Christ! hear thou thy people's cry,



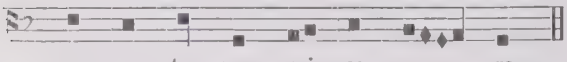












In Advent.

℣. Angelus Dómini nuntiávit Maríæ.

℟. Et concépit de Spíritu Sancto.

Orémus.

Grátiam tuam, quæsumus Dómine, méntibus nostris infúnde: ut qui Angelo nuntiánte, Christi Fílii tui incarnatiónem cognóvimus; per passiónem ejus et crucem ad resurrectiónis glóriam perducámur. Per eúmdem Christum Dóminum nostrum.

℟. Amen.

℣. The angel of the Lord announced unto Mary.

℟. And she conceived of the Holy Ghost.

Let us pray.

Pour forth, we beseech Thee, O Lord, thy grace into our minds, that we, to whom the incarnation of Christ thy Son was made known by the message of an angel, may, by his passion and cross, be brought to the glory of his resurrection. Through the same Christ our Lord.

℟. Amen.

From the First Vespers of the Nativity (Christmas-day).

℣. Post partum, Virgo invioláta permansísti.

℟. Dei Génitrix intercéde pro nobis.

℣. After childbirth thou didst remain a Virgin inviolate.

℟. Mother of God, make intercession for us.

Orémus.

Deus, qui salútis ætérnæ, beátæ Maríæ virginitáte fœcúnda, humáno géneri præmia præstitísti: tríbue quæsumus, ut ipsam pro nobis intercédere sentiámus, per quam merúimus auctórem vitæ suscípere, Dóminum nostrum Jesum Christum, Fílium tuum.
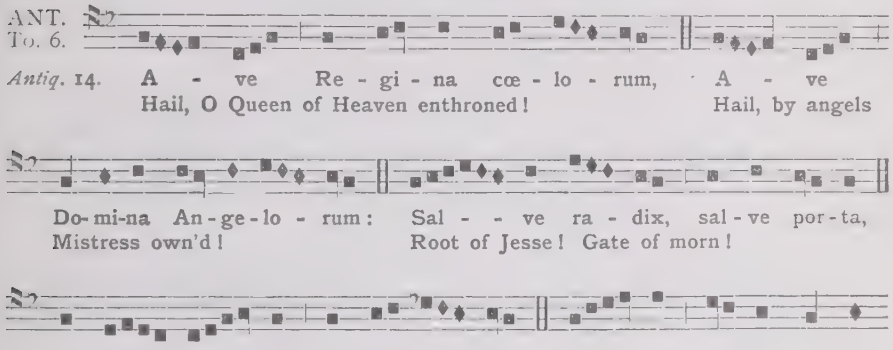
℟. Amen.

Let us pray.

O God, Who, through the fruitful virginity of blessed Mary, hast bestowed upon mankind the rewards of eternal salvation; grant, we beseech Thee, that we may feel her intercession for us, through whom we have been made worthy to receive the author of life, our Lord Jesus Christ, thy Son.

℟. Amen.

From the Feast of the Purification, i. e., from the end of the Compline of that day, Feb. 2, inclusive, to Thursday in Holy Week, exclusive.



℣. Dignáre me laudáre te, Virgo sacráta.

℟. Da mihi virtútem contra hostes tuos.

℣. Vouchsafe that I may praise thee, O sacred Virgin.

℟. Grant me strength against thine enemies.

Orémus.

Concéde, miséricors Deus, fragilitáti nostræ præsídium; ut qui sanctæ Dei Genitrícis memóriam ágimus, intercessiónis ejus auxílio, a nostris iniquitátibus resurgámus. Per eúmdem Christum Dóminum nostrum.

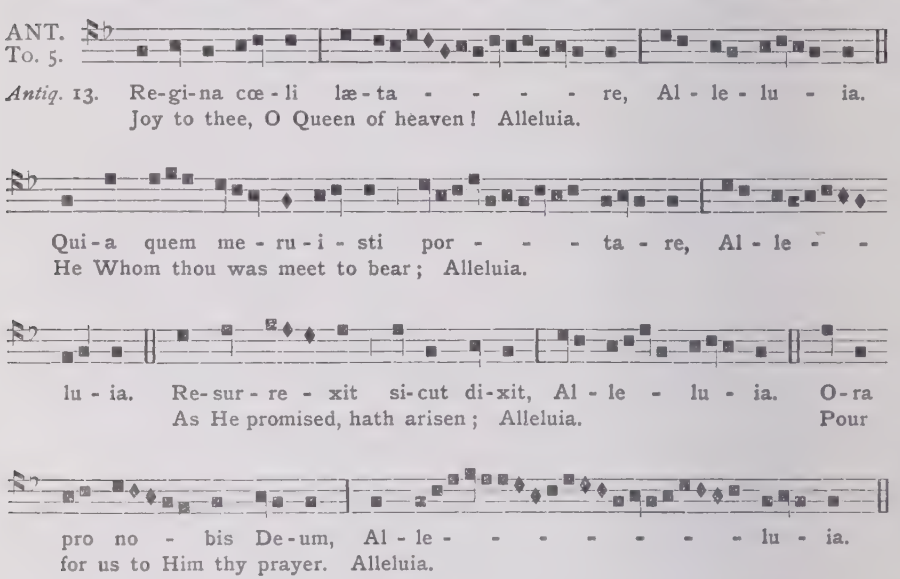
℟. Amen.

Let us pray.

Vouchsafe to our weakness, O merciful God, the help of thy protection; that we, who commemorate the holy Mother of God, may, by the help of her intercession, arise from our iniquities. Through the same Christ our Lord.

℟. Amen.

From the Compline of Holy Saturday to the Nones of the Saturday after Pentecost.



℣. Gaude, et lætáre Virgo María. Alleluia.

℟. Quia surréxit Dóminus vere. Alleluia.

Orémus.

Deus, qui per resurrectiónem Fílii tui Dómini nostri Jesu Christi mundum lætificáre dignátus es: præsta quæsumus; ut per ejus genitrícem Vírginem Maríam, perpétuæ capiámus gáudia vitæ. Per eúmdem Christum Dóminum nostrum.

℟. Amen.

℣. Rejoice and be glad, O Virgin Mary. Alleluia.

℟. For the Lord hath risen indeed. Alleluia.

Let us pray.

O God, Who, by the resurrection of thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, hast vouchsafed to rejoice the world; grant, we beseech thee, that through his Virgin Mother Mary we may obtain the joys of life eternal. Through the same Christ our Lord.

℟. Amen.

From the First Vespers of the Feast of the Most Holy Trinity to the Nones of the Saturday before Advent.

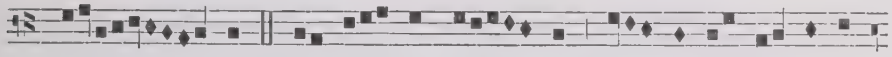
ANT.
To. 1–2.



Sal - ve Re - gi - - na, ma - ter mi - se - ri-
Mother of mercy, hail, O gentle Queen!



cor - - di - æ, Vi - ta, dul - ce - - do, et spes no - stra
Our life, our sweetness, and our hope, all hail!



sal - - ve. Ad te cla - ma - mus ex - u - les fi - li - i
Children of Eve, To thee we cry from our sad banish-



He - væ. Ad te su - spi - ra - - mus ge - men - tes, et flen - tes
ment; To thee we send our sighs, Weeping and mourning in this tear-



in hac la - cry - ma - rum val - le. E - ja er - go ad - vo - ca - ta
ful vale. Come, then, our Advocate;



no - stra, il - los tu - - os mi - se - ri - cor - - - des o - cu - los
Oh, turn on us those pitying eyes of thine:



ad nos con - ver - - te. Et Je - sum be - ne - dic - tum
And our long exile past, Shew us



fruc - tum ven - tris tu - - i no - - bis post hoc ex - i - li - um
at last Jesus, of thy pure womb the fruit divine.



O Virgin Mary, Mother blest! O sweetest, gen-



tlest, holiest!

℣. Ora pro nobis, sancta Dei Génitrix.
℟. Ut digni efficiámur promissiónibus Christi.

℣. Pray for us, O holy Mother of God.
℟. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

Orémus.

Omnípotens sempitérne Deus, qui gloriósæ Vírginis matris Maríæ corpus, et ánimam, ut dignum Fílii tui habitáculum éffici mererétur, Spíritu Sancto cooperánte præparásti: da, ut, cujus commemoratióne lætámur, ejus pia intercessióne ab instántibus malis, et a morte perpétua liberémur. Per eúmdem Christum Dóminum nostrum.

Let us pray.

Almighty, everlasting God, Who, by the co-operation of the Holy Ghost, didst prepare the body and soul of the glorious Virgin Mother Mary to become a habitation meet for thy Son; grant that, as we rejoice in her commemoration, we may, by her loving intercession, be delivered from present evils and from everlasting death. Through the same Christ our Lord.

℟. Amen.

℟. Amen.

℣. Divínum auxílium máneat semper nobíscum.
℟. Amen.

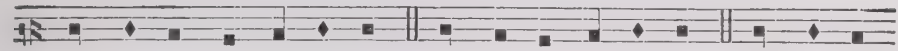
℣. May the divine assistance remain always with us.
℟. Amen.

Then **Our Father, Hail Mary,** *and* **I believe,** *are said in silence.*

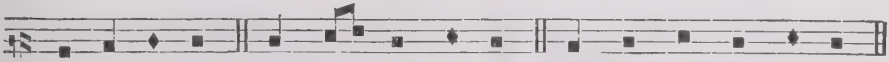
The Litanies.

(USUAL GREGORIAN CHANT.)

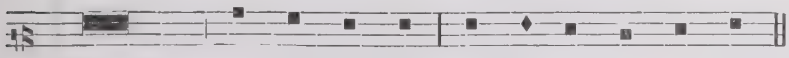
The Litany of the Blessed Virgin.



Ky - ri - e e - le - i - son. Chri - ste e - le - i - son. Ky - ri - e
Lord, have mercy on us. Christ, have mercy on us. Lord, have



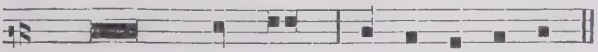
e - le - i - son. Chri - ste, au - di nos. Chri - ste, ex - au - di nos.
mercy on us. Christ, hear us. Christ, graciously hear us.



Pater de cœ - lis, De - us, mi - se - re - re no - bis.
God, the Father of heaven, Have mercy on us.

Fili, Redémptor mundi, Deus,
Miserére nobis.
Spíritus Sancte, Deus,
Miserére nobis.
Sancta Trínitas, Unus Deus,
Miserére nobis.

God the Son, Redeemer of the world,
Have mercy on us.
God the Holy Ghost,
Have mercy on us.
Holy Trinity, One God,
Have mercy on us.



Sancta Ma - ri - a, O - ra pro no - bis.
Holy Mary, Pray for us.

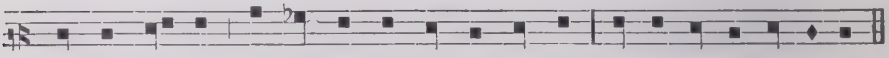
Sancta Dei génitrix,	Ora pro nobis.	Holy Mother of God,	Pray for us.
Sancta Virgo Vírginum,		Holy Virgin of Virgins,	
Mater Christi,		Mother of Christ,	
Mater divínæ grátiæ,		Mother of divine grace,	
Mater purissima,		Mother most pure,	
Mater castíssima,		Mother most chaste,	
Mater inviolata,		Mother inviolate,	
Mater intemeráta,		Mother undefiled,	

Mater amábilis,	Ora pro nobis.	Mother most amiable,	Pray for us.
Mater admirábilis,		Mother most admirable,	
Mater Creatóris,		Mother of our Creator,	
Mater Salvatóris,		Mother of our Saviour,	
Virgo prudentíssima,		Virgin most prudent,	
Virgo veneránda,		Virgin most venerable,	
Virgo prædicánda,		Virgin most renowned,	
Virgo potens,		Virgin most powerful,	
Virgo clemens,		Virgin most merciful,	
Virgo fidélis,		Virgin most faithful,	



Speculum ju - sti - tiæ, O - ra pro no - bis.
Mirror of justice, Pray for us.

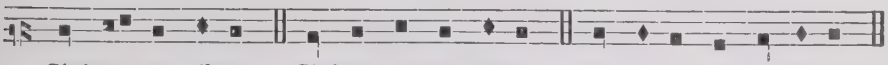
Sedes sapiéntiæ,	Ora pro nobis.	Seat of wisdom,	Pray for us.
Causa nostræ lætítiæ,		Cause of our joy,	
Vas spirituále,		Spiritual vessel,	
Vas honorábile,		Vessel of honor,	
Vas insígne devotiónis,		Singular vessel of devotion,	
Rosa mystica,		Mystical rose,	
Turris Davídica,		Tower of David,	
Turris ebúrnea,		Tower of ivory,	
Domus áurea,		House of gold,	
Fœderis arca,		Ark of the covenant,	
Jánua cœli,		Gate of heaven,	
Stella matutína,		Morning star,	
Salus infirmórum,		Health of the sick,	
Refúgium peccatórum,		Refuge of sinners,	
Consolátrix afflictórum,		Comfort of the afflicted,	
Auxílium Christianórum,		Help of Christians,	
Regína Angelórum,		Queen of Angels,	
Regína Patriarchárum,		Queen of Patriarchs,	
Regína Prophetárum,		Queen of Prophets,	
Regína Apostolórum,		Queen of Apostles,	
Regína Mártyrum,		Queen of Martyrs,	
Regína Confessórum,		Queen of Confessors,	
Regína Vírginum,		Queen of Virgins,	
Regína Sanctórum omnium,		Queen of all Saints,	
Regína sine labe originâli concépta,		Queen conceived without original sin,	
Regína Sacratíssimi Rosárii,		Queen of the most holy Rosary,	



Ag - nus De - i, qui tol - lis pec - ca - ta mun - di, par - ce nó - bis, Do - mi - ne.
Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world. Spare us, O Lord.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccáta mundi,
Exáudí nos, Dómine.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccáta mundi,
Miserére nobis.

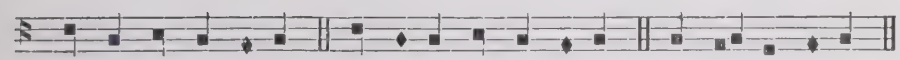
Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world,
Graciously hear us, O Lord.
Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world,
Have mercy on us.





The Litany of the Saints.

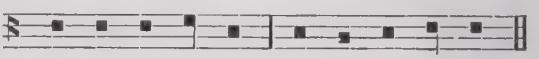






Fili Redémptor mundi Deus,
Miserére nobis.
Spíritus Sancte Deus,
Miserére nobis.
Sancta Trínitas, unus Deus,
Miserére nobis.

God the Son, Redeemer of the world,
Have mercy on us.
God the Holy Ghost,
Have mercy on us.
Holy Trinity, One God,
Have mercy on us.



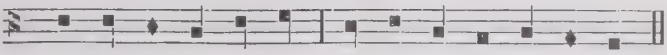
San-cta Ma-ri - a, O - ra pro no - bis.
Holy Mary, Pray for us.

Sancta Dei Génitrix,	Ora, etc.	Holy Mother of God, Pray for us.
Sancta Virgo vírginum,		Holy Virgin of virgins,
Sancte Míchael,		St. Michael,
Sancte Gábriel,		St. Gabriel,
Sancte Ráphael,		St. Raphael,
Omnes sancti Angeli et Archángeli, Orate pro nobis.		All ye holy Angels and Archangels,
Omnes sancti beatórum Spirítuum ordines. Orate pro nobis.		All ye holy orders of blessed Spirits,
Sancte Joánnes Baptísta, Ora, etc.		St. John Baptist,
Sancte Joseph, Ora pro nobis.		St. Joseph,
Omnes sancti Patriárchæ et Prophétæ, Orate pro nobis.		All ye holy Patriarchs and Prophets,
Sancte Petre,	Ora pro nobis.	St. Peter,
Sancte Paule,		St. Paul,
Sancte Andréa,		St. Andrew,
Sancte Jacóbe,		St. James,
Sancte Joánnes,		St. John,
Sancte Thoma,		St. Thomas,
Sancte Jacóbe,		St. James,
Sancte Philippe,		St. Philip,
Sancte Bartholomæe,		St. Bartholomew,
Sancte Matthæe,		St. Matthew,
Sancte Simon,		St. Simon,
Sancte Thaddæe,		St. Thaddeus,
Sancte Mathía,		St. Matthias,
Sancte Bárnaba,		St. Barnabas,
Sancte Luca,		St. Luke,
Sancte Marce,		St. Mark,
Omnes sancti Apóstoli et Evangelistæ, Orate pro nobis.		All ye holy Apostles and Evangelists,
Omnes sancti Discípuli Dómini, Orate pro nobis.		All ye holy Disciples of our Lord,
Omnes sancti Innocéntes. Orate, etc.		All ye holy Innocents,
Sancte Stéphane, Ora pro nobis.		St. Stephen,
Sancte Laurénti, Ora pro nobis.		St. Lawrence,
Sancte Vincénti, Ora pro nobis.		St. Vincent,
Sancti Fabiáne et Sebastiáne, Orate.		SS. Fabian and Sebastian,
Sancti Joánnes et Paule, Orate, etc.		SS. John and Paul,
Sancti Cosma et Damiáne. Orate, etc.		SS. Cosmas and Damian,
Sancti Gervási et Protási, Orate, etc.		SS. Gervase and Protase,
Omnes sancti Mártyres. Orate, etc.		All ye holy Martyrs,
Sancte Sylvéster,	Ora, etc.	St. Sylvester,
Sancte Gregóri,		St. Gregory,
Sancte Ambrósi,		St. Ambrose,
Sancte Augustíne,		St. Augustine,
Sancte Hierónyme,		St. Jerome,
Sancte Martíne,		St. Martin,

Sancte Nicoláe, Ora pro nobis.	St. Nicholas, Pray for us.
Omnes sancti Pontífices et Confessóres, Orate pro nobis.	All ye holy Bishops and Confessors,
Omnes sancti Doctóres, Orate, etc.	All ye holy Doctors,
Sancte Antóni,	St. Anthony,
Sancte Benedícte,	St. Benedict,
Sancte Bernárde,	St. Bernard,
Sancte Domínice,	St. Domínic,
Sancte Francísce,	St. Francis,
Omnes sancti Sacerdótes et Levítæ, Orate pro nobis.	All ye holy Priests and Levites,
Omnes sancti Mónachi et Eremítæ, Orate pro nobis.	All ye holy Monks and Hermits,
Sancta María Magdaléna,	St. Mary Magdalen,
Sancta Agatha,	St. Agatha,
Sancta Lúcia,	St. Lucy,
Sancta Agnes,	St. Agnes,
Sancta Cæcília,	St. Cecily,
Sancta Catharína,	St. Catherine,
Sancta Anastásia,	St. Anastasia,
Omnes sanctæ Vírgines et Víduæ, Orate pro nobis.	All ye holy Virgins and Widows,
Omnes sancti et sanctæ Dei, Intercédite pro nobis.	All ye holy Men and Women, Saints of God, Make intercession for us.

Ora, etc.

Ora pro nobis.



Pro-pi-ti-us e-sto, Par-ce no-bis, Dó-mi-ne.
Be merciful, Spare us, O Lord.

Propítius esto, Exáudi nos Domine.	Be merciful, Graciously hear us, O Lord.
Ab omni malo,	From all evil,
Ab omni peccáto,	From all sin,
Ab ira tua,	From thy wrath,
A subitánea, et improvísa morte,	From a sudden and unprovided death,
Ab insídiis diáboli,	From the snares of the devil,
Ab ira, et ódio, et omni mala voluntate,	From anger, and hatred, and all ill will,
A spíritu fornicátionis,	From the spirlt of fornication,
A fúlgure, et tempestáte,	From lightning and tempest,
A flagéllo terræ mótus,	From the scourge of earthquakes,
A peste, fame, et bello,	From plague, famine, and war.
A morte perpétua,	From everlasting death,
Per mystérium sanctæ Incarnatiónis tuæ,	Through the mystery of thy holy Incarnation,
Per Advéntum tuum,	Through thy Coming,
Per Nativitátum tuam,	Through thy Nativity,
Per Baptísmum, et sánctum Jejúnium tuum,	Through thy Baptism and holy Fasting,
Per Crucem, et Passiónem tuam,	Through thy Cross and Passion,
Per Mortem, et Sepultúram tuam,	Through thy Death and Burial,
Per sanctam Resurrectiónem tuam,	Through thy holy Resurrection,

Líbera nos Domine.

O Lord, deliver us.

Per admirábilem Ascensiónem tuam, Líbera nos Domine.
Per Advéntum Spíritus Sancti Paráclíti, Líbera nos Domine.
In die judícii, Líbera nos Domine.

Through thine admirable Ascension, O Lord, deliver us.
Through the Coming of the Holy Ghost, the Paraclete, O Lord, deliver us.
In the day of judgment, O Lord, etc.



Pec-ca-to-res, Te ro-gá-mus au-di nos.
We, sinners, Beseech Thee to hear us.

Ut nobis parcas,
Ut nobis indúlgeas,
Ut ad veram pœniténtiam nos perdúcere dignéris,
Ut Ecclésiam tuam sanctam régere, et conserváre dignéris,
Ut domnum Apostólicum, et omnes Ecclesiásticos órdines in sancta Religióne conserváre digneris,

Ut inimícos sanctæ Ecclesiæ humiliáre dignéris,

Ut Régibus, et Princípibus Christiánis pacem, et veram concórdiam donáre dignéris,
Ut cuncto pópulo Christiáno pacem, et unitátem largíri dignéris,

Ut nosmetípsos in tuo sancto servítio confortáre, et conserváre digneris,
Ut mentes nostras ad cœléstia desidéria érigas,
Ut ómnibus benefactóribus nostris sempitérna bona retríbuas,
Ut ánimas nostras, fratrum, propinquórum, et benefactórum nostrórum ab ætérna damnatióne erípias,

Ut fructus terræ dare, et conserváre dignéris,

Ut ómnibus fidélibus defúnctis réquiem ætérnam donáre dignéris.

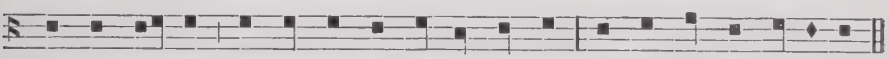
Ut nos exaudíre dignéris,

Fili Dei,

That Thou wouldst spare us,
That Thou wouldst pardon us,
That Thou wouldst bring us to true penance,
That Thou wouldst vouchsafe to govern and preserve thy holy Church,
That Thou wouldst vouchsafe to preserve our Apostolic Prelate, and all orders of the Church, in holy religion,
That Thou wouldst vouchsafe to humble the enemies of thy holy Church,
That Thou wouldst vouchsafe to give peace and true concord to Christian kings and princes,
That Thou wouldst vouchsafe to grant peace and unity to all Christian people,
That Thou wouldst vouchsafe to confirm and preserve us in thy holy service,
That Thou wouldst lift up our minds to heavenly desires,
That Thou wouldst render eternal blessings to all our benefactors,
That Thou wouldst deliver our souls, and the souls of our brethren, relations, and benefactors, from eternal damnation,
That Thou wouldst vouchsafe to give and preserve the fruits of the earth,
That Thou wouldst vouchsafe to grant eternal rest to all the faithful departed,
That Thou wouldst vouchsafe graciously to hear us,
Son of God,

Te rogámus audi nos.

We beseech Thee to hear us.



Ag-nus De - i, qui tol - lis pec - ca - ta mun - di, Par - ce no - bis, Do-mi-ne.
Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world. Spare us, O Lord.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccáta mundi,
Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world,

Exáudi nos, Dómine.
Graciously hear us, O Lord.

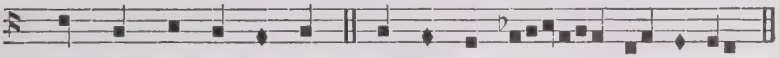
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccáta mundi,
Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world,

Miserére nobis.
Have mercy on us.



Chri - ste, au - di nos. Chri-ste, ex - au - di nos. Ky - ri - e e - le - i - son.
℟. Ky - ri - e e - le - i - son.
Christ, hear us. Christ, graciously hear us. Lord, have mercy on us.

Chanters and Cong.



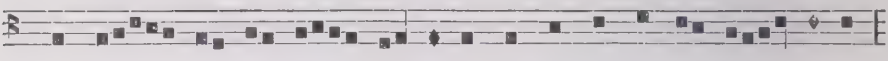
Chri - ste e - le - i - son. Ky - ri - e e - - le - i - son.
℟. Chri - ste e - le - i - son.
Christ, have mercy on us. Lord, have mercy on us.

Hymns, etc., at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

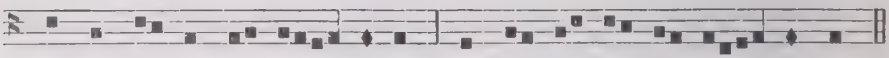
The Rubrics permit only Latin Hymns to be sung from the beginning of the Exposition of the B. Sacrament to the end of the Psalm, **Laudate Dominum,** *which closes the Benediction Service. But English Hymns may be sung before and after the Exposition. The* **Tantum Ergo** *is the only hymn required by the Rubrics, but others may be sung in honor of the B. Sacrament; and it is permitted also to sing the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, and hymns in honor of the Saints or appropriate to the season or festival.*

Hymns.

No. 1. O SALUTARIS.



1. O sa - lu - tá - ris Hó - sti - a, Quæ cœ - li pan - dis ó - sti - um,
1. O saving Victim! opening wide The gate of Heaven to man below;



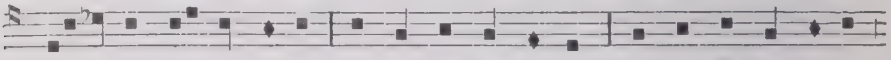
Bel - la pre - munt ho - stí - li - a, Da ro - bur, fer au - xi - li - um.
Our foes press on from every side, Thine aid supply, thy strength bestow.

2 Uni, trinóque Domino,
Sit sempitérna gloria.
Qui vitam sine término
Nobis donet in pátria. Amen.

2 To thy great Name be endless praise,
Immortal Godhead, One in Three!
O grant us endless length of days
In our true native land with Thee.
Amen

Other Melodies suitable for the **O Salutaris** *may be found among the Long Metre Tunes of this Hymnal.*

No. 2. I. PANIS ANGELICUS.



1. Pa - nis An - gé - li - cus fit pa - nis hó - mi - num; Dat pa - nis cóe - li - cus
1. The Bread of Angels hath become the Food of man. This heavenly Bread



fi - gu - ris tér - mi - num. O res mi - rá - bi - lis! mán-du - cat Do - mi - num
fulfilleth and endeth all types. O wonder of wonders! the poor, the servant, and



Pau - per, ser - vus, et hú - mi - lis. A - - men.
the lowly one may feast upon the Body of the Master.

2 Te trina Déitas, Unaque póscimus,
Sic nos tu vísita, sicut te cólimus;
Per tuas sémitas duc nos quo téndimus,
Ad lucem quam inhábitas. Amen.

2 O Blessed Three in One,
Visit our hearts, we pray;
And lead us through thine own paths
To thy eternal Day. Amen.

No. 3. II. PANIS ANGELICUS.



Pa - nis An - gé - li - cus fit pa - nis hó - mi - num; Dat pa - nis cóe - li - cus

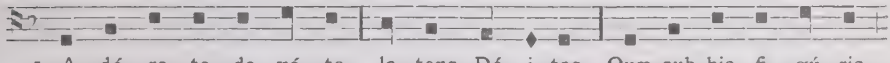


fi - gu - ris tér - mi - num. O res mi - rá - bi - lis! mán-du - cat Do - mi - num

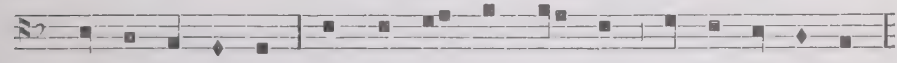


Paú-per, sér-vus, et hú - mi-lis. A-men, a-men, a - men.

No. 4. I. ADORO TE.



1. A - dó - ro te de - vó - te, la - tens Dé - i - tas, Quæ sub his fi - gú - ris
1. O hidden Godhead, devoutly I adore Thee, Who truly art, tho' hidden,



ve - re lá - ti - tas: Ti - bi se cor me - um to - tum súb - ji - cit,
here before me; My heart bows down before the mysterious veils,
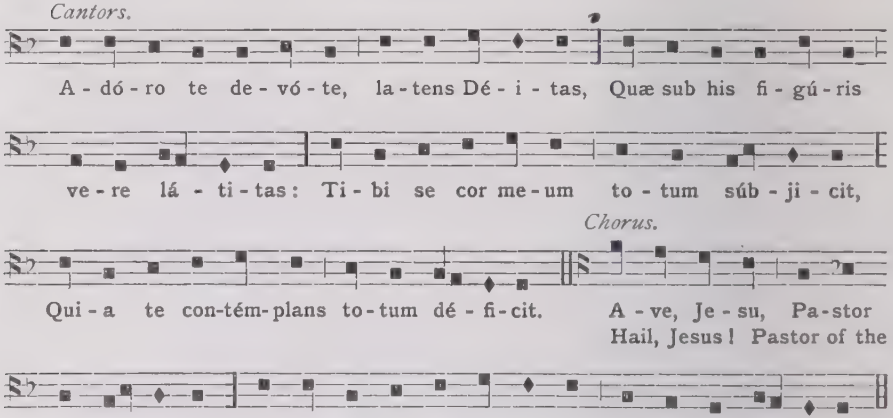


Qui - a te con - tém-plans, to - tum dé - fi - cit. A - men.
And gazing on thy Presence wholly fails.

2 Jesu, quem velátum nunc aspício,
Ora fiat illud, quod tam sítio,
Ut te reveláta cernens fácie,
Visu sim beátus tuæ glóriæ. Amen.

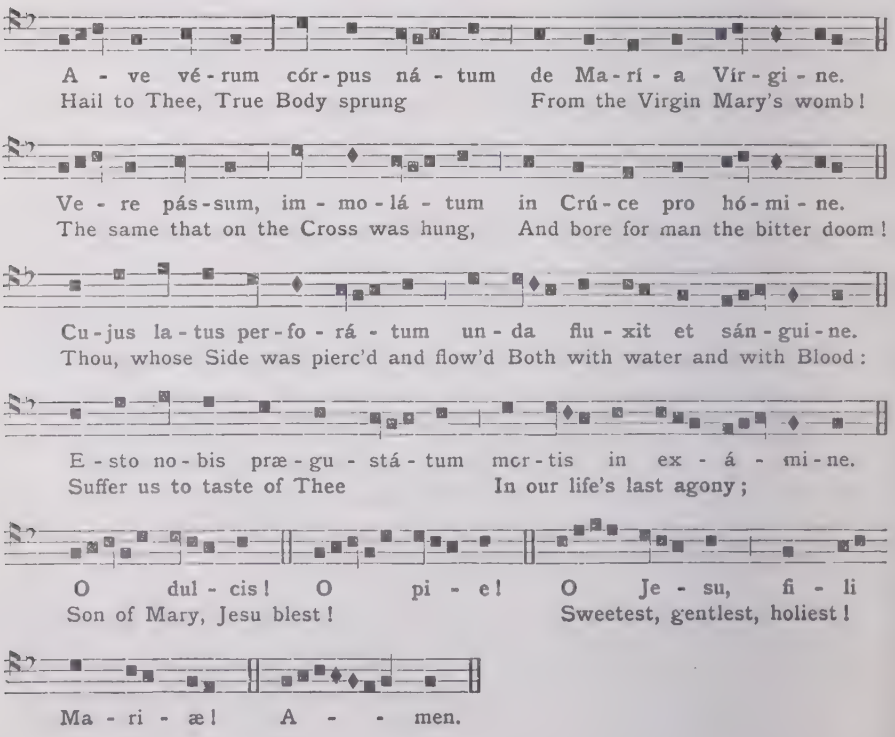
2 O Jesus! Whom, tho' veiléd, now I see,
What I so thirst for, grant, sweet Lord,
to me: [unfold,
That when in Heaven thy glory shall
I may thy Face of majesty behold.
Amen.

No. 5. II. ADORO TE.

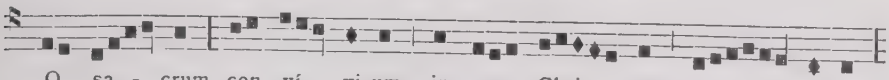
Cantors.



No. 6. AVE VERUM.



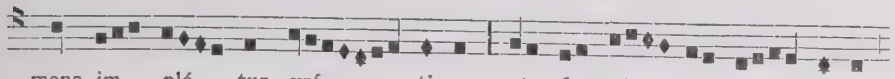
No. 7. O SACRUM CONVIVIUM.



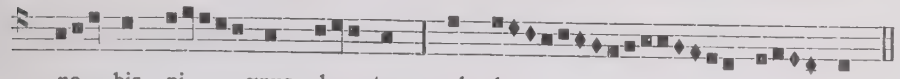
O sa - crum con - ví - vi-um, in quo Chri - stus sú - - mi-tur:
O Sacred Feast in which Christ is received;



re - có - li-tur me - mó - - ri-a pas - si-ó-nis e - jus:
The memory of his Passion renewed:

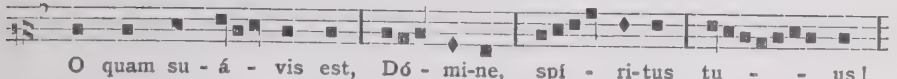


mens im - plé - tur grá - - ti-a, et fu-tú - ræ gló - ri-æ
The mind filled with grace; And the pledge of future glory is

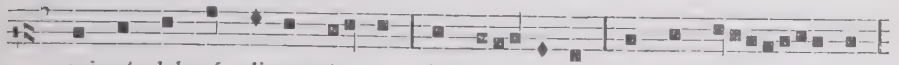


no - bis pi - gnus da - tur, al - le - - - - - lu - ia.
given to us. Alleluia.

No. 8. O QUAM SUAVIS EST.



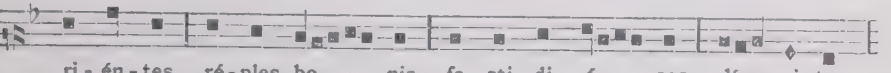
O quam su - á - vis est, Dó - mi-ne, spí - ri-tus tu - - us!
Oh how sweet, Lord, is thy Spirit,



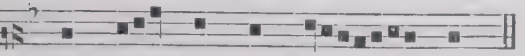
qui ut dul-cé-di-nem tu-am in fí - li-os de-mon-strá - - res,
Who, that Thou mightest shew thy sweetness to the sons of man,



pa - - ne su - a - vís-si-mo de cóe-lo práe-sti-to, e - su-
Doth feed them with the most delicious heavenly Food; Who

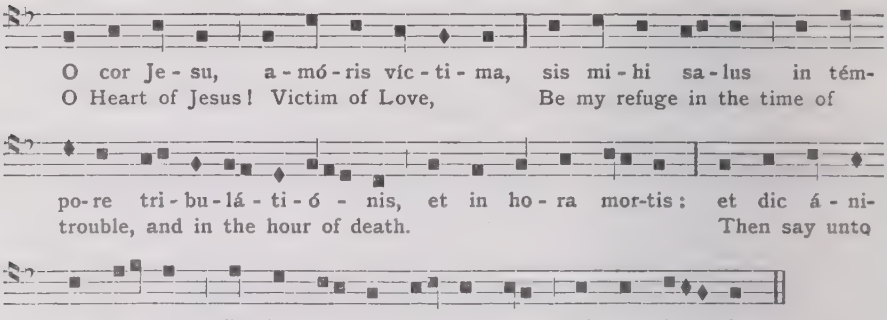


ri-én-tes ré-ples bo - nis, fa-sti-di-ó - sos dí - vi-tes
fillest the hungry with good things, And sendest the disdainful rich empty



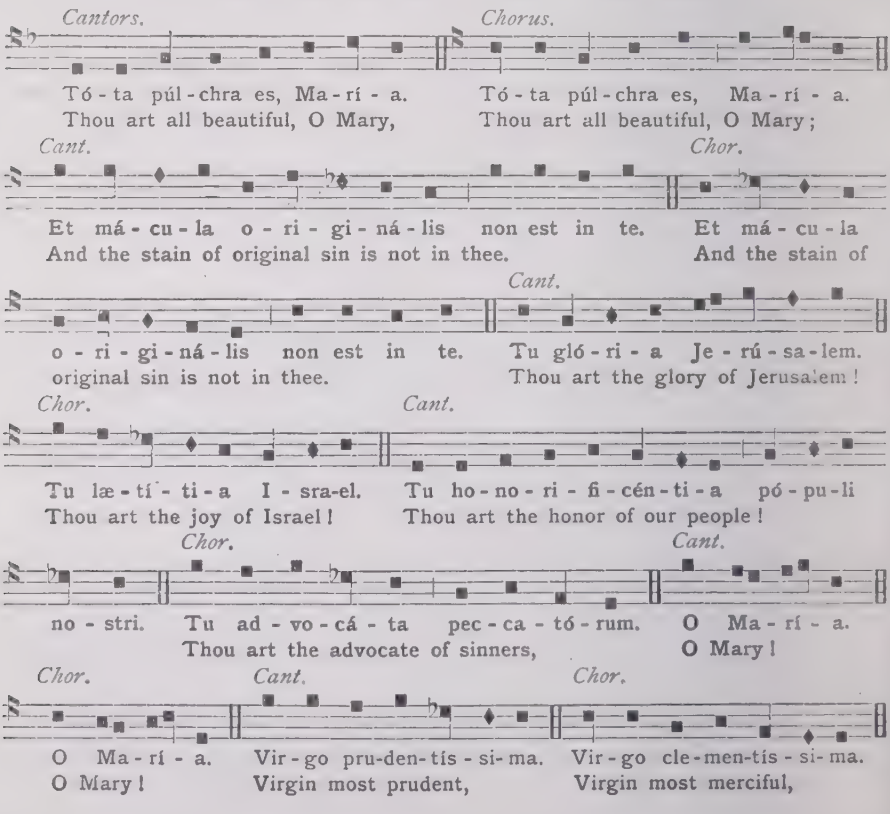
di - mít-tens in - á - - nes!
away.

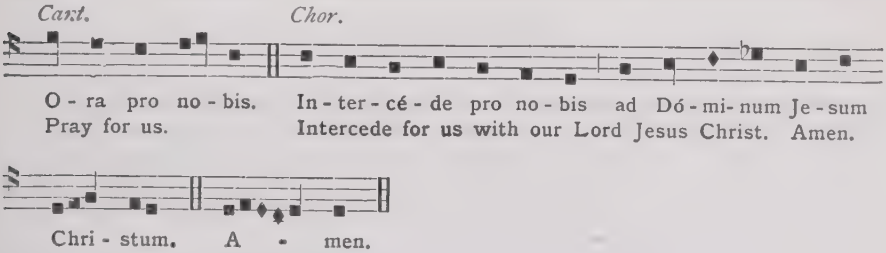
No. 9. O COR JESU.
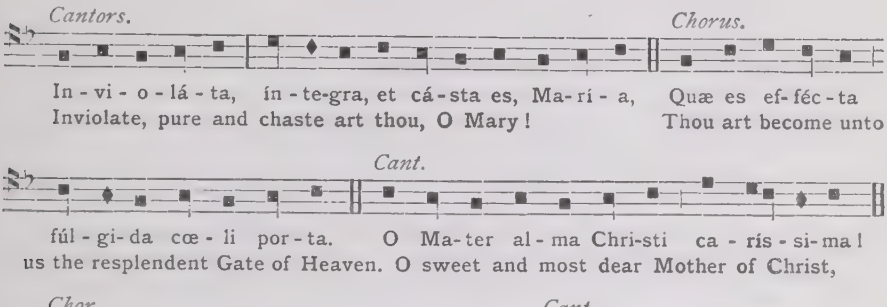


No. 10. TOTA PULCHRA ES, MARIA.

(FOR THE PATRONAL FEAST OF THE UNITED STATES.)





No. 11. INVIOLATA.



No. 12. PARCE, DOMINE.



Par - ce, Do - mi - ne, par - ce po - pu - lo tu - o, ne in æ - ter - num
Spare, O Lord, spare thy people, and be not angry with



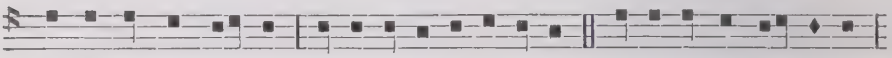
i - ra - sca - ris no - bis.
us for ever.

No. 13. TE DEUM.



To. 3-4.

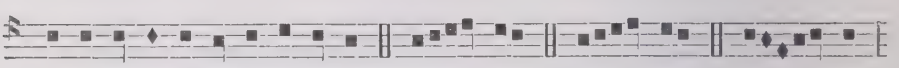
Te Dé - um lau - dá - mus: te Dó - mi - num con - fi - té - mur.



Te æ - ter - num Pá - trem, omnis ter - ra ve - ne - rá - tur. Ti - bi om - nes An'- ge - li:



ti - bi cœ - li et u - ni - vérsæ Po - te - stá - tes. Ti - bi Ché - ru - bim, et Sé - raphim,



in - ces - sá - bi - li vo - ce proclámant: San - ctus, San - ctus, San - ctus



Dó - mi - nus De - us Sá - ba - oth. Ple - ni sunt cœ - li, et ter - ra ma - je -



stá - tis glo - ri - æ tu - æ. Te glo - ri - ó - sus A - po - sto - ló - rum cho - rus:



Te Pro - phe - tá - rum lau - dá - bi - lis nú - me - rus: Te Már - ty - rum can - di - dá - tus



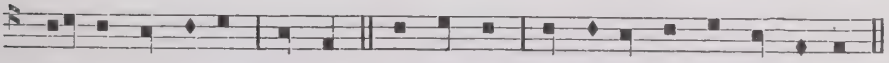
lau - dat ex - ér - ci - tus. Te per or - bem ter - rá - rum, san - cta con - fi - té - tur



Ec-clé-si-a. Pa - trem im-mén-sæ ma-je-stá-tis. Ve-ne-rándum tu-um



ve-rum, et ú-ni-cum Fí-li-um. Sanctum quo-que Pa-rá-cli-tum Spí-ri-tum.



Tu Rex gló-ri-æ, Chri-ste. Tu Pa-tris sem-pi-tér-nus es Fí-li-us



Tu, ad li-be-rán-dum sus-cep-tú-rus hó-mi-nem, non hor-ru-í-sti



Vír-gi-nis ú-te-rum. Tu, de-ví-cto mór-tis a-cú-le-o, a-pe-ru-í-sti



cre-dén-ti-bus re-gna cœ-lo-rum. Tu ad déx-te-ram De-i se-des,



in gló-ri-a Pa-tris. Ju-dex cré-de-ris es-se ven-tú-rus.

During this one verse all kneel.



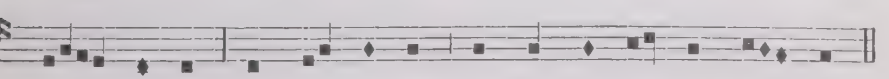
Te er-go quáe-su-mus, tu-is fá-mu-lis súb-ve-ni, quos pre-ti-ó-so



sán-gui-ne re-de-mí-sti. Æ-tér-na fac cum San-ctis tu-is,



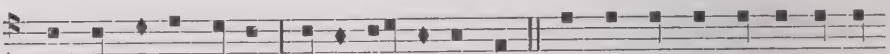
in gló-ri-a nu-me-rá-ri. Sal-vum fac pó-pu-lum tu-um,



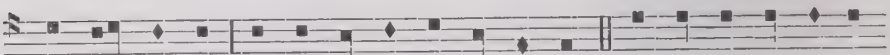
Dó-mi-ne: et bé-ne-dic hæ-re-di-tá-ti tu-æ.



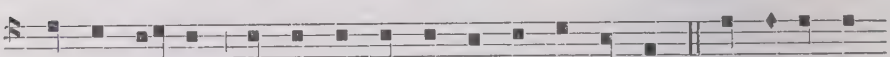
Et re - ge e - os: et ex - tól - le il - los us - que in æ - tér - num.



Per sín - gu - los di - es be - ne - dí - ci - mus te. Et lau - dá - mus no - men tu - um



in sáe - cu - lum, et in sáe - cu - lum sáe - cu - li. Di - gná - re, Dó - mi - ne,



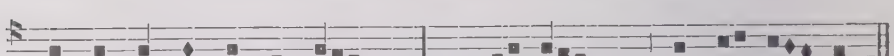
di - e i - sto, si - ne pec - cá - to nos cu - sto - dí - re. Mi - se - ré - re



no - stri, Dó - mi - ne: mi - se - ré - re no - stri. Fi - at mi - se - ri - cór - di - a



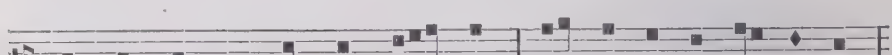
tu - a, Dó - mi - ne, su - per nos: quem ád - mo - dum spe - rá - vi - mus in te.



In te, Dó - mi - ne, spe - rá - vi: non con - fún - dar in æ - tér - num.

For English Version of the Te Deum *see Hymn* 192, **Holy God, we praise thy Name.**

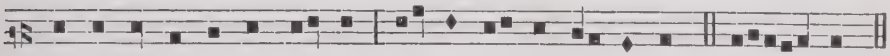
No. 14. I. TANTUM ERGO.



1. Tan - tum er - go Sa - cra - mén - tum Ve - ne - ré - mur cér - nu - i:
1. Bow we then in veneration Of this Sacrament of might,



Et an - tí - quum do - cu - mén - tum No - vo ce - dat rí - tu - i:
Ancient forms resign their station To our newer Gospel Rite;

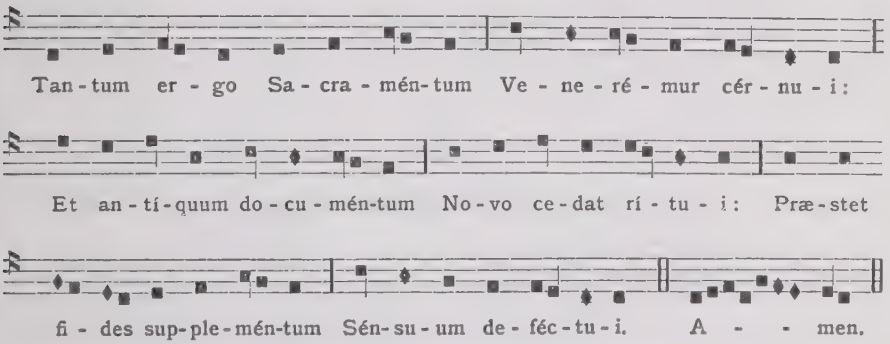


Præstet fí-des sup-ple-mén-tum Sén-su-um de-fé-ctu-i. A - - men.
Faith supplies with adoration All defects of touch or sight. Amen.

2 Genitóri, Genitóque,
Laus et jubilátio,
Salus, honor, virtus quóque
Sit et benedíctio:
Procedénti ab utróque
Compar sit laudátio. Amen.

2 Honor, laud, and praise addressing,
To the Father and the Son,
Might ascribe we, virtue, blessing,
And eternal benison.
Holy Ghost, from Both progressing,
Equal praise to Thee be done. Amen.

No. 15. II. TANTUM ERGO.



Other Melodies suitable for the Tantum Ergo *may be found among the Tunes in this Hymnal of the Metre* 87s, *Six lines.*

℣. Panem de cœlo præstitísti eis.

℟. Omne delectaméntum in se habéntem.

℣. Thou hast given them bread from heaven.

℟. Full of all sweetness and delight.

Alleluia *is added during Paschal Time and the Octave of Corpus Christi.*

Orémus.

Deus, qui nobis sub Sacraménto mirábili, Passiónis tuæ memóriam relíquisti: tríbue, quæsumus, ita nos Córporis et Sánguinis tui sacra mystéria venerári, ut redemptiónis tuæ fructum in nobis júgiter sentiámus. Qui vivis et regnas in sæcula sæculórum. Amen.

Let us pray.

O God, Who has left us in this wonderful Sacrament a perpetual memorial of thy Passion: Grant us, we beseech Thee, so to reverence the sacred mysteries of thy Body and Blood, that we may continually find in our souls the fruit of thy redemption; Thou Who livest and reignest world without end. Amen.

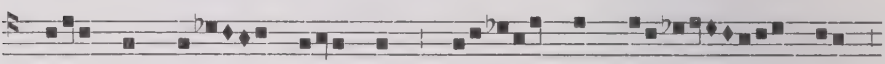
Then is sung the Psalm, Laudate Dominum, page (8).

BENEDICTION WITH THE CROSS.

When Benediction with the Cross is given at the close of the Devotion of the Way of the Cross, the following Antiphon is first sung, all kneeling:



Chri-stus fa-ctus est pro no - - - bis o-be - - - di-ens
Christ was made for us obedient



us - que ad..... mor-tem, mor - - tem au - - - - - tem
unto death, even the death



Cru - - - - - cis.
of the Cross.

The Celebrant:

Oremus.

Respice, quæsumus, Domine, super hanc familiam tuam, pro qua Dominus noster Jesus Christus non dubitavit manibus tradi nocentium, et crucis subire tormentum. Qui tecum vivit et regnat, etc. Amen.

Let us pray.

Look down, O Lord, we beseech Thee, upon this, thy family, for which our Lord Jesus Christ did not refuse to be delivered into the hands of wicked men, and to endure the torments of the cross. Who livest and reignest, etc. Amen.

A Chanter sings:

Jube, Domne, benedicere.

Grant us, Sir, a blessing.

The Celebrant, making the Sign of the Cross over the People with a Crucifix, sings:

Benedicat vos Dominus noster Jesus Christus, qui pro nobis flagellatus est, crucem portavit, et fuit crucifixus.
℟. Amen.

May our Lord Jesus Christ bless you, who for us was scourged, who carried the cross, and was crucified.
℟. Amen.

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To Him, Who for our sins was..	886 886.	75
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Let who will in thee rejoice.....	7*s. D.*	124
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Hail, Virgin of Virgins.....	65*s. D.*	130
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Thou, whose almighty word	664 6664.	198
Thy way not mine, O Lord	6*s. D.*	212
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A song, a song, now singing.
Adeste fideles.
All this night bright angels sing.
Angels we have heard on high.
Arise, and hail the sacred Day.
Christians, awake.
Come, ye lofty, come, ye lowly.
God rest ye, merry gentlemen (No. 1).
God rest ye, merry gentlemen (No. 2).
Hark ! the herald angels sing.
I saw three ships.
I sing the birth.
In Bethlehem, that noble place.
It was the very noon of night (Two Tunes).
Lead me to thy peaceful manger.
Lift up your eyes, ye people.
Listen, Christians, unto me.
Lo, here we come a carolling.
O come, O come, Emmanuel.
O lovely voices of the sky.
O sing a joyous carol (Two Tunes).
Once again, O blessed time.
Saint Joseph's Christmas Eve.
See amid the winter's snow.
See He comes.
The blasts of chill December sound.
The Christmas Bells.
The snow lay on the ground.
The Virgin stills the crying.
Tho' rude winds usher thee (Two Tunes).
Wake all music's magic powers.
Wake, awake, for night is flying.
Waken, Christian children.
We'll sing in spite of scorn.
What Child is this ?
What lovely Infant can this be ?
When I view the Mother holding.
While shepherds watch'd.

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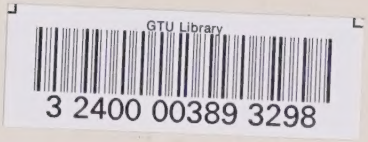
Alleluia ! let the nations.
Christ, death's bondage breaking.
Come, see the place where Jesus lay.
Come, sons and daughters of the King.
Days grow longer.
Far be sorrow, tears, and sighing.
Give ear, give ear, good Christian men.
He is risen.
In sweet consent.
In Thy glorious resurrection.
Jesus Christ is risen to-day.
Joy dawned again on Easter Day (Two Tunes).
Let the merry church-bells ring (Two Tunes).
Let the song be begun.
Let us tell the story.
Lord of breath, Lord of death.
Lo ! the world from slumber risen.
Sing Alleluia, all ye lands.
To Him Who for our sins was slain.
The Day of Resurrection (Two Tunes).
The foe behind, the deep before.
The morning of salvation.
The world itself keeps Easter Day.
'Tis the Easter Holyday.
Welcome, happy morning.
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Ye choirs of new Jerusalem.

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